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AMUSEMENTS
SERIOUS AND COMICAL



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TOM BROWN

(From a portrait in Caulfield's Remarkable Persons)

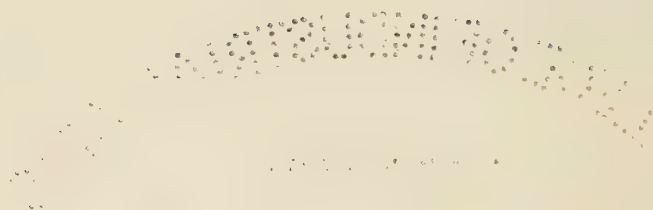
AMUSEMENTS
SERIOUS AND COMICAL
AND OTHER WORKS

By
TOM BROWN

Edited with Notes by
ARTHUR L. HAYWARD

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INTRODUCTION

TOM BROWN, the son of a well-to-do Shropshire farmer, was born at Shifnall, in 1663. At an early age he was sent to the ancient grammar school in the neighbouring town of Newport, where he was educated until his fifteenth year, when he went to Oxford and was entered at Christ Church. Although the learning to be had in a small country school was of the slenderest, Brown made the best use of his time and even sought opportunities to improve it, for when he went up to the university he was already proficient in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish.

But it was not as a student that he gained his reputation at Oxford ; high-spirited, clever, and possessed of a biting wit, he quickly made a name by his wildness and audacity. It was not long before he got into trouble with the authorities, and was taken before the dean of his college, Dr. John Fell. It is not recorded what particular scrape he had got into, but it was serious enough for the doctor to pronounce sentence of expulsion. As a last resource Tom wrote the dean a letter expressing the utmost humility and full of contrition, and Dr. Fell, who was a kindly man at heart, consented to withdraw the decree on condition that the delinquent could translate, extempore, Martial's epigram

*Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare ;
Hoc tantum posso dicere, non amo te.*

According to tradition Tom Brown replied, without hesitation, in the now famous lines

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell ;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

He gained the day, the doctor relented, and Tom remained at Oxford for a year or so longer, overcoming his dislike of Dr. Fell sufficiently to write his epitaph when he died in 1686.

During his time at Christ Church Brown made some good translations from Horace and other classical writers, and gave promise of

brilliant scholarship. Yet he left without a degree, and drifted up to London, where he hoped, like many another, before and since, to make a living by writing. He had the usual rough awakening from such dreams, and when the cessation of his father's remittances gave point to his failure, he was forced to betake himself to teaching in order to earn a bare subsistence. He relates what happened, in a letter to a friend: 'The prodigal son, when he was pressed by hunger and thirst, joined himself to a swineherd; and I have been driven by such stimuli to join myself to a swine, an ignorant pedagogue about twelve miles out of town.' This was at Kingston-upon-Thames. He had not long been an usher, however, before he was appointed to the headmastership of the grammar school in the same town, and there he remained some three years, fretting all the while and longing to be back, even at the cost of starving, among the wits and harlots of London.

At last he returned, to find his old companions more delighted with his humour than ready—or able—to relieve his necessities. He settled down to steady literary work, translating, writing political and satirical pamphlets, concocting stinging libels, and in general striving to wrest a living—however meagre—from the world he jeered at. In spleen and satire he was unsparing, and to avoid the hand of the Law he was the first to employ the thin disguise of substituting dashes for the vowels in the names of his victims, concealing his venom under such subterfuges as 'Sir R—ch—d Bl—km—re.'

There was something of the terrier in Tom Brown. Having taken a dislike to a brother writer or a politician of the opposite faction, he worried and barked round his prey, never letting him rest nor himself resting from the attack. Dryden's conversion to Catholicism was the occasion of one of these baitings, though Brown was Protestant for no better reason than that it was the religion of the State; indeed, he would often say that he understood the world better than to have the imputation of righteousness laid to his charge. That eminently respectable physician, Sir Richard Blackmore, a skilful doctor if a somewhat prolix and dull poet, was another of Brown's quarries, and he took the most unexpected opportunities of jeering at him. Then there was Tom D'Urfey, who incensed him to such a degree that he burst out:

Thou cur, half French, half English breed,
Thou mongrel of Parnassus;
To think tall lines, run up to seed,
Should ever tamely pass us!

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Thou write Pindarics, and be damn'd !
Write epigrams for cutlers ;
None with thy lyrics can be shamm'd
But chambermaids and butlers !

In t'other world expect dry blows ;
No tears can wash thy stains out,
Horace will pluck thee by the nose,
And Pindar beat thy brains out !

Small wonder that Brown was very poor, for there was little to be made by writing such stuff as this. What money did come his way was spent in squalid taverns, where he entertained his pothouse friends. 'Tom Brown,' wrote a contemporary, 'had less the spirit of a gentleman than the rest of the wits, and was more of a scholar.' He consorted with men of the lowest reputation, and carried on amours with women of no reputation at all—mere trulls whom he picked up in the shadiest haunts and alleys of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. In such company did he waste his wit and genius.

More than once he found himself in gaol for debt, if we may judge from his feeling remarks upon the Wood Street Compter, but on one occasion he was imprisoned on the more serious charge of writing a lampoon on Louis XIV, in his *Satire upon the French King after the Peace of Ryswick*. On this occasion things might have gone badly with him had he not tickled the humour of the Lords in Council by a Pindaric Ode which :

Humbly Showeth

Should you order Tho. Brown
To be whipp'd through the town,
For scurvy lampoon,
Grave Southerne and Crowne
Their pens would lay down.

Even D'Urfey himself, and such merry fellows
That put their whole trust in tunes and trangdilloes,
May hang up their harps and themselves on the willows ;
For if poets are punished for libelling trash
John Dryden, though sixty, may yet fear the lash.

No pension, no praise,
Much birch, without bays,
These are not right ways
Our fancy to raise
To the writing of plays
And prologues so witty
That jirk at the City,

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And now and then hit
 Some spark in the pit,
 So hard and so pat,
 'Till he hides with his hat
 His monstrous cravat.

The pulpit alone
 Can never preach down
 The fops of the town.
 Then pardon Tom Brown
 And let him write on.

But if you had rather convert the poor sinner,
 His foul writing mouth may be stopped with a dinner ;
 Give him clothes to his back, some meat and some drink,
 Then clap him close prisoner without pen and ink,
 And your petitioner shall neither pray, write, nor think.

THOMAS BROWN.

The 'petition' was granted and Tom was released.

About 1699 he gained the friendship and patronage of Charles Sackville, sixth earl of Dorset, and for a short time enjoyed comparative ease. One Christmas Day the earl collected around his table a number of literary men, among whom were Brown and Dryden, and to the poets' surprise each found a bank-bill under his plate, Brown's for £50 and Dryden's for twice that sum ! But a bitter tongue and an uncontrolled wit inevitably brought their own reward. It was said of Brown that he would rather lose his friend than his joke, and before long, Dorset's invitations ceased and his doors were shut against the author.

Occasional excess and constant privation had so weakened Tom Brown's health that at the early age of forty-one he was taken mortally ill, at his house in Aldersgate Street, and on June 16th, 1704, he died. On his death-bed he expressed remorse for the course of his life, and is reputed to have enjoined his bookseller to cleanse his works of all profanity and indecency in subsequent editions—an injunction which was, needless to say, disregarded. He was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey beneath a stone which, curiously enough, ascribed to him *The London Spy*, though its author, Ned Ward, was then at the zenith of his reputation. Near the grave lie the ashes of his frail friend Mrs. Aphra Behn, the first woman novelist.

Tom Brown was, without question, one of the best of Grub Street's literary hacks—scholarly, witty, scurrilous and unscrupulous, an

excellent journalist, with a sure instinct for a good 'story' and a ready pen to serve it up just as his public would wish to have it. He was ever at the service of the highest bidder, yet, in the true spirit of his profession, he often carried his readers with him by an assumption of honest conviction. He is inevitably compared with Ned Ward, for the *Amusements Serious and Comical, calculated for the Meridian of London*, and *The London Spy* have much the same scope in their description of contemporary life in London. Yet Brown has a finer touch, and though his pictures are not so true to life as Ward's, they form, on the whole, a pleasanter prospect.

In this book I have included the best of his original prose work ; much of his other writing consists of translations. The text has suffered practically no other revision than that are entailed by a few modifications in spelling and a more lucid system of punctuation. The text used has been that of the ninth and final edition, of 1760. *London Amusements* first appeared in 1700 and *Letters from the Dead* in 1702 ; the *Collected Works* were published in three octavo volumes, 1707-8, and seven subsequent editions were brought out during the next few years.

A. L. H.

AMUSEMENTS SERIOUS AND COMICAL

AMUSEMENT I

The Preface

THE title I have conferred upon my book, gives me authority to make as long a preface as I please ; for a long preface is a true amusement.

Moreover, I have ventured to put one here, under the apprehension that it will be very necessary toward the understanding of the book ; tho' the generality of readers are of opinion that a preface, instead of setting off the work, does but expose the vanity of the author.

A good general of an army is less embarrassed at the head of his troops, than a bad writer in front of his productions. He knows not in what figure to dress his countenance : if he puts on a fierce and haughty look, his readers think themselves obliged to lower his topsail, and back astern ; if he affects a humble, sneaking posture they slight and despise him ; if he boasts the excellency of his subject they believe not a syllable of what he says ; if he tells them there is little or nothing in it they take him at his word ; and to say nothing at all of his work is an insufferable omission in an author.

I know not what success these papers will find in the world ; but if any amuse themselves in criticising them, or reading them, my design is answered.

I have given the following thoughts the name of Amusements ; you will find them Serious or Comical according to the humour I was in when I wrote them, and they will either divert, instruct, or tire you, according to the humour you are in when you read them.

T'other day, one of the imaginary serious wits, who thought it a weakness in any man to laugh, seeing a copy of this book, at the

opening of it fell into a passion, and wrinkling up his nostrils like a heated stallion that had a mare in the wind, said the book was unworthy of the title, for grave subjects should be treated with decorum; and 'twas to profane serious matters, to blend them with comical entertainments. 'What a mixture is here!' says he.

'This variety of colours,' said I to my censurer, 'appears very natural to me; for if one strictly examine all men's actions and discourses, we shall find that seriousness and merriment are near neighbours, and always live together like friends, if sullen moody sots don't set them at variance. Every day shows us, that serious maxims and sober counsels often proceed out of the mouths of the pleasantest companions; and such as affect to be always grave and musing are then more comical than they think themselves.'

My spark pushed his remonstrance farther: 'Are not you ashamed,' continued he, 'to print amusements, for you know that man was made for business, and not to sit amusing himself like an owl in an ivy-bush?' To which I answered after this manner:

The whole life of man is but one entire amusement: virtue only deserves the name of business, and none but they that practise it can be truly said to be employed, for all the world besides are idle.

One amuses himself by ambition, another by interest, and another by that foolish passion, love. Little folks amuse themselves in pleasures, great men in the acquisition of glory; and I am amused to think that all this is nothing but amusement.

Once more; the whole transactions of our lives are but mere amusements, and life itself is but an amusement in a continued expectation of death.

Thus much for serious matters: let us now make haste to pleasantry.

I have a great mind to be in print, but above all, I would fain be an original, and that is a true comical thought. When all the learned men in the world are but translators, is it not a pleasant jest that you should strive to be an original? You should have observed your time, and have come into the world with the ancient Greeks; for the Latins themselves are but copiers.

This discourse has mightily discouraged me. Is it true, then, that there is such an embargo laid upon invention that no man can produce any thing that is perfectly new and entirely his own? Many authors, I confess, have told me so. I will enquire farther about it, and if

Sir Roger,¹ Mr. Dryden, and Mr. D'Urfey confirm it, then I will believe it.

What need all this toil and clutter about original authors and translations? He who imagines briskly, thinks justly, and writes correctly, is an original in the same thing that another had thought before him. The natural air and curious turn he gives his translations, and the application wherewith he graces them, is enough to persuade any sensible man that he was able to think and perform the same things, if they had not been thought and done before him; which, after all, is an advantage owing to their birth, rather than to the excellency of their parts beyond their successors.

Some of our modern writers that have built upon the foundation of the ancients, have so far excelled in disguising their notions and improving their first essays, that they have acquired more glory and reputation than ever was given to the original authors; nay, have utterly effaced their memories.

Those who rob the modern writers study to hide their thefts; those who filch from the ancients account it their glory. But why the first should be more reproached than the latter, I can't imagine, since there is more wit in disguising a thought of Mr. Locke's than in a lucky translation of a passage from Horace. After all, it must be granted that the genius of some men can never be brought to write correctly in this age till they have formed their judgments from the standard of the ancients, and the delicacy of their expression from the variety and turns of the moderns; and I know no reason why it should be their disparagement to capacitate themselves by these helps to serve the public.

Nothing will please some men but books stuffed with antiquity, groaning under the weight of learned quotations drawn from the fountains. And what is all this but pilfering? I will rob neither ancient nor modern books, but pillage all I give you from the book of the world.

The book of the world is very ancient, and yet always new. In all times men and their passions have been the subjects; these passions were always the same, though they have been delivered to posterity in different manners, according to the different constitution of ages; and in all ages they are read by every one according to the character of their wit and the extent of their judgment.

¹ An allusion to the translations and adaptations of Sir Roger L'Estrange and the others.

Those who are qualified to read and understand the book of the world may be beneficial to the public in communicating the fruit of their studies ; but those that have no other knowledge of the world but what they collect from books, are not fit to give instructions to others.

If the world, then, is a book that ought to be read in the original, one may as well compare it to a country that one cannot know, nor make known to others, without travelling through it oneself. I began this journey very young ; I always loved to make reflections upon everything that presented itself to my view ; I was amused in making these reflections ; I have amused myself in writing them ; and I wish my reader may amuse himself in reading them.

Some will think it another amusement to find a book without a dedication, especially from the hand which this comes from. For my part, I give them leave to make what reflections they please, but I can assure them this omission of mine did not happen so much from a scarcity of panegyric as from the want of a patron ; for I can flatter as well as I could twenty years since, and still retain the knack of dignifying and distinguishing such as do not deserve it.

But as the devil would have it, my lord Such-a-one has been laughed into sense, and has ordered his porter to say he is not at home to a poetical visitant ; the duke of —— loves to be called hero nowhere but in the frontispiece of a play ; and the marquis —— civilly ‘ returns his thanks to the gentleman for his present,’ but without one piece of gold to enable him to live up to the title he compliments him with. The lady —— loses such sums at cards, and her good-natured husband is under such apprehension of being ruffled by the P——, and taken a peg lower, that elegies, I am afraid, must henceforth supply the place of dedications ; and men of my profession will be more employed in writing on the death of the muses, than making gross comments on the lives of those who did not think ‘em worth living.

However, I am one of the first of the plebeian class that has ventured out with an amusement of this bulk without making application to a nobleman’s porter, and tiring him out with shewing him his master’s name. Which consideration I comfort myself with at no small rate ; and if I have sent into the world what may divert the pleasant, please the serious, and instruct those that are willing to be advised, it is beyond my expectation, and consequently must be an amusement to myself as well as others.

AMUSEMENT II

The Voyage of the World

THERE is no amusement so entertaining and advantageous as improving some of our leisure-time in travelling, thus giving a loose to our souls that have been upon the stretch, by diverting them with agreeable reflections on the manners of the different countries we journey through, and the constitutions of the several people the places we visit are furnished with. If any man, therefore, has an inclination to divert himself and sail with me round the globe, to supervise almost all the conditions of human life without being infected with the vanities and vices that attend such a whimsical perambulation, let him follow me, who am going to relate it in a style and language proper to the variety of the subject. For as the *caprichio* came naturally into my *pericranium*, and I am as fond of what is the product of my fancy as a young woman of the fruits of her lost virginity, I am resolved to pursue it through thick and thin, in order to enlarge my capacity for a man of business.

Where then shall I begin? In the name of mischief, what country will first present itself to my imagination? *Eh Bien!* I have hit upon it already. Let us steer for the Court, for that's the region whose inhabitants will read us the best lecture of true knowledge, and give the most instructive ideas that the prospect of the whole world can amuse us with.

THE COURT

The Court is a sort of τὸ πᾶν, an epitome of what is universal, and abounds with all the variety of amusements that human occurrences can present us with, or the mind of man is capable of receiving. The air they breathe there is very fine and subtile; only, for about three parts and a half of four in the year, 'tis liable to be infected with gross vapours full of flattery and lying. All the avenues leading to it are gay, smiling, agreeable to the sight, and all end in one and the same point, honour and self-interest. Here Fortune keeps her residence, and seems to expect that we make our addresses to her, at the bottom

of a long walk which lies open to all comers and goers. One would be apt to think, at first sight, that he might reach the end on't before he could count twenty ; but there are so many by-walks and alleys to cross, so many turnings and windings to find out, that he is soon convinced of his mistake. 'Tis contrived into such an intricate maze and obscure manner, that the straightest way is not always the nearest ; and indirect practices and measures are oftentimes very effectual helps to bring you to your journey's end, and forward your designs to reach it. It looks gloriously at a distance, but when you approach it, its beauty diminishes.

After all the inquiry I have made about it, I am not able to satisfy your curiosity as to whether the ground it stands upon be firm and solid. A Dutch boor can as soon find out the controverted article of Predestination, or an English Quaker prove infallibility from his wife's lying on her back, as the most intelligent persons in affairs, that are foreign to the knowledge of it, can ever discover the *arcana's* of it at first sight. I have seen some new-comers tread as confidently upon it as if they had been born there ; but they quickly found they were in a new world, where the tottering earth made 'em giddy and stumble. For though they knew good and evil were equally useful to their advancement, yet they were so confounded to know which of the two they ought to employ to make their fortunes with, that only for want of understanding that pretty knack they made a journey to Court only to go back again, and report at home they had the honour of seeing it.

On the other side, I have seen some old stagers walk upon Court ground as gingerly as upon ice or a quagmire, and with all the precaution and fear imaginable, lest they should fall from a great fortune by the same defects that raised them ; and not without cause, for the ground is hard in some places, and sinks in others. But all people covet to get upon the highest spot, to which there is no coming but by one passage, and that is so narrow that no ambitious pretender can keep the way without jostling other people down with his elbows. And the farther mischief on't is, that those that keep their feet will not help up those that are fallen, but make use of the same methods that are in practice amongst a certain community of birds, (heavens forbid I should say canary) that expel the lame and wounded from their society, and are no manner of company for those that are helpless, while they are still clapping their wings in defence of those who have no occasion for

it, and permit every privilege to those of their feathered acquaintance who have the least need of assistance.

Stout should his heart, and thoughtful be his head,
That would in slippery paths with judgment tread,
And tempt the dangers which on courts attend,
A smiling en'my, and a treach'rous friend ;
As he of great preferments waits the call,
Certain to slip, and almost sure to fall.

The difficulties we meet with in this country are very surprizing ; for he that keeps the old track of honesty and true merit takes the longest way about ; for where the address of some does not help to make the fortune of others, immediately to eclipse his desert, calumny raises the thickest clouds, envy the blackest vapours, and the candidate is lost in the fog of competitors, and must hide himself behind a favourite's recommendation if ever he hopes to obtain what he seeks for. So that virtue is no longer virtue, nor vice vice, but every thing is confounded and eaten up by particular interests.

A professed courtier, tho' he never aims at the peace of God, is past any man's understanding. If he does good, it may be wholly attributed to chance ; if evil, you have no reason to impute it to any thing but design. He that holds him by the hand is in the same condition with him that hath a wet eel by the tail, you no sooner think you are sure of him but you have lost him, and he slips thro' your fingers with the same swiftness that he dismisses you from his memory, after a thousand promises of never forgetting you.

If familiarity breeds contempt he ought to be the most despicable creature living ; for ' my dear friend ' is the first title you go by, tho' he never saw you before that minute ; and ' the next time you visit me, I shall have nothing to do but to give you joy of the possession of what you are now asking me for ' is what you hear him say ; tho' if you understood what he really means you would never lose your time in making addresses to him.

Would you know what religion he is of, you must inquire of his prince ; for he is the fittest person to resolve the question, provided he can give an account of his own. Have you a desire to be informed what good he has done for his country ? To deal ingenuously with you, follow my advice and ask nobody, for no man living can tell you. Other men's sins stare them in their faces, but these gentlemen's guilt rides

behind 'em, and may be distinguished by the multitude of their liveries. If you offer a present to one of 'em, he must be excused, he dare not accept of it, it's bribery, etc. But his man calls you aside, tells you the business shall be done, gives the law a milder interpretation, and telling over the guineas, has a round sum from his master for his pains, and is sent out of the way to prevent the detection of such unwarrantable proceedings.

But though the courtiers seem to tend one and all to the same centre, and honour and interest are what their wishes and endeavours terminate in, there are different species among 'em, as they have raised themselves by different ways.

Observe that old starched fop there ; his hat and peruke continue to have as little acquaintance together as they had in the year '65. You would take him for a tailor by his mien, but he is another sort of animal, I assure you, a courtier, a politician, the most unintelligible thing now in being. Ask him his profession and you'll puzzle him with the inquiry ; for he has run thro' the whole circle of employments, and never has been master of one grain of honesty since his admission into either. Transubstantiation, Non-resistance and Predestination, have *vice versa* been articles of his creed ; and he is so well provided with distinctions that he can prove infidelity to his prince to be an act of service to his country, and that the only way to preserve the Protestant religion is for such as he to abjure it. Of all trades that are necessary to set up an antiquated beau, his haberdasher loses the least by him ; for he wears no hat otherwise than under his arm, lest his brain should be over-heated and his head be rendered not cool enough for him to over-reach his master with. In short, he is *divisibile in infinitum*, and you may as soon square the circle as reduce under one single head the several branches of the matters of fact he may be charged with. Your puny unexperienced courtier fears everything, but this gentleman is skilful in matters of change, and so well read in the vicissitudes of sublunary things that he disdains the reproaches of the subject ; and being wrapt up in the protection of his prince, seems apprehensive of nothing, till a vote of Parliament flings him behind the curtain, and makes him play at bo-peep with politics, at which diversion we will leave him.

Take a prospect of yonder gay thing that basks himself in his sovereign's smiles and has elbowed out as good a man, and as well descended as himself, from his master's intimacy. He wears much such another habit on his shoulders as he formerly carried upon his arm ; and as an

instance of his conquests in the last war in the Netherlands, has six as good Flanders mares to his coach as English money could purchase. Some are apt to blame him for making use of a coat of arms on it, and maliciously try their wits in making inquiries how much money was paid the herald for the purchase of it ; but I must have more manners, since he's a great man, and there's no reason to suspect him for any other than a wise one, for keeping his ground where the generality of the same profession lose theirs. He has had as many estates as any of 'em, yet is endued with that foresight as not to have a foot of land in a place where one day his title may be called in question. And as for the dirty acres, like Sir Joseph in Mr. Congreve's *Old-Batchelor*, he has washed his hands of 'em ; but in another manner, for he has sufficiently daubed 'em with fingering what he received in exchange for 'em. In short, his mansion-house is not in this world, i.e. in the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, tho' his abiding-place is ; and there is such a great gulf between his possessions and ours, that a Resumption Act hath as little regard with him as that against immorality and profaneness.

But as this gentleman has worked himself into favour by his good looks and deportment, so it will not be amiss to take a view of that superannuated sinner there, who has had other qualifications to recommend him. Let me tell you, Sirs, it's a brave thing to be a general officer, without bearing the fatigues of a camp ; and there's nothing like being paid for a regiment of red locusts, without running the hazard of bearing 'em company amongst the desolations of war and famine. It's the happiest and most contented state imaginable, to see the resemblance of battles, without the danger of being wounded in 'em, and hear the artillery roar by days, without any apprehensions of being frightened into flashing in the pan at night with one's mistress. For my part, if it were allowed me to choose my condition of life, I should assuredly pitch on such a one as this ; only if it was my fortune to have his bed-fellow, I should desire to be without his age : and in this wish Madam — would not refuse to join with me, if reports speak true of her, as grey hair seems to demonstrate in relation to him.

I could pursue my discourses on the character of that B—— that has a pendulum on his neck, as if he moved by mechanism ; but poor, honest, indefatigable painstaker, he has so mortified himself with fasting and praying that the Translation Bill may not pass, that it would be a piece of cruelty to triumph over his imperfections, tho' the world is

apt to censure him for taking another man's house over his head¹ and bespeaking the possession of it before the tenant for life is dead.

A multitude of observations might also be made on others that inhabit this slippery tenement ; but as the City is more peopled than the Court, and consequently must have a greater number of amusements, we must reserve a greater space for remarks on it, since there is matter enough to employ us should we take up the whole duration of time and bespeak eternity for a life that is equal to it.

AMUSEMENT III

London

LONDON is a world by itself ; we daily discover in it more new countries and surprising singularities than in all the universe besides. There are among the Londoners so many nations differing in manners, customs, and religions, that the inhabitants themselves don't know a quarter of 'em. Imagine, then, what an Indian would think of such a motley herd of people, and what a diverting amusement it would be to him to examine with a traveller's eye all the remarkable things of this mighty city. A whimsy takes me in the head to carry this stranger all over the town with me ; no doubt but his odd and fantastical ideas will furnish me with variety, and perhaps with diversion.

Thus I am resolved to take upon me the genius of an Indian who has had the curiosity to travel hither among us, and who has never seen anything like what he sees in London. We shall see how he will be amazed at certain things which the prejudice of custom makes to seem reasonable and natural to us.

To diversify the style of my narration, I will sometimes make my traveller speak and sometimes I will take up the discourse myself. I will represent to myself the abstracted ideas of an Indian, and I will likewise represent ours to him. In short, taking it for granted that we two understand each other by half a word, I will set both his and my imagination on the ramble. Those that won't take the pains to follow

¹ An allusion to John Tillotson, Dean of St. Paul's, who, upon Sancroft's refusal to take the oath of allegiance to William III, was appointed to exercise the archiepiscopal jurisdiction and was eventually made Archbishop.

us may stay where they are, and spare themselves the trouble of reading farther in the book ; but they that are minded to amuse themselves ought to attend the caprice of the author for a few moments.

I will therefore suppose this Indian of mine dropped perpendicularly from the clouds, to find himself all on a sudden in the midst of this prodigious and noisy city, where repose and silence dare scarce shew their heads in the darkest night. At first dash the confused clamours near Temple Bar stun him, fright him, and make him giddy.

He sees an infinite number of different machines, all in violent motion, with some riding on the top, some within, others behind, and Jehu on the coach-box, whirling towards the devil some dignified villain who has got an estate by cheating the public. He lolls at full stretch within, with half a dozen brawny, bulk-begotten footmen behind.

In that dark shop there, several mysteries of iniquity have seen light ; and it's a sign that our Saviour's example is little regarded, since the money-changers¹ are suffered to live so near the Temple. T'other side of the way directs you to a house of a more sweet-smelling savour than its owner's conscience ; and you can no sooner prepare yourself to make water near his back window, but you shall have an obliging female look through her fingers to take the dimensions of the pipe that emits it. Here stands a shopkeeper who has not soul enough to wear a beaver hat, with the key of his small beer in his pocket ; and not far from him a stingy trader, who has no small beer to have a key to. One side of the way points you out a bookseller turned quack, with his elixirs and gallipots ready to poison old Galen and the rest of his worm-eaten men of physic's works, which have taken no other air than what blows upon his stall, since they unhappily fell into his hands ; and t'other directs you to a divinity-monger² who, to the dean of St. Paul's immortal credit, is ready to attest that there is one living that has got money by him and can prove any man's opinion to be heterodox and inconsistent with that of the Christian Church, if he believes otherwise.

Some carry, others are carried. 'Make way there,' says a gouty-legged chairman, that is carrying a punk of quality to a morning's exercise ; or a Bartholomew baby-beau, newly launched out of a chocolate-house, with his pockets as empty as his brains. 'Make room there,' says another fellow, driving a wheelbarrow of nuts, that spoil

¹ This was Blanchard and Child's Bank, No. 1 Fleet Street, where Charles II, Nell Gwynn, Samuel Pepys, and many others of good and ill-fame banked.

² Possibly Bernard Lintot, who published some of the sermons of Tillotson, Sherlock, and other divines.

the lungs of the city 'prentices and make them wheeze over their mistresses as bad as the phlegmatic cuckolds, their masters, do when called to family duty. One draws, another drives. 'Stand up there, you blind dog,' says a carman, 'will you have the cart squeeze your guts out?' One tinker knocks, another bawls, 'Have you brass-pot, iron-pot, kettle, skillet or a frying-pan to mend?' Another son of a whore yelps louder than Homer's Stentor, 'Two a groat, and four for sixpence, mackerel.' One draws his mouth up to his ears and howls out, 'Buy my flounders,' and is followed by an old burly drab that screams out the sale of her 'maids' and her 'soul' at the same instant.

Here a sooty chimney-sweeper takes the wall¹ of a grave alderman, and a broom-man jostles the parson of the parish. There a fat greasy porter runs a trunk full-butt upon you, while another salutes your antlers with a basket of eggs and butter. 'Turn out there, you country putt,' says a bully with a sword two yards long jarring at his heels, and throws him into the kennel. By and by comes a christening, with the reader screwing up his mouth to deliver the service *à la mode de Paris*, and afterwards talks immoderately nice and dull with the gossips, the midwife strutting in the front with young original sin as fine as fippence; followed with the vocal music of 'Kitchen-stuff ha' you maids,' and a damned trumpeter calling in the rabble to see a calf with six legs and a top-knot. There goes a funeral with the men of rosemary after it, licking their lips after three hits of white sack and claret at the house of mourning, and the sexton walking before, as big and bluff as a beefeater at a coronation. Here a poet scampers for't as fast as his legs will carry him, and at his heels a brace of bandog bailiffs, with open mouths ready to devour him and all the nine muses; and there an informer ready to spew up his false oaths at the sight of the common executioner.

We were jogging forward into the City when our Indian cast his eye upon one of his own complexion, at a certain coffee-house² which has the sun staring its sign in the face, even at midnight when the moon is queen regent of the planets; and being willing to be acquainted with his countryman, he gravely inquired what province or kingdom of India he belonged to. But the sooty dog could do nothing but grin and show his teeth, and cry, 'Coffee, Sir, Tea, will you please to walk in, Sir,

¹ Before there were side-pavements for foot-passengers it was customary for social superiors to be given, or to take, the side nearer the wall and farther from the mud and splashings of the street. To take the wall thus became a social distinction.

² Probably the Rainbow, one of the earliest coffee-houses in London. It is now a wineshop, opposite Chancery Lane.



COMPANY AT A COFFEE-HOUSE

(From *Coffee-house Jests*, 1688)

a fresh pot upon my word.' Wherefore, to rest ourselves a little, and recover our ears from the deafness which the confused noise of the street had occasioned in 'em, we followed; and at the entrance of the room, according to ancient custom, saluted the handsome woman at the bar with our hats, and took our seats. But we had no sooner placed ourselves, than a gentleman whose sword was in mourning for his extravagance, and whose wig had outlived every such thing as a curl in it, came and sat down by us; and perceiving us to be strangers, under pretext of civility accosted us with discourses relating to the town, etc. The Indian, for his part, hearkened to him very attentively; but I, who had been accustomed to such sort of pensioners, took him aside and told him I had heard the story of Sir John several times, that the Indian was a person of philosophy, etc. However, he might call for a dish of coffee or two, they were at his service provided he would spare the repetition of his legend to us, at a time when there were so many young fops that had both leisure and inclination enough to believe every word he said, and would probably give him a dinner for his pains.

We were no sooner got rid of our impertinent, but we had a hurry of objects, whose every individual was worthy of our strictest observation. Parsons, lawyers, apothecaries, projectors, excisemen, organists, picture-sellers, fiddlers and bailiffs, were the several ingredients this miscellany of mortality was composed of. It was extremely pleasant to take notice of a certain mechanic, who moved like clock-work, a-dandling another man's children, and as fond of 'em as if they were his own. But what called for our particular observation, was a certain triumvirate of persons who are always fond of a particular place, and are as constantly to be seen sitting on the bench near the fire as a certain churchwarden of St. Bride's, in the same street, is to be found giving audience in his shop amongst Old Jack Philips's¹ merry politics, to beadles, and other underlings of the parish, from eight to ten in the morning, in his nightcap. These gentlemen, with very cogitabund aspects, made up the three degrees of comparison amongst 'em. The least of them, to give the company a tincture of his exemplary sobriety, cried, 'I'm the most abstemious man in the world'; the middlemost for his part, as

¹ John Phillips (1631-1706) was a satirist and general writer who gained some reputation at the Restoration with his *Montelion* or the *Prophetical Almanack*. He kept this up for some years. In 1688 he began *Modern History, or a Monthly Account of all Considerable Occurrences*, issued in sixpenny parts; and in 1690 dropped this for *The Present State of Europe*. He was, as Tom Brown suggests, a great authority with pot-house politicians and their cronies.

he had nothing in him, so he pretended to emit nothing from him, but contented himself with the name of an humble auditor : but the tallest, like the son of Kish, having found his two asses, managed them accordingly. As he was singular in the position of his hat, so he held opinions contrary to the rest of the world ; and he was grown so scabbed with the itch of disputing, that for the sake of shewing his parts, the worst of persuasions were as orthodox with him as the best. Sometimes he argued on the side of Popery, because it tolerated pictures ; another time Geneva was a blessed place, on account of its inhabitants not regarding 'em, whence he deduced this lucky inference, that a man who sold 'em again might buy 'em cheap there. Whatever the doctrine was, interest was the application, and Oliver Cromwell's picture was in more esteem with him than Charles the Martyr's, if it bore a higher price. This worthy person also desired to be amongst the number of the abstemious, and knew the method prime well of talking three hours for a pennyworth of tea ; but that man that cannot abstain from flesh in Lent, is like to pass undistinguished from the rest of his fellow-creatures, whose failings he's so apt to take notice of.

So many contradictions fell from the mouth of this would-be-an-oracle, with his hat buttoned behind, that the judicious Indian was in haste to be gone to a place where he might have more instructive discourse. Wherefore we left him and his abstemious comrades, and taking our leave of smoke, noise and nonsense, made the best of our way down to the Exchange, without making any other observations, than that there were more monthly collections in one shop than would be sold in a twelvemonth, and more malice and ill-nature in the owner of another, than he could disperse amongst his neighbours should he live to the next year of jubilee.

As our way to the great cathedral lay down street, so we forbore going to see the place where Peter's wife¹ formerly stood, to pay a visit to what was consecrated to Paul. There are people of some persuasions that don't stick to say one Temple is full as edifying as the other ; and many women entertain those very thoughts of elopement at church, which they after put in practice at taverns. But businesses of this nature are grown so frequent in this city that in a short time we shall sooner wonder at the continency of a married woman, than her want of it ; and

¹ The Temple Church, at that time a favourite place for assignations, had formerly been dedicated to St. Petronella, an early saint whom legend designated the daughter, not wife, of the Apostle Peter.

since there is no other punishment than for 'em to be deprived by Act of Parliament of the company they fled from, in all probability we shall, in a short time, have more horns of our growth here than are to be found in the New Forest.

After a happy deliverance from the brawling concert of fish-women, and those that sell puddings and pies on Fleet Bridge,¹ we made our passage by good King Lud² and his two sons, where the poor citizens are confined and starve amidst copies of their freedom, and entered in the Strait Gate, which is westward of that noble edifice, and leads us into those paths which, as our religion teaches us, tend to salvation. The multitude of workmen,³ the bulk of the stones, and the prodigious circumference of the pillars amazed my companion to such a degree that, could we have met Sir Christopher Wren, he would have paid him that act of adoration that the place was built for an infinite Being to receive. He looked upon the labour that was spent in building the Chinese Wall to be nothing to it. However, after he was recovered from his wonder, he could not but observe, from the smallness of the windows, that the builder was no enthusiast and had no intention to make any great boasts of the *light within*.

He agreed the choir was very magnificent, the ironwork exquisitely framed, and nothing could be more agreeable than the organ; but having met with very little that looked like religion since his arrival in these parts, he seemed inquisitive in relation to the numerous congregation, and the reasons that brought 'em together. I returned, for answer, that these dark souls in white garments come here for the sake of their salaries, and are hired to ask blessings for themselves; that those gentlemen that know nothing of the matter, and carry all their devotion in their eyes and ears, are strangers and come in only to go out again; and those ladies that look through their fingers while the service is singing, had never been here but for the sake of the music and long perukes.

¹ A stone bridge at the foot of Fleet Street, spanning the Fleet River. It was a great resort of street-sellers and quacks, who had their stalls on the bridge itself and on the banks of the stream.

² This old City gate adjoined St. Martin's Church, Ludgate Hill. It was used as a prison for debtors, and also as a storehouse for documents and charters. The gate was rebuilt in 1586, when statues of King Lud and his sons were put on the east side and a figure of Queen Elizabeth on the west. The gate was damaged but not destroyed in the Great Fire; it was finally demolished in 1760, when the queen's statue was placed outside St. Dunstan's Church, and the others removed to what is now St. Dunstan's House, Regent's Park.

³ The rebuilding of St. Paul's was begun in 1675; divine service was first performed in the new choir in 1697, and the last stone of the lantern was laid in 1710.

This sort of devotion was a new manner of worship to a person who was born in a country where there were such bigots to the profession they were educated in, and he expressed his dislike of it in terms which bore a suitable abhorrence of such unjustifiable proceedings. Wherefore we turned our backs on Bishop Overall's tall meagre disciple, and staying to see him take his wife, *alias* his reasons, in his hand after the service was done, bade adieu to the residentiaries' stalls, whose owners made a sinecure of £400 per annum ; while Hall¹ was a-stretching his lungs in order to maintain a long white wig and a hackney coach, and the worthy subdean was chanting forth such deep strains as made it appear to the female audience that though he had not a chamber voice, his quail-pipe showed him excellently well qualified for chamber practice.

But before we got out of this venerable dome, I chanced to hammer out the following stanzas, in relation to the rebuilding it.

This fabric which at first was built
 To be God's house of prayer,
 And not to pamper priests in guilt,
 Or hold a sleeping mayor ;
 Once perished by the vengeful flame,
 Which all its beauties razed,
 Nor could its awful patron's name
 Protect the pile it graced.
 But as it fell before by fire,
 Which then destroyed it whole,
 So now to heaven its heights aspire,
 And rise again by coal.²

Our direct way to that great place of noise and tumult, the Royal Exchange, lying down Cheapside, we forbore paying a visit to the book-sellers in the Churchyard, but left one rich old curmudgeon walking about his shop in vindication of a perpetual motion, that having got a living by the priesthood, to shew his gratitude was perpetually clothed like a parish clerk ; another was sitting behind his counter with multitudes of reams of divinity waste paper about him ; and a third was a-tearing in a fury those calculations of gain which he had made and assured himself of before Dampier's last unsuccessful voyage. We

¹ John Hall (*d.* 1707), author of *Jacob's Ladder*, was Prebendary of St. Paul's and president of Sion College.

² The cost of building St. Paul's was obtained largely from a tax upon coal.

hastened our arrival at that fabric where mankind seems to be epitomized, and the different tempers of humanity in its several species tend to one centre, viz. self-interest, which is accounted the *summum bonum*.

But as Cheapside is a street well furnished with matter for observation, and the shopkeepers stand here on purpose to be taken notice of, so it may possibly be looked upon as an indecency offered to their employments to pass by 'em without a compliment, or an harangue upon their characters; for they are the fondest people living of being made public, and rather than not be known at all, would be known for what they are. However, I must husband my observations at this time, and since a more convenient opportunity will offer itself hereafter, shall only take notice that my Indian, whether out of the several indigested ideas he had received from the diversity of objects he met with, or because a sort of surprize had laid hold of him at the first sight of the chimney-sweepers at the Conduit,¹ that looked so much like his own countrymen, was taken sick in an instant, and I was forced to carry him to a neighbouring physician,² whom some have falsely aspersed with the name of a horse-doctor.

The worshipful graduate in the noble art of manslaughter received us with a civility that was peculiar to him at the sight of four half-crowns; and tho' he had made a *sinecure* of most of his other patients, recovered him from his indisposition in an instant. But as the doctor's voluminous works made no ordinary figure among the refuse of the learned in Duck Lane, or those redoubted authors that take the benefit of the air upon the rails in Moorfields, so the method he made use of towards his recovery was altogether uncommon and extraordinary. In a word, we were no sooner entered into his consultation room but the physician-in-ordinary made his appearance with two large folios in his

¹ The Little Conduit was in the middle of Cheapside, facing Foster Lane and Old Change. It was a great resort of chimney-sweepers.

² This was Sir Richard Blackmore (*d.* 1729), a prominent physician who lived in Cheapside, and who was one of the most frequent butts for Brown's satire. He was a prolific prose writer and a poet of sufficient virtue to find a place in Johnson's *Lives*, where it is observed of his poem *Creation*, 'if he had written nothing else this would have transmitted him to posterity as one of the first favourites of the English muse.' Blackmore was a staunch adherent of William III, who gave him a knighthood in 1697. He was strong in his hatred of the licence of the times and earned the dislike of Tom Brown and his brothers in letters. *Prince Arthur*, a heroic poem in ten books, was published in 1695, having been written, as he explains, 'for the greatest part in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets,' in such little leisure as his profession allowed, a confession, which, of course, gave Brown an opportunity of venting his spleen and ridicule. Blackmore's *Paraphrases on Job* appeared in 1700.

hands ; and having asked me the nature of my friend's distemper (for he was not then capable of giving him an account of it himself), and made some inquiry with his fingers, in relation to the beating of the pulse, he opened the tremendous page by way of exorcism, and fell a-reading one of the descriptions of Prince Arthur's battles so pathetically that the very noise of the words awakened the modest Indian out of his lethargy, and by way of sympathy freed him from one fright by putting him into another.

'For heaven's sake,' said the patient, 'my dear friend, where are we, or what language does that honest gentleman there make use of, that rattles so mightily in the throat, and confounds a man's understanding by endeavouring to improve it?' 'This is one of our English doctors,' cried I, 'that having murdered the people, is for extirpating the language, and falling foul upon every individual syllable that composes the vocabulary. He's a poet, let me tell you, and what is more, makes verses in his own coach too. He tells a story admirably well in a coffee-house, if apothecaries and surgeons are judges, and has been some time since made a fool of at court, if there are any wise men there. In short, he has been dignified with a title for making a king of a prince ; and whatever you do, you must use him as the great ones have done, that is, flatter him and tell him he's the best man at heroics, in the present age, or to rectify your judgment he'll dismiss you with a pill that shall send you to a place where a great many bold tell-truths are gone before you. If you intend to dine with him, or sit within ten yards of him, up one pair of stairs at Garraway's Coffee-House, you must cry, 'Sir Richard, your paraphrase upon *Job* outdoes your *Arthurs*' ; but for your own dear health's sake, don't say, in dulness.

This thought put me in mind of some verses a friend of mine wrote some time since on that inimitable undertaking ; which for the novelty of the expression and the oddness of thought I judged proper to communicate :

When Job contending with the devil I saw,
It did my wonder, but not pity draw :
For I concluded, that without some trick,
A saint at any time could match Old Nick.
Next, came a fiercer fiend upon his back,
I mean his spouse, and stunned him with her clack ;
But still I could not pity him, as knowing
A crab-tree cudgel soon would send her going.

But when the quack engaged with Job I spied,
 The Lord have mercy on poor Job, I cried :
 What spouse and Satan did attempt in vain,
 The quack will compass with his murdering pen,
 And on a dunghill leave poor Job agen, }
 With impious doggerel he'll pollute his theme,
 And make the saint against his will blaspheme.

From hence we made towards the Royal Exchange, and, between Sadler's Hall and Wood Street, met a friend of mine that deals in linen, standing at his shop door ; and having occasion for his acquaintance, in order to take up some shirts and handkerchiefs which men under poetical circumstances generally stand in need of, I struck into discourse with him. But, as ill luck would have it, the first thing I cast my eyes on was an inscription in several places of the shop, which made me almost as mute as a fish, and was, ' No trust upon retail.' However, I reflected to myself that this *caveat* did not exclude those that would tick upon wholesale. Wherefore, rather than not be a customer, I proposed to take up several whole pieces by way of credit ; but the cream of the jest was, the man knew his trade as well as that which I had made profession of, so that I was never the farther from continuing shirtless for the proposal.

We were now almost come to Wood Street Corner, when I bethought myself it was more advisable to go on the other side of the street than to endanger my corpse by coming within reach of the men-eaters, that stood not far off, seeking whom they might devour, and desired the Indian to cross over the way, which he did accordingly. ' Avoid that turning,' said I, ' if you would have me for your companion, for it's a place of no security for a man who has made as much use of the public faith as I have. Those fellows, that give their attendance a little below, at the prison-gate,¹ I must be plain with you, are no company for poets. I have been too lately under their clutches to desire any more dealings with them ; and I cannot come within a furlong of the Rose sponging-house, without five or six yellow-boys in my pockets, to cast out those devils there, who would otherwise infallibly take possession of me.' With that I told him how I had once (on account of damned *noverint universi's*, and other heretical papers, as notes under my hand, etc.) been confined there ; and that being without hopes of release, I had put pen

¹ Wood Street Compter, a prison for ' debtors and night-ramblers,' stood about half-way up the street, on the east side.

to paper and written my own elegy, which being too long to be repeated, I satisfied his curiosity, in some part, by the rehearsal of the following epitaph, which was the close of it :

Reader, beneath this turf I lie,
 And hold myself content.
 Piss, if you please, pray what care I,
 Since now my life is spent :
 A marble-stone, indeed, might keep
 My body from the weather,
 And gather people as I sleep,
 And call more fools together.
 But hadst thou been from whence I came,
 Thou'dst never mince the matter,
 But shew thy sentiments the same,
 And hate stone-doublers after.
 I'm dead, and that's enough to acquaint
 A man of any sense,
 That if he's looking for a saint,
 He must go farther hence.
 Between two roses down I fell,
 As 'twixt two stools a platter,
 One held me up exceeding well,
 T'other did no such matter :
 The Rose¹ by Temple-Bar gave wine,
 Exchanged for chalk, and filled me ;
 But being for the ready coin,
 The Rose in Wood Street killed me.

My companion was pleased to see me so merry under my affliction, but being of a genius altogether full of speculation, diverted the discourse to more material inquiries in relation to trade, which he saw was the whole business of our citizens.

'While I behold this town of London,' said our contemplative traveller, 'I fancy I behold a prodigious animal. The streets are so many veins, wherein the people circulate. With what hurry and swiftness is the circulation of London performed?' 'You behold,' cried I to him, 'the circulation that is made in the heart of London, but it moves more briskly in the blood of the citizens ; they are always in

¹ A well-known tavern, at the corner of Thanet Place, without the Bar. It had an arbour covered with a grape-vine. The Rose was a cant name for the computer.

motion and activity. Their actions succeed one another with so much rapidity that they begin a thousand things before they have finished one, and finish a thousand others before they may properly be said to have begun them.'

They are equally incapable both of attention and patience, and though nothing is more quick than the effects of hearing and seeing, yet they don't allow themselves time either to hear or see ; but, like moles, work in the dark and undermine one another.

All their study and labour is either about profit or pleasure ; and they have schools for the education of their Stalking-horse, which they call apprentices in the mystery of trade ; a term unintelligible to foreigners, and which none truly understand the meaning of, but those that practise it. Some call it over-witting those they deal with, but that is generally denied as a heterodox definition (for wit was never accounted a London commodity, unless among their wives, and other city sinners) ; and if you search all the warehouses and shops from Whitechapel Bars to St. Clement's, if it were to save a man's life, or a woman's honesty, you cannot find one farthingworth of wit among them.

Some derive this heathenish word *trade* from a Hebrew original, and call it over-reaching ; but the Jews deny it, and say the name and thing is wholly Christian ; and for this interpretation quote the authority of a London alderman, who sold a Jew five cases of right-handed gloves without any fellows to them, and afterwards made him purchase the left-handed ones to match them, at double the value.

Some call trade honest gain, and to make it more palatable have lacquered it with the name of godliness ; and hence it comes to pass, that the generality of Londoners are counted such eminent professors. But of all guessers, he came nearest the mark that said, Trade was playing a game at dropping fools' pence into knaves' pockets, 'till the sellers were rich, and the buyers were bankrupts.

That magnificent building there, which stands in the middle of London, is for the accommodation of Lady Trade and her heirs and successors for ever, and is so full of amusements about twelve o'clock every day, that one would think all the world was converted into newsmongers and intelligencers ; for such is the first salutation among all mankind that frequent that place. 'What news from Scandaroon and Aleppo?' says the Turkey Merchant. 'What price bear currants at Zante? Apes at Tunis? Religion at Rome? Cutting a throat at Naples? Whores at Venice? The cure of a clap at Padua?'

'What news of such a ship?' says the Insurer. 'Is there any hope of her being cast away?' says the adventurer. 'For I have insured more by a thousand pounds than I have in her?' 'So have I, through mercy,' says a second, 'and therefore let's leave a letter of advice for the master, at the new light-house at Plymouth,¹ that he does not fail to touch at the Goodwin-Sands, and give us advice of it from Deal or Canterbury, and he shall have another ship for his faithful service as soon as he comes to London.'

'I have a bill upon you, brother,' says one alderman to another. 'Go home, brother,' says the other, 'and if money and my man be absent, let my wife pay you out of her privy-purse, as your good-wife lately paid a bill at sight for me, I thank her ladyship.'

'Hark you, Mr. Broker, I have a parcel of excellent logwood, block-tin, spider's-brains, philosopher's-guts, Don Quixote's windmills, hens-teeth, ell-broad pack-thread, and the quintessence of the blue of plumbs.' 'Go, you puppy, you call yourself a broker, and don't know that the Greshamites² buy up all these rarities by wholesale all the year, and retail them out to the society every first of April.'

'Hah, old acquaintance! touch flesh. I have been seeking thee all the Change over. I have a pressing occasion for some seeds of sedition; Jacobite rue, and Whig herb of grace; can'st furnish me?' 'Indeed, law, no,' saith the merchant, 'I have just parted with them to the several coffee-houses about the town, where the respective merchants meet that trade in those commodities; but if you want but a small parcel, you may be supplied by Mrs. Bald——n, or Dar——y³ and his son-in-law, and most booksellers in London and Westminster.' 'Da, da, I'll about it immediately. Stay a little, Mr. —— I have a word in private to you. If you know any of our Whig friends that have occasion for any staunch votes for the choice of mayors or sheriffs, that were calculated for the meridian of London, but will serve indifferently for any city or corporation in Europe, our friend Mr. —— has abundance that lie upon his hands, and will be glad to dispose of them cheaply.' 'Enough,' said the other, 'they are no winter's traffic; for though mayors and woodcocks come in about Michaelmas, they don't lay springs for

¹ The first lighthouse on the Eddystone Rock was built by Winstanley, 1696-9, but was destroyed in a terrific gale, November 27, 1703, when, among others, Winstanley perished. It was replaced in 1708 by a wooden structure.

² The Royal Society, then meeting at Gresham College, was always ready to purchase rarities for their museum.

³ Baldwin and Darby were seditious booksellers; see pages 219 and 220.

sheriffs till about Midsummer, and then we'll talk with him about those weighty matters.'

There stalks a serjeant and his mace, smelling at the merchants' backsides, like a hungry dog for a dinner. There walks a public notary tied to an inkhorn, like an ape to a clog, to put off his Heathen-Greek commodities, bills of store, and charter-parties.

That wheesing, sickly shew, with his breeches full of the prices of male and female commodities, projects, complaints, and all mismanagements from Dan to Beersheba, is the Devil's broker, and may be spoken with every Sunday, from eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon, at the Quakers' meeting, or his lodging, and not after; for the rest of his time on that day he employs in adjusting his accompts, and playing at back-gammon with his principal. There goes a rat-catcher in state, brandishing his banner, like a black-moor in a pageant on the execution-day of roast-beef, greasy-geese, and custards [Lord Mayor's Day].

'Now,' say I to my Indian, 'is not all this hodge-podge, a pleasant confusion, and a perfect amusement?' The astonished traveller replied, 'Without doubt, the indigested chaos was but an imperfect representation of this congregated huddle. But what most amuses my understanding is to hear 'em speak all languages, and talk of nothing but trucking and bartering, buying and selling, borrowing and lending, paying and receiving; and yet I see nothing they have to dispose of, unless those that have 'em sell their gold-chains, the brasiers their leather-aprons, the young merchants their swords, or the old ones their canes and oaken-plants, that support their feeble carcasses.'

'That doubt,' quoth I to my inquisitive Indian, 'is easily resolved, for though their grosser wares are at home in their store-houses, they have many things of value to truck for, which they always carry about 'em; as, justice for fat-capons, to be delivered before dinner; a reprieve from the whipping-post for a dozen bottles of claret to drink after it; licences to sell ale for a hogshead of stout to his worship; and leave to keep a coffee-house, for a cask of cold tea to his lady. Name but what you want, and I'll direct you to the walks where you shall find the merchants that will furnish you. Would you buy the Common-Hunt, the Common-Cryer's, the Bridge-Master's, or the Keeper of Newgate's places? Stay till they fall, and a gold-chain and great horse will direct you to the proprietors. Would you buy any naked truth, or light in a dark-lantern? Look in the Wet-Quaker's walk. Have you occasion for comb-brushes, tweezers, cringes, or compliments *à la mode*? The

French Walk will supply you. Want you old cloaks, plain shoes, or formal gravity? You may fit yourself to a cow's-thumb among the Spaniards. Have you any use in your country for upright honesty or downright dealing? You may buy plenty of 'em both among the Stock-jobbers, for they are dead commodities, and that society are willing to quit their hands of 'em. Would you lay out your Indian gold for a new plantation? Inquire for the Scotch walk, and you'll buy a good pennyworth in Darien¹; three of your own kings for as many new hats, and all their nineteen subjects into the purchase to be delivered at the Scotch East-Indian office, by parson Paterson, or their secretary Wisdom Webster. If you want any tallow, rapparees-hides, or Popish massacres, inquire in the Irish Walk, and you cannot lose your labour.

'Look, yonder's a Jew treading upon an Italian's foot, to carry on a sodomitical intrigue, and bartering their souls here for fire and brimstone in another world. See, there's a beau that has played away his estate at a chocolate-house, going to sell himself to Barbadoes,² to keep himself out of Newgate, and from scandalizing his relations at Tyburn. There's a poet reading his verses, and squeezing his brains into an amorous cit's pockets, in hopes of a tester to buy himself a dinner. Behind that pillar is a Welch herald deriving a merchant's pedigree from Adam's great grandfather, to entitle him to a coat of arms, when he comes to be an alderman.

'Take notice of that tall, black gentleman³; there is scarce a merchant-ship at sea but he has a share in her, and scarce a corporation in England that he has not been tampering with for the choice of members of Parliament. Would you think a man of his appearance had been brought upon his knees before the House of Commons, or that a person of so goodly and wise an aspect could be spewed out of

¹ The Darien Scheme was a Scottish project for trading on the Isthmus of Darien, in Panama. It was got up by William Paterson, one of the original directors of the Bank of England, and met with great support in Scotland, where the success of the East India Company had roused a greedy jealousy of England. William III opposed the scheme, but the projectors sent out a small fleet with twelve hundred emigrants, in 1698. Before long, mismanagement, hunger, fever, and anarchy threatened the young colony with annihilation, and only a few eventually succeeded in making their way to New York. A second contingent went in 1699, but before ever land was sighted the plan was ruined by the foolish fanaticism of the Presbyterian ministers who accompanied it. The place was finally captured by the Spaniards and only a few of those who had sacrificed their all in this mad scheme returned to Scotland.

² It was a common practice for men wishing to escape their creditors, their wives, or justice, to engage themselves for work in the American plantations, under conditions rather worse than actual slavery.

³ This was Alderman Duncombe; see page 424.

a place where only wise men should meet together? But more unlikely things have come to pass, witness that merry-andrew fortune there, who has neither parts nor countenance to recommend him to any conversation but that of the fair sex, yet he keeps his place, and represents the town that chose him to a miracle. Say that he came in by bribery if you dare, his gifts are acts of charity, and 'tis heretical to say that he is not a godly, conscientious man, in making himself great by providing for the poor. He give money! 'Tis no such thing; he builds houses, in order to get into one, and pull down our constitution. A pleasant sort of a spark! The mayor and aldermen of — can never want a representative while spinning of flax goes on so merrily among 'em, nor the city of — want a member, while such as he are suffered to set up for chief magistrates. However, his wife has another opinion of him; and she that shewed her wisdom in the choice of such a husband, thinks he shews his in being chosen for such a corporation.

'But that unaccountable knight, there,¹ has more comedy in him than all his fellow-citizens besides. Ask on what day the new war with France and Spain is to be proclaimed. He'll tell you he knows the time to a second of a minute. Desire to know of him when the king comes over from Holland, or whereabouts in the Netherlands the first hostilities will break out; and he'll lay ten to one he points out the time and place to you. Would you be told what he is worth? You are informed he is better stocked with projects than any New East-Indian of 'em all. And where he chiefly signalized his courage? You'll be answered, in the famous campaign the city-regiment made at Tunbridge, where a damned unlucky pippin made him save himself after he had lost his money. As he was made a knight from a news-monger, so he is again become a gamester, and if I were to venture a wager on his side, it should be, that the first thing he did was to lay one; that he is not master of those fortunes which the world thinks him to be, nor possessor of that magazine of brains he himself would have us think he is; that whatever he has done by way of stock-jobbing other commodities, from his conversation at Garraway's, he never monopolized wit, or engrossed any thing like it to his own use. These propositions would bring us both in money, and his sagacity would run a less risk in laying on their side, than he did some years since about the siege of Namur. But he has got some wager in his head, and is marched off with his chapman to a public notary to confirm it. And so much for Sir H——.'

¹ Sir Humphrey Edwin; see page 359.

Here is the notice of a ship to be sold, with all her tackle and lading. There are virtuous maidens that are willing to be transported with William Penn into Maryland, for the propagation of Quakerism. In another is a tutor to be hired, to instruct any gentleman's or merchant's children in their own families; and under that an advertisement of a milch-ass, to be sold at the nightman's, in Whitechapel. In another column, in a gilded frame, was a chamber-maid that wanted a service; and over her an old bachelor that wanted a housekeeper. On the sides of these were two less papers, one containing an advertisement of a red-headed monkey lost from a seed-shop in the Strand, with two guineas reward to him or her that shall bring him home again with his tail and collar on; the other side was a large folio, filled with wet and dry nurses, and houses to be let, and parrots, canary-birds, and setting-dogs to be sold.

Having no occasion for wet-nurses, etc., since my children sit by other folks' fires, and being desirous to give my Indian a sight of the most remarkable things my time would allow me, we squeezed out of a throng of cuckolds, and went to make a visit to the madmen in Moorfields.

Bedlam¹ is a pleasant place, that it is, and abounds with amusements. The first is the building so stately a fabric for persons wholly insensible of the beauty and use of it; the outside is a perfect mockery to the inside, and admits of two amusing queries, Whether the persons that ordered the building of it, or those that inhabit it, were the maddest? But what need I wonder at that, since the whole is but one entire amusement? Some were preaching, and others in full cry a-hunting; some were praying, others cursing and swearing; some were dancing, others groaning; some singing, others crying; and all in perfect confusion. A sad representation of the greater chimerical world! Only in this there's no whoring, cheating, or fleecing, unless after the Platonic mode, in thought, for want of action. However, any gentleman that is disposed for a touch of the times, may take his choice for the price of one penny, which is Cerberus's fee at the entry; or any lady that has got the *prurigo copulandi* has a spark at her service to be found walking here any time of the day. Is your wife or your daughter mad, for something that shall be nameless? Send 'em hither to be made sober. Or

¹ Bethlehem Hospital, on the site now occupied by Liverpool Street, was a fine building erected in 1676. On payment of a penny members of the public were allowed to wander through the galleries and tease the unhappy inmates. It was one of the sights of London and a notorious place for assignations and for harlots to tout for business.

has any one a relation, male or female, that's over-bashful? Let not either him or her despair of a cure, for here are guests enough to teach 'em to part with their modesty.

As the buildings took their magnificence from a palace at Paris, so the company that resort to make assignations within 'em very often bring off the Parisian distemper from the bottled ale and cheesecakes which are eaten after they are coupled and gone out of 'em; and if, in giving Bedlam the resemblance of the Louvre, we have been witty upon the French, they have been even with us by making a present of a disease to us, which may be bargained for with no more difficulty than half a turn in the Long-Gallery.

Here were persons confined that having no money nor friends, and but a small stock of confidence run mad for want of preferment; a poet that, for want of wit and sense, ran mad for want of victuals; and a hard-favoured citizen's wife, that lost her wits because her husband had so little as to let her know that he kept a handsome mistress. In this apartment was a common lawyer pleading; in another a civilian sighing; a third enclosed a Jacobite, ranting against the Revolution; and a fourth, a morose, melancholy Whig, bemoaning his want of an office and complaining against abuses at court, and mismanagements. A fifth had a comical sort of a fellow, that was laughing at his physician, Doctor Tyson,¹ for his great skill in taciturnity; and a sixth had a Cantabrigian organist for his tenant, that had left sonnet and madrigal for philosophy, and had lost his senses while he was in pursuit of knowledge. 'How now!' said I, 'honest friend, what dost thou think of *materia prima*, and the rest of the pretended entities?' 'I think,' said he, 'if you thought of 'em at all, you would ask a more pertinent question; for I am mad because I know nothing of the matter, but thou art so much in love with ignorance that thou wouldst have lost thy wits if thou hadst.'

I expected not such a home reply from a Bedlamite, and without any more to do with such a touchy spark, left him railing against the sin of murdering lice, and shewing his detestation against eating good roast-mutton, as a cruelty to the creatures, and went to take a sight of a young fellow quite dumbfounded with love. Poor lad! his mother and two sisters, that are milliners in Oxford, I dare swear, will never keep him company; for they know a trick worth two of his, and have

¹ Dr. Edward Tyson (1650-1708) was an eminent anatomist and alienist. He was physician to Bridewell and Bethlehem Hospitals from 1694 until 1700.

often experimented, that if one won't, another will. Here was Bishop the Quaker preaching, and an audience of modest women peeping through their fingers to see whether his notes were written in legible characters or no; and there was a shopkeeper's wife retailing out the sight of the best in Christendom, for a half-penny a head, to young Templers, Moorfields sharpers, and old citizens that had taken the opportunity of their wives being abroad; and being ready to run mad themselves, were come to divert themselves with the sight of those that were actually so.

Missing many others whom I thought deserved a lodging among their brethren, I made inquiry after them, and was told by the keeper that they had many other houses of the same foundation in the city, where they were disposed till they grew tamer, and were qualified to be admitted members of this soberer society. The projectors, who are generally broken citizens, were cooped up in the Compters and Ludgate; the beaux and rakes, and common mad jilts, that labour under a *furor uteri*, in Bridewell, and Justice Long's powdering-tub; and the virtuosi were confined to Gresham-College. 'Those,' continued he, 'in whose constitutions folly has the ascendant over frenzy, are permitted to reside, and be smoked in coffee-houses; and those that by the governors of this hospital are thought utterly incurable, are shut up in the Inns of Court and Chancery with a pair of foils, a fiddle, and a pipe; and when their fire and spirits are exhausted, and they begin to dote, they are removed by Habeas Corpus into a certain hospital built for that purpose near Amen-Corner.'¹

Walking from hence, I had leisure to ask my Indian his opinion of these amusements. After the best manner his genius would suffer him, he harangued upon deficiency of sense as the only beneficial quality, since the bare pretence to wit was attended by such tragical misfortunes as confinement to straw, small drink, and flogging.

Hearing a noise, and some approaches of nonsense that always bear it company, where should we step but into Cripplegate church, and whom should I see perched up in a pulpit but honest orthodox E——S——,² a-spreading the word very dexterously. 'Hey day!' cried I, 'nonjuring man has left off cheating people in a coat, to put tricks

¹ The College of Physicians, then in Warwick Lane.

² This is Edward Stillingfleet, Junior, son of the Bishop of Worcester. He quarrelled with his father and ruined his chances of preferment, though he held several livings. The reference in the text to *Æsop* concerns a crude cobbler at Tunbridge whose ungarnished verse created a mild furore at the time.

upon the world in a gown ! I wish his Dutch merchant were here to be one of his auditors, that he might be satisfied the reverend doctor is not such a man as he reports him to be.' He laid forth the blessings of a handsome wife most emphatically, and I expected every minute to hear when the city knave would have invited his male auditors home to see his, according to ancient custom ; but he's grown more politic since he had fathered Æsop at Tunbridge, and was abundantly more reserved, since he had read over those two laborious works, *The Whole Duty of Man epitomized* and Dr. Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*. 'Twould have done a man under poetical circumstances good, to think how powerfully he laid himself out to persuade his hearers to be charitable to the poor, as if he was begging for himself, and reading his own wants to the audience in the life of his own unhappy mendicant. 'S'life,' thought I, 'we must drink together' ; but imagining from the drift of his discourse that the parson was penniless, away went I up Redcross-Street, leaving him to come down from his borrowed pulpit, as soon as he had finished his borrowed harangue, to make the best of his way to his eloquent and reverend brother, and deliver the gown he borrowed of him on such an emergent occasion.

Now I, that am always more scared at the sight of a serjeant or bailiff than at the devil and all his works, was mortally frightened in my passage through Barbican and Long-Lane¹ by the impudent rag-sellers in those scandalous climates, who laid hold of my arm to ask me what I lacked ? At first it made me tremble worse than a Quaker in a fit of enthusiasm, imagining it had been an arrest, and was just asking the customary question, 'At whose suit ?' But their rudeness continuing at every door, relieved me from those panic fears ; and the next that attacked my arm, with 'what d'ye buy, Sir, what d'ye lack ?' I threw from my sleeve into the kennel, saying, 'Though I want nothing out of your shops, methinks you all want good manners and civility ; you are ready to tear a new suit from my back, under pretence of selling me an old one. Avaunt, vermin, your clothes smell as rankly of Newgate and Tyburn, as the bedding to be sold at the Ditchside near Fleet Street smells of a bawdy-house and brandy.'

Smithfield would have afforded us a great variety of objects, but it being neither Bartholomew-Fair time, nor any of the chief market-days, I passed through the quarters of the jockeys and grasiers, and taking the

¹ Both these streets were famous for their old clothes sellers, who importuned all who passed by.

roads that were most agreeable to my circumstances, went through Baldwin's Gardens.¹ And whom should I see standing at the door of the Hole in the Wall but an old acquaintance of mine, an honest Dear Joy,² that had taken the house. As the gentlemen of that country are famous for being men of particular ceremony, so the first word that came from him was, 'Master, I am your very humble servant'; and the next, 'Hey, you bastard you,' on account of my putting a civil question relating to two young ladies looking through their fingers at him.

He was immediately for presenting me with a tankard; and down my fellow-traveller and I sat ourselves, when I found my neighbour had been new christened since I saw him last, and was made a commission-officer by the name of Captain Whip-'em. I made no inquiry after the etymology of his new title, but judged he had been whipping it in with the gentlewomen before mentioned, though 'twas not convenient to tell him so, lest his wife should watch his waters more narrowly than she had done, which might have been no small grief to the two virtuous ladies and a great disappointment to a man of his known modesty. I'll say that for the man, his liquor was the best of the sort that ever I drank, had his company been answerable to it; but there was such a jargon of contradictions among 'em, such a difference of trades and opinions, and such an unintelligible captiousness among 'em, that my poor Indian and I were in a perfect wilderness. 'To pay there,' said I, and so left the witty dogs by themselves, with a book-binder talking about the adventures of 'him and two or three more gentlemen,' to make the best of my way through Gray's-Inn, where I met with nothing material.

This was all we entertained ourselves with before we came to the Playhouse.

¹ A passage from Gray's Inn Road to Leather Lane. The Hole in the Wall is still a tavern sign in this place. In Brown's time the house was kept by a Mrs. Stewart.

² Dear Joy was a popular name for Irishmen—equivalent to the 'Paddy' of later days. It originated in their mode of addressing one another.

AMUSEMENT IV

The Playhouse

THE Playhouse is an enchanted island, where nothing appears in reality what it is nor what it should be. 'Tis frequented by persons of all degrees and qualities whatsoever, that have a great deal of idle time lying upon their hands and can't tell how to employ it worse. Here lords come to laugh, and to be laughed at for being there and seeing their qualities ridiculed by every worthless poet. Knights come hither to learn the amorous smirk, the *alamode* grin, the antic bow, the new-fashioned cringe, and how to adjust their phiz to make themselves as ridiculous by art as they are by nature.

Hither come the country gentlemen to shew their shapes, and trouble the pit with irrelevancies about hawking, hunting, their handsome wives and their housewifery. There sits a beau like a fool in a frame, that dares not stir his head nor move his body for fear of incommoding his wig, ruffling his cravat, or putting his eyes or mouth out of the order his *maître de dance* set it in; whilst a bully beau comes drunk into the pit, screaming out, 'Damn me, Jack, 'tis a confounded play, let's to a whore, and spend our time better.'

Here the ladies come to shew their clothes, which are often the only things to be admired in or about 'em; some of them having scabbed or pimpled faces wear a thousand patches to hide them, and those that have none, scandalize their faces by a foolish imitation. Here they shew their courage by being unconcerned at a husband being poisoned, a hero being killed, or a passionate lover being jilted; and shew their modesties by blushing at a bawdy song or naked, obscene figure.

By the signs that both sexes hang out you may know their qualities or occupations, and not mistake in making your addresses. Men of figure and consideration are known by seldom being there, and men of wisdom and business by being always absent. One lord is known by his ribbon, and T—— D——,¹ or some other impertinent poet, talking nonsense to him; another lord by sitting on the Kit-Kat side, and

¹ Tom D'Urfey; see page 242.

Jacob Tonson standing door-keeper for him¹; the rest of the witty nobility have their several distinguishing characteristics, that are the easiest things to be understood in the universe. For instance, that toaster there, is it possible he can give a judgment of the beauties of a play, while he is wholly taken up in surveying those of the ladies? Or can that incorrigible fop know anything of the matter, when he is taking such pains not to know himself as to be carried away with the thoughts that all eyes were fixed upon him on account of his amazing perfections, when the quite contrary cause diverts the audience from what they came to take a view of?

Would you think that little lap-dog in scarlet has stomach enough to digest a guinea's worth of entertainment at Pontack's² every dinner-time, or that that odoriferous Time-server there had nothing he so much laid to heart as the disappointment of not having his whore brought to him at the Fountain Tavern, after the curtain is let down again?

Hey dey! what have we here? A duchess and a Dutchman³ together, pepper and vinegar on my conscience; only 'tis a difficult time of the year, and people that lie so close together are warm enough without any such matters to heat 'em. That poet that shews his assiduity by following yonder actress⁴ is the most entertaining sort of animal imaginable. But 'tis the way of the world, to have an esteem for the fair sex; and she looks to a miracle, when she is acting a part in one of his own plays. Would not any one think it pity she should not have an humble servant, when Mrs. Abigail, who is one of her attendants,

¹ The Kit-Kat Club was a Whig club, founded about 1700, to which all the painters, poets and wits of the party belonged. Jacob Tonson, the publisher, was the secretary, and did much to establish it securely.

² The Pontack's Head, in Abchurch Lane, Lombard Street, was at one time the most fashionable eating-house in London. Evelyn dined there frequently and the place finds constant mention in the literature and drama of the period. Dinner might be had at prices ranging from four shillings to a guinea a head, the meal at the latter price including 'a ragout of fatted snails' and 'chickens not two hours from the shell.'

³ Cardonnell Goodman (commonly known as 'Scum' Goodman), who was a thorough-paced scoundrel, and after a disreputable career became the paramour of the Duchess of Cleveland, whose children he tried to poison.

⁴ This is a mean allusion to the friendship of Congreve and Mrs. Bracegirdle. Amid the general corruptness of stage morals she maintained an unspotted reputation, which the sneers and innuendoes of Brown and his like were unable to besmirch. It was of her that Congreve wrote:

Would I were free of this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!

can be brought to bed of a living child without any manner of notice taken of her? Look upon him once more, I say; if she goes to her shift, 'tis ten to one but he follows her, not that I would say, for never so much, to take up her smock! He dines with her almost every day, yet she's a maid; he rides out with her, and visits her in public and private, yet she's a maid; if I had not a particular respect for her, I should go near to say he lies with her, yet she's a maid. Now I leave the world to judge whether it be his or her fault that she has so long kept her maidenhead, since gentlemen of his profession have generally a greater respect for the ladies than that comes to.

Now for that majestical man and woman¹ there; stand off, there is no coming within a hundred yards of their high mightinesses. They have revolted, like the Dutch, from their once lords and masters, and are now set up for sovereigns themselves. See what a deference is paid 'em by the rest of the cringing fraternity, from fifty down to ten shillings a-week; you must needs have a more than ordinary opinion of their abilities. Should you lie with her all night she would not know you next morning, unless you had another five pounds at her service; or if you go to desire a piece of courtesy of him, you must attend longer than at a secretary's of State. His gravity will not permit him to give you audience till the stateliness of his countenance is rightly adjusted, and all his high-swelling words are got in readiness: nor will her celebrated modesty suffer her to speak to an humble servant, without a piece or two to rub her eyes with and to conceal her blushes; while she sluggishly goes through a vacation she might take more pains in, did she not grudge a pennyworth for a penny.

There are two sets of these histrionical entertainers, and I should be too partial should I not divide my thoughts equally between 'em; both are called His Majesty's Servants, yet neither have done any service to their king or country, if we may take Mr. Collier's² word, or the affidavits of a multitude of decayed beaux, who have been undone and afterwards laughed at by 'em.

Do but take notice of that scornful piece of flesh there; does not

¹ Betterton and Mrs. Barry. So far as the former is concerned the sneer is unwarranted; whether Mrs. Barry was as mean with her money as she was notoriously prodigal of her favours it is difficult to say. Her contemporaries thought that she was. Barry and Betterton, at the head of a select company, left the Theatre Royal in 1695 and opened the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre.

² Jeremy Collier, the famous non-juror, published *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* in 1698. This book happened to arouse the public sense of morality and for some years almost ruined the theatres.

she tread the stage as haughtily as if she knew no such thing as condescension to the desires of any man breathing, yet she was soundly beaten by a spark of hers, for opening her legs to another humble servant. I would not for the wealth of the Indies divulge any harm of her, but a person might say, without the help of a prophetic Cassandra that it will not be for want of shewing her endeavours for the public good that she does not bring his majesty a new subject into the world this year, as she did the last ; and I dare swear that her ingenious friend Mr. —, though his modesty will not permit him to be the father of it, will be ready at all times and seasons to fetch out the velvet petticoat that may occasionally be in trouble, to provide for the decency of her next lying in.

From this lady, that is always quarrelsome with the prompter, and who has enough of that grand issue in the middle of her without any other disturbances of that nature about her, it falls out, of course, that we pay our respects to that bewitching creature that had entangled a very great man into her noose¹ ; and from so mean a beginning as pippins, small nuts and ginger-bread, has the honour to have a nobleman wear her chains. The virtuous gentlewoman before mentioned was lineally descended from a retailer of rumps and kidneys, and had greater pretensions from her birth to the smiles of fortune than her hypocritical ladyship that owes her being to a mother, who, poor woman, would not be forced to beg were she as young a bit of flesh as her daughter, had that girl as much natural affection for a parent as she has for a gallant.

‘Away with her,’ cried out the Indian, ‘if she’s unnatural, she’s no mistress for me ; but it’s a custom among you Europeans to forget father and mother, and cleave to your own interest. Your people of the highest rank practice it daily ; and would you think this woman, that mimics ’em in their clothes and fashions, would behave herself so vulgarly as not to imitate ’em ?’ As my companion had nothing but truth in his observations, I could not contradict his opinion of us, but turned my eye upon the boxes, to let him know there were some of the fair sex in that bright circle that were exceptions to his general rule. ‘Let us lose no more time about her,’ said I, ‘you have seen all she has but the furniture of her chamber, and that she may thank the d—— for ; as to her clean gloves and finery here, they are owing to the old

¹ Possibly Nell Gwynn, though the dates do not tally, as she retired from the stage in 1682 and died five years later.

good-natured Mr. —, who from his drowsy constitution in the day-time makes it appear that some one or other has disturbed his rest in the night.'

That beau there is known by the decent management of his sword-knot and snuff-box ; a poet, by his empty pockets ; a citizen, by his horns and gold-hatband ; a whore, by a vizor-mask and a multitude of ribbons about her breast ; and a fool by talking to her. A Playhouse wit is distinguished by wanting understanding ; and a judge of wit, by nodding and sleeping till the fall of the curtain and the crowding to get out again, awake him.

I have told you already, that the Playhouse was the land of enchantment, the country of Metamorphoses, performed with the greatest speed imaginable. Here, in the twinkling of an eye, you shall see men transformed into demi-gods, and goddesses made as true flesh and blood as our common women. Here fools, by sleight of hand, are converted into wits, honest-women into arrant whores, and, which is most miraculous, cowards into valiant heroes, and rank coquets and jilts into as chaste and virtuous mistresses as a man would desire to put his knife into.

Let us now speak a word or two of the natives of this country and the stock of wit and manners by which they maintain themselves, and ridicule the whole world besides. The people are all somewhat whimsical and giddy-brained ; when they speak they sing, when they walk they dance, and very often do both when they have a mind to it.

The stage has now so great a share of atheism, impudence, and profaneness, that it looks like an assembly of demons directing the way hellward ; and the more blasphemous the poets are, the more they are admired, even from huffing Dryden to sing-song D'Urfey, who always stutters at sense, and speaks plain when he swears. What are all their new plays but damned insipid, dull farces, confounded toothless satire, or plaguy rhymy plays, with scurvy heroes, worse than the Knight of the Sun, or Amadis de Gaul ? They are the arrantest plagiaries in nature ; and, like our common news-writers, steal from one another.

When a humour takes in London, they ride it to death ere they leave it. The primitive Christians were not persecuted with half the variety that the poor unthinking beaux are tormented with upon the theatre ; character is supplied with a smutty song, humour with a dance, and argument with lightning and thunder, and this has often reprieved many a scurvy play from damning. A huge great muff and a gaudy

ribbon hanging at a bully's backside is an excellent jest ; and new-invented curses, as, 'Stap my vitals,' 'Damn my diaphragm,' 'Slit my wind-pipe,' 'Sink me ten thousand fathom-deep,' rig up a new beau, though in the main 'tis but the same everlasting coxcomb ; and there's as much difference between their rhymes and solid verse, as between the royal Psalmist and Hopkins and Sternhold, with their collars of 'ay's' and 'eke's' about 'em. Wherefore let us take a voyage into the land of wit, since there is so little stirring now-a-days in the Playhouse, and make an inspection into the growth of that commodity elsewhere.

AMUSEMENT V

Westminster-Hall

A MAGNIFICENT building, which is open to all the world, and yet in a manner is shut up by the prodigious concourse of people who crowd and sweat to get in or out ; and happy are they that don't — leave their lives, estates, or consciences behind 'em ! Here we entered into a great hall, where my Indian was surprized to see, in the same place, men on the one side with baubles and toys,¹ and the other taken up with the fear of judgment, on which depends their inevitable destiny.

In this shop are to be sold ribbons, gloves, towers, and commodos, by word of mouth ; in another shop lands and tenements are disposed of by decree. On your left-hand you hear a nimble-tongued painted sempstress, with her charming treble, inviting you to buy some of her knick-nacks ; and on your right a deep-mouthed crier, commanding impossibilities, *viz.* silence to be kept among women and lawyers. What a fantastical jargon does this heap of contrarieties amount to ? While our traveller is making his observations upon this motley scene, he's frightened at the terrible approaches of a multitude of men in black gowns and round caps, that make betwixt 'em a most hideous and dreadful monster called Petty-fogging (of which there is such a store in England that the people think themselves obliged to pray for the Egyptian locusts and caterpillars, in exchange for this kind of vermin) ; and this monster

¹ Around the walls of Westminster Hall were booths for milliners, lace-dealers, sellers of trinkets, and similar merchants.

bellows out so pernicious a language, that one word alone is sufficient to ruin whole families.

Here's honest, good-natur'd, modest Mr. —, that has done by the counsel on the opposite side as the king of France did by the Confederates; and there a worshipful registrar drawing up indictments, with no less than twenty flaws in 'em at a time. That breach directs you to a judge's favourite, fingering the pence, as if he deserved it from his great knowledge in the law, rather than his interest; and that court of justice there up in the corner, points men out of some characters, that are for holding out their hands to plaintiff and defendant. At certain hours appointed there appear grave and dauntless men whose very sight's enough to give one a Quartan ague, and who lay this monster on his back. Scarce a day passes over their heads but they rescue out of his greedy jaws some thousand of acres half devoured.

This cursed petty-fogging is much more to be feared than injustice itself; the latter openly undoes us and affords us at least this comfort, That we have a right to bewail ourselves; but the former, by its dilatory formalities, robs us of all we have and tells us for our eternal despair that we suffer by law.

Justice, if I may so express myself, is a beautiful young virgin disguised, brought on the stage by the Pleader, pursued by the Attorney, cajolled by the Counsellor, and defended by the Judge.

Some pert critic will tell me that I have lost my way in digressions. Under favour, this critic is in the wrong box, for digressions properly belong to my subject, since they are all nothing but amusements; and this is a truth so uncontested that I am resolved to continue 'em.

By way of digression I must here inform you that in all those places of my voyage where the Indian perplexes me with his questions, I will drop him, as I have already done, to pursue my own reflections, upon this condition, however, that I may be allowed to take him up again when I'm weary of travelling alone. I will likewise make bold to quit the metaphor of my voyage, whenever the fancy takes me; for I'm so far from confining myself, like a slave, to one particular figure, that I will still keep in my hands the power to change, if I think fit, at every period, my figure, subject and style, that I may be less tiresome to the modern reader; for I know well enough, that variety is the predominant taste of the present age.

Although nothing is durable in this transitory world, yet 'tis observed that this saying proves false in Westminster Hall, where there are things

of eternal continuance, as thousands have found true by woeful experience ; I mean, Chancery suits. Certain sons of parchment, called Solicitors and Barristers, make it their whole business to keep the shuttlecock in motion, and when one hand is weary, they play it into another. 'Tis the chiefest part of their religion to keep up and animate the differences among their clients, as 'twas with the vestal virgins in the days of yore, to maintain the sacred fire.

'Tis a most surprising thing, that notwithstanding all the clamour, squalling and bawling there is in the Courts, yet you shall have a judge now and then take as comfortable a nap on the bench, as if he were at church ; and every honest Christian has reason to pray that as often as a cause comes to be heard, the judges of ancient times were awake, and the modern fast asleep. However, this must be said for them, that they are righteous enough in their hearts ; but the devil on't is, that they can't tell which way to take to instruct themselves in the merits of the cause. The contending parties are suspected by them, the Solicitor embroils them, the Counsellor defends them, the Attorney importunes them, and the She-Solicitor distracts them. Well, let what will happen on't, for my money give me the female Solicitor.

A certain judge in the days of yore made his boast, that the most charming woman in the world was not able to make him forget that he was a judge. 'Very likely, Sir,' said a gentleman to him, 'but I'll lay twenty to one on nature's side.' The magistrate was a man before he was a judge ; the first motion he finds is for the She-Solicitor, and the second is for justice.

A very beautiful countess went to a morose, surly judge's chamber to prepossess him in favour of a very unrighteous cause, and to solicit for a colonel against a tradesman that sued him. This tradesman happened at that very moment to be in his lordship's closet, who found his cause to be so just and clear that he could not forbear to promise him to take care he should carry the day.

The words were no sooner out of his mouth but our charming countess appeared in the antichamber. The judge immediately ran to meet her ladyship as fast as his gouty legs would give him leave : her eyes, air, and graceful deportment, the sound of her voice, many charms, in short, pleaded so powerfully in her favour that at the first moment he found the man too powerful for the judge, and he promised our countess the colonel should gain his cause. Thus you see the poor judge engaged on both sides. When he came back to his closet, he found

the tradesman reduced to the last despair. 'I saw her,' cries the fellow, almost out of his wits; 'I saw the lady that solicits against me, and, Lord, what a charming creature she is! I am undone, my lord, my cause is lost and ruined.' 'Why,' says the judge, not yet recovered from his confusion, 'imagine yourself in my place, and tell me if 'tis possible for frail man to refuse any thing so beautiful a lady asks?' As he spoke these words, he pulled a hundred pistoles out of his pocket, which amounted to the sum the tradesman sued for, and gave them to him. By some means or other the Countess came to the knowledge of it, and as she was virtuous even to a scruple, she was afraid of being too much obliged by so generous a judge, and immediately sent him an hundred pistoles. The Colonel, full as gallant as the Countess, was scrupulous, and paid her the sum aforesaid; and thus every one did as he ought to do. The judge was afraid of being unjust, the Countess feared to be too much obliged, the Colonel paid, and the tradesman was satisfied; or, according to our old English adage, All was well; Jack had Joan, and the man had his mare again.

Shall I give you my opinion of this judge's behaviour? The first motion he found in himself was for the charming Solicitrix, which I cannot excuse him for; the second for Justice, for which I admire him.

While I thus amused myself, my traveller was lost in a fog of black gowns. Oh, yonder he is, at the farther end of the Hall; I call to him, he strives to come to me, but his breath fails him, the crowd over-powers him, he's carried down the stream, he swims upon his elbows to get to shore; at last, half spent, and dripping from every pore of his body, he comes up to me, and all the relation I could get from him of what he had seen was, 'Oh this confounded country! let us get out of it as soon as possible, and never see it more.'

'Come, come,' says I to him, 'let's go and refresh ourselves after this fatigue; and to put the idea of the Hall out of our heads, let's go this evening into the delicious country, the walks and places set apart for the public refreshment.'

AMUSEMENT VI

The Walks

WE have divers sorts of Walks about London ; in some you go to see and be seen, in others neither to see nor be seen, but, like a noun substantive, to be felt, heard, and understood.

The ladies that have an inclination to be private take delight in the close walks of Spring Gardens,¹ where both sexes meet and mutually serve one another as guides to lose their way ; and the windings and turnings in the little wildernesses are so intricate that the most experienced mothers have often lost themselves in looking for their daughters.

From Spring Gardens we set our faces towards Hyde Park, where horses have their diversion as well as men, and neigh and court their mistresses in almost as intelligible a dialect. Here people coach it to take the air, amidst a cloud of dust able to choke a foot-soldier, which hindered us from seeing those that come thither on purpose to shew themselves. However, we made hard shift to get now and then a glance at some of them.

Here we saw much to do about nothing ; a world of brave men, gilt coaches, and rich liveries ; within some of them were upstart courtiers, blown up as big as pride and vanity could swell them, sitting as upright in their chariots as if a stake had been driven through them. It would hurt their eyes to exchange a glance upon any thing that's vulgar ; and that's the reason they are so sparing of their looks that they will neither bow, nor move their hats to any thing under a duke or a duchess ; and yet if you examine some of their origins, a covetous, soul-less miser, or a great oppressor laid the foundation of their families, and in their retinue there are more creditors than servants.

'See,' says my Indian, 'what a bevy of gallant ladies are in yonder coaches ; some are singing, others laughing, others tickling one another, and all of them toying and devouring sweetmeats, marzipan and China oranges. See that lady, was ever any thing so black as her eye, and so clear as her forehead ? One would swear her face had taken its tincture

¹ Spring Gardens was ornamentally laid out with secluded walks and pleasant arbours. In the centre was a fountain.



On the left is a troop of Horse Guards; in the centre distance can be seen the end of the Pall Mall court

LADIES AND BEAUX TAKING THE AIR IN ST. JAMES'S PARK

(From a view by Kip, in the Crace Collection)

from all the beauties in nature.' 'And yet, perhaps,' answered I to my fellow-traveller, 'all this is but imposture; she might, for aught we know, go to bed last night as ugly as a hag, tho' she now appears like an angel; and if you did but see this puppet taken to pieces, she's naught but paint and plaster.'

From hence we went to take a turn in the Mall. When we came into these pleasant walks, my fellow-traveller was ravished at the most agreeable sight in nature; there were none but women there that day, as it happened, and the walks were covered with them. 'I never,' said he to me, laughing, 'beheld in my life so great a flight of birds. Bless me! how fine they are!' 'Friend,' replied I, 'these are birds to amuse one, they change their feathers two or three times a day. They are fickle and light by inclination, weak by constitution, but never weary of billing and chirping. They never see the day till the sun is just going to set, hop always upright with one foot upon the ground, and touch the clouds with their proud toppings. In a word, the generality of women are peacocks when they walk, water-wagtails when they are within doors, and turtles when they meet face to face.'

'This is a bold description of them,' says my Indian. 'Pray tell me, Sir,' says he, 'is this portrait of them after nature?' 'Yes, without question,' answered I; 'but I know some women that are superior to the rest of their sex, and perhaps to men also. In relation to those, I need not say much to distinguish them; they'll do it by their virtuous discourse and deportment. Nothing is so hard to be defined as women; and of all women in the world, none are so undefinable as those of London. The Spanish women are altogether Spanish, the Italians altogether Italian, the Germans altogether German, the French women always like themselves; but among the London women we find Spaniards, Italians, Germans and French, blended together into one individual monopoly of all humours and fashions? Nay, how many different nations are there of our English ladies? In the first place, there is the politic nation of your ladies of the town; next, the savage nation of the country dames; then the free nation of the coquets; the invisible nation of the faithful wives (the worst peopled of all); the good-natured nation of wives that cuckold their husbands, (they are almost forced to walk upon one another's heads, their numbers are so prodigious); the warlike nation of intriguing ladies; the fearful nation of —; but there are scarce any of them left; the barbarous nation of mothers-in-law; the haughty nation of citizens' wives, that are

dignified with a title ; the strolling nation of your regular visitants, and the Lord knows how many more ; not to reckon the superstitious nation, that run after conjurers and fortune-tellers. 'Tis pity this latter sort are not locked up in a quarter by themselves, and that the nation of cunning women are not rooted out that abuse them, and set them upon doing some things which otherwise they would not.'

I have suffered myself to be carried too far by my subject. 'Tis a strange thing that we cannot talk of women with a just moderation ; we either talk too much, or too little of them ; we don't speak enough of virtuous women, and we speak too much of those that are not so. Men would do justice to them all if they could talk of them without passion ; but they scarce speak at all of those that are indifferent. They are prepossessed for them they love, and against those by whom they cannot make themselves to be beloved. They rank the latter in the class of irregular women because they are wise, and indeed wiser than they would have them be. The railing of the men ought to be the justification of the women ; but it unluckily falls out that one half of the world take delight in raising scandalous stories, and t'other half in believing them. Slander has been the product of all times, and all countries ; it is very near of as ancient standing in the world as virtue. Defamation ought to be more severely punished than theft. It does more injury to civil societies ; and 'tis a harder matter to secure one's reputation from a slanderer, than one's money from a robber. All the world are agreed that both one and the other are scoundrels ; yet, for all that, we esteem them when they excel in this art. A nice and a witty railer is the most agreeable person in conversation, and he that dexterously picks another man's pocket, like your quacks and attorneys, draws the veneration even of those who live by cutting purses. When one observes in what reputation both of them live, one would be apt to say that 'tis neither defamation nor robbery that we blame in others, but only their awkwardness and want of skill. They are punished for not being able to arrive at the perfection of their art.

'Come, come,' says my Indian, 'you ramble from your subject ; you speak of backbiting in general, whereas at present we are only talking of that branch of it which belongs to women. I would bring you back to that point, which puts me in mind of certain laws which were heretofore proposed by a legislator of my country. One of these laws gave permission for one woman to slander another ; in the first place, because it is impossible to prevent it ; and secondly, because in

matters of gallantry, she that accuses her neighbour might herself be accused of it in her turn, pursuant to the ancient and righteous law of returning a Rowland for an Oliver. But how would you have a woman quit scores with a man who has published disadvantageous stories of her? Must she serve him in the same kind? By all means; for if men think it a piece of merit to conquer women, and women place theirs in well defending themselves, she that gets a lover sings a triumph; and she that loves, confesses herself to be conquered. If it were true that the ladies were more weak than we are their fall would be more excusable; but I think we are weaker than our wives, since we expect they should pardon us and not we them. One would think that when a man had got a woman into a matrimonial noose 'twas enough for her to be wholly his; and by the same reason, should not the man be wholly hers? What a tyranny is this in the men to monopolize infidelity to themselves?'

But if men will be slandering women, let them vent their fury against those only that are ugly, for that is neither slandering nor calumniating, though it be a crime the ladies will never forgive. For the generality of them are more jealous of the reputation of their beauty than of their honour, and she that wants a whole morning, at least, to bring her face to perfection, would be more concerned to be surprized at her toilet, than to be taken in the arms of a gallant.

I am not at all surprized at this notion, for the chief virtue in the ladies' catechism is to please; and beauty pleases men more effectually than wisdom. One man loves sweetness and modesty in a woman; another loves a jolly damsel with life and vigour; but agreeableness and beauty relish with all human palates. A young woman who has no other portion than her hopes of pleasing is at a loss what measures to take that she may make her fortune. Is she simple? We despise her. Is she virtuous? We don't like her company. Is she a coquet? We avoid her. Therefore to succeed well in the world, 'tis necessary that she be virtuous, simple, and a coquet, all at once. Simplicity invites us, coquetry amuses, and virtue retains us. 'Tis a hard matter for a woman to escape the censures of the men. 'Tis much more so to guard themselves from the women's tongues. A lady that sets up for virtue makes herself envied; she that pretends to gallantry makes herself despised; but she that pretends to nothing escapes contempt and envy and saves herself between two reputations.

This management surpasses the capacity of a young woman, she

being exposed to two temptations ; to preserve herself from them, she wants the assistance of reason ; and 'tis her misfortune that reason comes not in to her relief, till youth and beauty, and the danger are gone together. Tell us, why should not reason come as soon as beauty, since one was made to defend the other ? It does not depend upon a woman to be handsome ; the only beauty that all of them might have, and some of them, to speak modestly, often part with, is chastity ; but of all beauties whatsoever, 'tis the easiest to lose. She that never was yet in love, is so ashamed of her first weakness, that she would conceal it from herself : as for the second, she desires to conceal it from others ; but she does not think it worth the while to conceal the third from anybody. When chastity is once gone, 'tis no more to be retrieved than youth.

Those that have lost their chastity assume an affected one which is much sooner provoked than that which is real. Of this we had an example in the close walk at the head of Rosamond's Pond,¹ where for one poor equivocal word a brisk she was ready to tear a gentleman's cravat off, yet, after a farther parley, shewed herself to be sensible of some things which for modesty sake she ought to have been ignorant of. A lady of this character was sitting upon the grass on the side of this pond, with her younger sister newly come out of the country, whom a spark sitting by, entertained her with a relation of an amorous adventure between my lord —— and my lady Love-it ; but expressed himself in such obscene, ambiguous terms that a woman that did not know what was what could as soon fly with a hundred weight of lead at her heels as tell what to make of it. The more obscurely the gentleman told his story, the more attentively did our young creature listen to it, and displayed her curiosity by some simple, harmless questions. The elder of the two sisters, desirous to let the gentleman and others that sat by him, understand that she had more modesty than her younger sister, cried out, ' Oh ! fie, sister, fie ! can you hear such a wicked story as this without blushing ? ' ' Alas, sister,' says the young innocence, ' I don't know what it is to blush, or what it is you mean.'

The gentleman soon took the hint, and whispering the elder sister in the ear, she immediately sent the young ignorant creature home by her footman, and tripped away hand in hand with the gentleman. Her

¹ This was at the south-west corner of St. James's Park, near Buckingham Gate. It was a favourite resort of lovers and much used as a place of assignation. The pond was filled up in 1770.

behaviour betrayed her as an experienced coquet, who observed a sort of decorum to usher in a greater liberty.

Every thing is managed in good order by a woman who knows her company and understands her business. He that loses his money out of complaisance yields place to him who lends the lady his coach to take the air in. The young heir begins where the ruined cully ended. He that pays for the collation is succeeded by another that eats it ; and when my Lord comes in at the gate poor Sir John must scamper out at the window.

The Green Walk¹ afforded us variety of discourses from persons of both sexes. Here walked a bareheaded beau, by a company of the common profession in dishabille and night-dresses, either for want of day-clothes, or to shew they were ready for business. Here walked a French fop with both his hands in his pockets, carrying all his pleated coat before to shew his silk breeches. There were a cluster of senators talking of state-affairs and the price of corn and cattle, and they were disturbed with the noisy milk-folks, crying, 'A can of milk, ladies ; a can of red cow's milk, Sir.' Here were a bevy of buxom lasses complaining of the decay of trade and monopolies ; and there virtuous women railing against whores, their husbands, and coquetry.

And now being weary of walking so long we reposed ourselves upon one of the benches, and digesting several dialogues between the modest ladies and coquets, made this observation, That tho' the coquets were despised by the generality of ladies, yet the latter imitate them to a hair's breadth in their whole conduct. They learn of them the winning air, the bewitching glance, the amorous smirk, and the sullen pout ; they talk, and dress, and patch like them : they must needs go down the stream. It is the coquets that invent the new modes and expressions ; every thing is done for them, and by them ; though, with all these advantages, there's a vast difference between them. The reputation of virtuous women is solid, that of coquets is more extended.

But I am sensible I have made too long a stay in this part of my voyage ; a man always amuses himself longer with the women than he is willing. Well, since we are here, let's shew our Indian the Horse Guards, the country of gallantry. In our way thither was nothing worth our observation, unless 'twas the bird-cage inhabited by wild fowl ; the ducks begging charity, the black-guard boys robbing their

¹ A favourite walk of Charles II, it ran parallel with the Mall, just beneath the Park wall. It was also known popularly as Duke Humphrey's Walk.

own bellies to relieve them, and an English dog-kennel, translated into a French eating-house.

GALLANTRY

Let's enter this brave country, and see—— But what is there to be seen here? Gallantry and bravery, which was formerly so well cultivated, so flourishing and frequented by many persons of honour, is at present desolate, untilled and abandoned. What a desert 'tis become! Alas, I can see nothing at all in it but a disbanded soldier mounted upon a pedestal,¹ standing sentinel over the ducks and wild geese.

'Why,' says my Indian, 'is that a soldier? He has ne'er a sword, and is naked.'

'I suppose,' replied I to the Indian, 'since the peace he has pawned his sword to buy him food; and as for his being naked, who regards it? What signifies a soldier in time of peace? Pish! A soldier naked! is that such a wonder? What are they good for else but hanging or starving, when we have no occasion for them, as has been learnedly determined by the author of that original amusement, *Arguments against a Standing army*.

'Our God and soldier we alike adore,
Just at the brink of danger, not before;
After deliv'rance they're alike requited,
Our God's forgotten, and our soldier's slighted.

'Come, this is a melancholy country, let's leave amusing ourselves about gallantry and bravery, and, like men that have nothing to do, nor nothing to have, take a trip into the land of Marriage, and see who and who are together.' 'But what are these soldiers doing? They look like brave fellows,' said my Indian.

'They are,' says I, 'drawn up to prayers, and would be brave men indeed, if they were half as good at praying and fighting as they are at cursing and swearing.'

¹ The bronze Gladiator stood in the parade facing the Horse Guards. It was cast by Le Sueur from an antique in Rome. It is now in the grounds of Windsor Castle.

AMUSEMENT VII

Marriage

'**T**IS a difficult task to speak of Marriage so as to please all people. Those who are not noosed in the snare will thank me for giving a comical description of it. 'The grand pox eat this buffoon,' says the serious wary husband ; 'if he was in my place, he would have no more temptation to laugh than to break his neck.' If I moralize gravely upon the inconveniences of matrimony, those that have a longing to enter into that honourable state will complain that I dissuade them from so charming a condition. How then shall I order my discourse, for I am in great perplexity about it ?

A certain painter made a picture of Hymen for a young lover. 'I would have him drawn,' says this passionate gentleman, 'with all the graces your utmost skill can bestow upon him. Above all, remember that Hymen ought to be more beautiful than Adonis. You must put into his hand a flambeau more brilliant than that of love. In short, give him all the charms that your imagination and colours can bestow. I will pay you for your picture, according as I find you use my friend Hymen.' The painter, who was well acquainted with his generous temper, was not wanting, you may be sure, to answer his expectations, and brought him home the piece the evening before he was married. Our young lover was not at all satisfied with it. 'This figure,' says he, 'wants a certain gay air, it has none of those charms and agreements. As you have painted him, he makes but a very indifferent appearance, and therefore you shall be but indifferently paid.'

The painter, who had as much presence of mind as skill in his profession, took a resolution what to do that very moment. 'You are not in the right on't, Sir,' said he, 'to find fault with my picture, it is not yet dry. This face is soaked, and to deal freely with you, the colours I use in painting don't appear worth a farthing at first. I will bring you this picture some months hence, and then you shall pay me as you find it pleases you. I am confident it will appear quite another thing then—— Sir, your humble Servant, I have no occasion for money.'

The painter carried his piece home ; our young lover was married

the next day, and some months went over his head before the painter appeared. At last he brings the picture with him, and our young husband was surprized when he saw it. 'You promised,' says he, 'that time would mend your picture, and you are as good as your word. Lord ! what a difference there is ? I swear I scarce know it, now I see it again. I wonder to see what a strange effect a few months have had upon your colours ; but I admire your ingenuity much more. However, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell you that in my opinion his looks are somewhat of the gayest ; these eyes are too brisk and lively. Then, to deal plainly with you, the fires of Hymen ought not to be altogether so bright as those of love ; for his is a solid, but heavy fire. Besides, the disposition of your figure is somewhat too free and cheerful, and you have given him a certain air of wantonness which, let me tell you, Sir, does not at all sit well upon—— In short, this is none of Hymen.'

'Very well, Sir,' said the painter, 'what I foresaw is now come to pass. Hymen at present is not so beautiful in your idea as in my picture. The case is mightily altered from what it was three months ago. 'Tis not my picture, but your imagination that is changed. You were a lover then, but now a husband.'

'I understand you very well,' says the husband interrupting him, 'let us drop that matter. Your picture now pleases, and here is more money for it than you could reasonably have expected.' 'By no means,' says the painter, 'you must excuse me there ; but I will give you another picture, wherein by certain optic rules and perspectives it shall be so contrived that it shall please both the lovers and the husbands.' He performed it accordingly, placing it at the end of a long gallery, upon a kind of an alcove ; and to come to this alcove, one must first pass over a very slippery step. On this side of it was the critical place where the piece look'd so lovely and delicious ; but as soon as you were gone beyond it, it made a most lamentable figure.

If you understand how difficult a thing it is to paint matrimony to the gust of all people, pray suspend your censure here : I am going to present my picture, choose what light you please to view it in. To come back to my travelling style, I must tell you, at first dash, that Marriage is a country that peoples all others ; the commonalty are more fruitful there than the nobility, the reason of which perhaps is, that the nobility take more delight to ramble abroad than to stay at home. Marriage has this peculiar property annexed to it, that it can alter the humours of those that are settled in it. It frequently transforms a jolly fellow into

a mere sot, it often melts down a beau into an arrant sloven, and on the other hand, it so happens sometimes, that a witty virtuous woman will improve a dull heavy country booby into a man of sense and gallantry.

People marry for different motives. Some are led by portion, and others by reason; the former without knowing what they are going to do, and the latter knowing no more but that the thing must be done. There are men in the world so weary of quiet and indolence that they marry only to divert themselves. In the first place, the choice of a woman employs them for some time; then visits and interviews, feasts and ceremonies; but after the last ceremony is over, they are more tired and weary than ever. How many hundred married couples do we see who, from the second year of their coming together, have nothing more in common than their names, their quality, their ill-humour, and their misery.

I don't wonder there are so many unhappy matches, since folks marry either wholly of their own notion, or wholly by those of others. A man that marries of his own idea, not seeing that in his spouse which all the world sees in her, is in danger of seeing much more in her than others ever did. Another, that has not courage enough to trust his own judgment, fairly applies himself to the next matchmaker in the neighbourhood, who knows to a tittle the exact rates of the market, and the current price of young women that are fit to marry. These marriage-hucksters, or wife-brokers, have an admirable talent for matching conditions, families, trades and estates; in short, every thing, except humours and inclinations, about which they never trouble themselves. By the procurement of these experienced matrons a marriage is struck up like a Smithfield bargain; there is much higgling and wrangling for t'other ten pounds; one side endeavours to raise, and the other to beat down the market-price. At last, after a world of words spent to a fine purpose, they come to a conclusion.

Others, that have no time to truck and bargain so, go immediately to a scrivener's, to find out a rich widow, even as they go to the office of intelligence to hearken out a service. Is it not altogether the matchmaker's fault, if you are deceived in your woman? She gives you an account of her portion to a farthing; you examine nothing but the articles relating to the family and fortune; the woman is left in the margin of the inventory, and you find her too much in the long run.

After all that I have said I am not afraid to advance this proposition, That 'tis possible for those that marry to be happy. But you must call

it trucking or bartering, and not marrying, to take a woman merely for her fortune, and reckon her perfections by the number of pounds she is like to bring with her. Nor is it to marry but to please one's self, to choose a wife as we do a tulip, merely for her beauty. It is not to marry, but to dote at a certain age, to take a young woman only for the sake of her company. What is it then to be married? Why, 'tis to choose with circumspection and deliberation, by inclination, and not by interest, such a woman as will choose you after the same manner.

Besides other things in common with all the world, the country of Marriage has this peculiar to itself, that strangers have a desire to settle there, and the natural inhabitants would be banished out of it with all their hearts. A man may be banished out of this country by certain things called Separations; but the true way of getting out of it is by widowhood, and is much to be preferred before separation; for the separated are savage animals, incapable of the prettiest ties of society. The usual cause of separation is assigned as the fault of the wife, but often the husband is the occasion that the wife is in fault, and he himself is a fool to proclaim to the world that his wife has made a false step.

It will be expected, now, that I speak a few words of widowhood. 'Tis a copious and fertile subject, that's certain; but a man may burn his fingers by meddling with it. For if I describe them as but little concerned for the death of their husbands, I shall offend the rules of decency and good manners; and if I exaggerate their afflictions, I shall offend the truth. Whatever our railers pretend to the contrary, I say, there's no widowhood without a sprinkling of sorrow in it. Is it not a very sorrowful condition, to be obliged to counterfeit a perpetual sorrow? A very doleful part this that a widow must play, if she would not give the world occasion to talk of her.

There are some widows in the world so mightily befriended by Providence that their sighs and tears cost them nothing. I know one of a contrary temper to this, who honestly did all that in her lay to afflict herself, but nature had denied her the gift of tears; she desired to raise the compassion of her husband's relations, for all depended on them. One day her brother-in-law, who lamented exceedingly, reproached her for not having shed one tear. 'Alas!' replied the widow to him, 'my poor heart is so overwhelmed with this unexpected calamity, that I am as it were become insensible by it! Great sorrows are not felt at first; but I am sure mine will kill me in the end.' 'I know very well,' said her brother-in-law to her, 'that griefs too great don't make

themselves at first to be perceived ; and I know as well, that violent griefs don't continue long. Thus, Madam, you will be strangely surprised to find that the grief of your widowhood will be past before you are aware.'

Another widow was reduced to the last pitch of despair, nor was it without a very sorrowful occasion. She had lost upon the same day the best husband, and the prettiest little lap-dog in London. This double widowhood had brought her to so low a condition, that her friends were afraid of her life. They durst not speak to her of eating and drinking ; nay, they durst not so much as offer to comfort her. 'Tis a dangerous matter, you know, to combat a woman's grief ; the best way is to let time and their natural inconstancy work it off. However, to accustom our widow by little and little to support the idea of her two losses, a good friend spoke to her first of her little dog. At the bare name of Dony there was such a howling and crying, such tearing of hair and beating of breasts ; in short, such a noise and such a pother that one would have thought heaven and earth had been coming together. At last she fainted away. 'Well,' says this prudent friend of hers, 'God be praised I was so happy as not to mention her husband to her, for then she had certainly died upon the spot.' The next day the name of Dony set her tears a-running in so great plenty that it was hoped the spring would stop itself, and the above-mentioned zealous friend thought she might now venture to administer some consolation to her. 'Alas !' said she, 'if the bare name of Dony gives you so much affliction, what might we not fear from you should we talk to you of your dear husband ? But God forbid I should do that. Ah, poor Dony ! To be mowed down thus in the flower of youth and beauty ! Well, Madam, you'll never have such a pretty creature again. But 'tis happy for the dog that he's dead, for you could never have loved him longer, that's certain ; is it possible for a woman to love any thing after she has lost her husband ?'

After this manner it was that this discreet gentlewoman very dexterously mingled the idea of the husband with that of Dony, well knowing that as two shoulders of mutton drive down one another, so two powerful griefs destroy one another by making a diversion. She observed that at the name of Dony her tears redoubled, which stopt short at the name of husband ; it was, without question, a sort of qualm. Every body knows that tears are a tribute we owe, and only pay to ordinary griefs. However it was, our poor afflicted widow passed several days

and nights in this sad alternative of weeping for her dog, and lamenting her husband. At last her good friend inquired all over the town for a pretty dog ; and it was her good luck to light upon one much finer and prettier than Dony of happy memory, and presented it to our widow, who burst into a fresh stream of tears as she accepted it. This beautiful new-comer so strangely insinuated himself into her affections that within eight days he had got the ascendant of her heart, and Dony was no more thought of than if he had never had a being there. Observe, now, what a consequence our widow's friend drew from it. If a new dog has put a stop to her tears, perhaps a new husband will have the same operation upon her qualms. But, alas ! the one was not to be so easily effected as the other. The new dog so played his cards that he effaced the memory of his predecessor in eight days ; but it was above three long tedious months before our widow could be brought to take a new husband into her bed.

Now tho' I left myself full power to drop my Indian traveller as often as I saw convenient, yet I have no intention to lose him out of my sight ; for I have occasion for him to authorize certain odd fancies that come into my head, while I pass from the country of Marriage, where we lose our liberties, into that of Gaming, where we lose our estates.

AMUSEMENT VIII

Gaming-Houses

GAMING is an estate to which all the world has a pretence, though few espouse it that are willing to keep either their estates or reputations. I knew two Middlesex sharpers not long ago, that inherited the estate of a west-country gentleman, who I believe would have never made them his heirs in his last will and testament.

Lantrillou is a kind of a republic very ill-ordered, where all the world are hail-fellow well met ; no distinction of ranks, no subordination observed. The greatest scoundrel of the town, with money in his pockets, shall take his turn before the best duke or peer in the land, if the cards are on his side. From these privileged places not only all respect and inferiority is banished, but every thing that looks like good manners, compassion, or humanity. Their hearts are so hard and

obdurate that what occasions the grief of one man gives joy and satisfaction to his next neighbour.

The Grecians met together in former times to see their gladiators shew their valour, that is, to slash and kill one another ; and this they called sport. What a cursed barbarity was this ! But are we a jot inferior to them in this respect, who christen all the disorders of Lansquenet by the name of gaming ; or, to use the gamester's own expression where a parcel of sharks meet, to bite one another's heads off.

It happened, one day, that my traveller dropped into a chocolate house in Covent-Garden, where they were at this noble recreation ; he was wonderfully surprized at the oddness of the sight. Set yourself now in the room of a superstitious Indian, who knows nothing of our customs at play, and you will agree that his notions, abstracted and visionary as they may seem, have some foundation in truth. I present you here with his own expressions, as I found them set down in a letter which he sent into his own country :

THE FRAGMENTS OF AN INDIAN LETTER

The English pretend that they worship but one God ; but, for my part, I don't believe what they say. Besides several living divinities, to whom we may see them daily offer their vows, they have several other inanimate ones to whom they pay sacrifices, as I observed at one of their public meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this place there is a great altar to be seen, built round and covered with a green *wachum*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several persons in a sitting posture, as we do at our domestic sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the room one of those, who I supposed was the priest, spread upon the altar certain leaves which he took out of a little book that he held in his hand. Upon these leaves were represented certain figures very awkwardly painted ; however, they must needs be the images of some divinities, for in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the assistants made an offering to it, greater or less, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other temples.

After the aforesaid ceremony is over, the priest lays his hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the book, and continues some time in this posture, seized with fear, and without any action at

all. All the rest of the company, attentive to what he does, are in suspense all the while, and the unmovable assistants are all of them in their turn possessed by different agitations, according to the spirit which happens to seize them. One joins his hands together, and blesses heaven; another, very earnestly looking upon his image, grinds his teeth; a third bites his fingers, and stamps upon the ground with his feet. Every one of them, in short, makes such extraordinary postures and contortions that they seem to be no longer rational creatures. But scarce has the priest returned a certain leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same fury with the rest; he tears the book, and devours it in his rage, throws down the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing now is to be heard but complaints and groans, cries and imprecations. Seeing them so transported and so furious, I judge that the God they worship is a jealous deity who, to punish them for what they sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil demon to possess him.

I have thus shewed you what judgment an Indian would be apt to pass upon the transports he finds in our gamesters. What would he have thought, then, if he had seen any of our gaming ladies there? 'Tis certain that love itself, extravagant as it is, never occasioned so many disorders among women as the unaccountable madness of gaming. How come they to abandon themselves thus to a passion that discomposes their minds, their health, their beauty; that ruins—— What was I going to say? But this picture does not shew them to advantage, let us draw a curtain over it.

In some places they call gaming-houses Academies; but I know not why they should inherit that honourable name, since there's nothing to be learned there, unless it be sleight of hand, which is sometimes at the expence of all our money to get that of other men by fraud and cunning. The persons that meet are generally men of an infamous character, and are in various shapes, habits, and employments. Sometimes they are squires of the pad, and now and then borrow a little money upon the King's highway, to recruit their losses at the gaming-house; and when a hue-and-cry is out to apprehend them, they are as safe in one of these houses as a priest at the altar, and practise the old trade of cross-biting cullies, assisting the frail square dye with high and low fullums,¹ and other

¹ Loaded dice were known as fullams or Fulhams, a reflection of the evil repute of that place, which was a notorious home of sharpers in earlier times. High fullams were loaded to throw the high numbers from 5 to 12, low fullams threw from 1 to 4.

napping tricks, in comparison with whom the common bilkers and pick-pockets are a very honest society. How unaccountable is this way to beggary, that when a man has but a little money, and knows not where in the world to compass any more, unless by hazarding his neck for't, he will try an experiment to leave himself none at all ; or, that he who has money of his own should play the fool and try whether it shall not be another man's ? Was ever any thing so nonsensically pleasant ?

One idle day I ventured into one of these Gaming-houses, where I found an oglio of rakes of several humours and conditions met together. Some had never a penny left them to bless their heads with. One that had played away even his shirt and cravat, and all his clothes but his breeches, stood shivering in a corner of the room, and another was comforting him, saying, 'Damn you, Jack, who ever thought to see thee in a state of innocency ? Cheer up, nakedness is the best receipt in the world against a fever ' ; and then fell a-ranting, as if hell had broke loose that very moment. 'What the devil have we here ? ' says my Indian. 'Does it rain oaths and curses in this country ? I see gamesters are shipwrecked before they come to understand their danger, and lose their clothes before they have paid their tailors. They should go to school in my country to learn sobriety and virtue.'

I told him, that instead of Academies, these places should be called Cheating-houses ; whereupon a bully of the blade came strutting up to my very nose, in such a fury that I would willingly have given half the teeth of my head for a composition, crying out, 'Split my windpipe, Sir, you are a fool, and don't understand trap ; the whole world's a cheat. The Playhouse cheats you of your time, and the tradesman of your money without giving you either sense or reason for it ; the attorney picks your pocket, and gives you law for't ; the whore picks your purse, and gives you the pox for't ; and the poet picks your pocket, and gives you nothing for't. Lovers cozen you with their eyes, orators with their tongues, the valiant with their arms, fiddlers with their fingers, surgeons with wooden legs, and courtiers and songsters empty your pockets, and give you breath and air for it. And why should not we recruit by the same methods that have ruined us ?

'Our friends,' continued he, 'give us good advice, and would fain draw us off from the course we are in, but all to no purpose. We ask them what they would have us do ? Money we have none, and without it there is no living ; should we stay till it were brought, or come alone ? How would you have a poor *individuum vagum* live, that has neither

estate, office, master nor friend to maintain him, and is quite out of his element, unless he be either in a tavern, a bawdy-house, or a Gaming-ordinary? No, we are the men,' says he, 'that Providence has appointed to live by our wits, and will not want while there is money above ground. Happy man, catch a mackerel. Let the worst come to the worst, a wry mouth on the Triple Tree puts an end to all discourse about us.'

From the Gaming-house we took our walk through the streets; and the first amusements we encountered were the variety and contradictory language of the signs, enough to persuade a man there were no rules of concord among the citizens. Here we saw *Joseph's Dream*, the *Bull and Mouth*, the *Hen and Razor*, the *Ax and Bottle*, the *Whale and Crow*, the *Shovel and Boot*, the *Leg and Star*, the *Bible and Swan*, the *Frying-pan and Drum*, the *Lute and Tun*, the *Hog in Armour*, and a thousand others that the wise men that put them there can give no reason for.

Other amusements presented themselves as thick as hops, as Moses pictured with horns on his head, to keep Cheapside in countenance, and the sign of the *Three Nuns* very dismally painted, to keep up young women's antipathy to popery and maidenheads. Here sat a fellow selling little balls to take the stains out of the citizens' wives' petticoats, tho' they should have been as big as footballs, if applied to that purpose. Under that bulk was a projector clicking off his swimming-girdles, to keep up merchants' credit from sinking, and a pretty engine to preserve bankers and insurers from breaking, and prevent publishing it in the *Gazette* when they are broke, so that they will pay all their debts as far as it may stand with their convenience. In that shop was an indebted lord talking of his honour, and a tradesman of his honesty, things that every man has in some disguise or other; but duly considered, there are scarce any such things in the world, unless among pawnbrokers, stock-jobbers, and horse-coursers, so that the lord and the tradesman were discoursing about nothing, and signified no more than the parson's preaching against covetousness to the maimed, blind, and superannuated soldiers in Chelsea College, or Dr. Salmon's¹ prescribing cow-heels to a married couple, as a conglutinating aliment. But there the weaver had the ascendant of the doctor.

As we passed along, I could not forbear looking into some of the shops to see how the owners employed themselves in the absence of

¹ William Salmon (1644-1713) was a mountebank and quack who lived by the waterside in Blackfriars. He was a voluminous writer on scientific subjects, of which he had little knowledge.

customers. In a barber's shop I saw a beau so overlaid with wigs that there was no difference between his head and the wooden one that stood in the window. The fop, it seems, was newly come to his estate, though not to the years of discretion, and was singing the song, *Happy is the child whose father is gone to the devil*, and the barber all the while keeping time on his cittern ; for you know a cittern to a barber is as natural as milk to a calf, or bears to be attended by a bagpiper.

In the scrivener's shop I saw a company of sparks that were selling their wives and their portions, and purchasing annuities ; and old ten-in-the-hundred fathers, damning themselves to raise their posterities.

In the tobacconist's shop men were sneezing and spewing as if they were all clapped, and under a salivation for the cure on't. They that smoked it were persecuting others to follow their example ; and they that snuffed it up in powder were drawing on themselves the incommunities of old age, in the perpetual annoyance of rheum and drivel.

Pursuing my voyage through the city, and casting a leer into the shops of the rich drapers, mercers and lacemen, I saw them haunted by many people in want, especially young heirs newly of age, and spend-thrifts that come to borrow money of them. 'Alas,' said the traders, 'times are dead, and little money stirring ; all we can do is to furnish you with what the shop affords ; and if a hundred pounds or two in commodities will do you any good, they are at your service.' These the gallants take up at an excessive rate, to sell immediately for what they can get ; and the trader has his friend to take them off underhand at a third part of the value, by way of helping men in distress. These are they that inveigle unthinking animals into all sorts of extravagant expenses, and ruin them insensibly, under colour of kindness and credit ; for they set every thing at double the value and if you keep not touch at the day your persons are imprisoned, your goods seized, and your estates extended ; and they that helped to make you princes before, are now the forwardest to put you in the condition of beggars.

Among other amusements, let us speak a word or two of Lombard Street, where luxury seems to carry us to Peru, where you behold their magazines, ingots of gold and silver as big as pigs of lead ; and your ladies, after they have travelled thither with some liberal gallant, carry home with them more than their husbands are worth, and drag at their long tails the whole substance of a herd of creditors. Here are jewels and pearls, rubies and diamonds, broad-pieces, guineas, Lewis-d'Ors,

crown-pieces, and dollars without number. Nay, in some of their shops is nothing to be seen or sold but great heaps of money, that would tempt a man to think the whole Indies were emptied into one single shop, 'tis so full of gold and silver. Yet it often happens that he who is possessed of this vast treasure is not worth a brass farthing ; to-day his counter bends under the weight of cash, and to-morrow the shop is shut up and you hear no more of our goldsmith till you find him in a *Gazette*, torn to pieces by a statute of bankruptcy and he and his creditors made a prey by a parcel of devouring vermin called Commissioners.

The neighbouring country is Stocks Market,¹ where you see a large garden paved with pebble-stones in all the beds and alleys, indifferently open to all comers and goers, yet it bears as good herbs, fruits and flowers, as any in the world. Here is winter dressed in the livery of summer ; every day a crop is gathered, and every night are stocked up in baskets till the next day's sun does open them.

About the garden great numbers of nymphs reside, who each of them live in their respective tubs ; they have not only that in common with Diogenes, but, like that philosopher also, they speak out freely to the first comer whatever comes uppermost. A farther description I would give you of their parts and persons, only I cannot endure the smell of the sergeants at the Compter Gate, who stink worse than assafoetida, and would poison the country if this pleasant garden was not an antidote against their infection. And therefore I'll go back again into the country of

COFFEE-HOUSES

There being arrived, I'm in a wood, there are so many of them that I know not which to enter. Stay, let me see ; where the sign is painted with a woman's hand in't, 'tis a bawdy-house ; where a man's, it has another qualification ; but where it has a star in the sign, 'tis calculated for every lewd purpose.

Every coffee-house is illuminated both without and within doors ; without by a fine glass lanthorn, and within by a woman so light and splendid that you may see through her without the help of a prospective.

¹ This was a market for fish and vegetables, on the site now occupied by the Mansion House. It took its name from a pair of stocks that stood there many years. The market was moved in 1737 to Farringdon Street. In the middle of the market was a statue to Charles II, erected in 1672.

At the bar the good man always places a charming Phyllis or two, who invite you into their smoky territories by their amorous glances to the loss of your sight. This is the place where several knights-errant come to seat themselves at the same table without knowing one another, and yet talk as familiarly together as if they had been of many years acquaintance. They have scarce looked about them, before a certain liquor as black as soot is handed to them, which being foppishly fumed into their noses, eyes and ears, has the virtue to make them talk and prattle together of everything but what they should do. Now they tell their several adventures by sea and land; how they conquered the giant, were overcome by the lady, and bought a pair of waxed boots at Northampton to go a-wooing in. One was commending his wife, another his horse, and the third said he had the best smoked beef in Christendom. Some were discoursing of all sorts of government, Monarchical, Aristocratical, and Democratical; some about the choice of mayors, sheriffs and aldermen; and others of the transcendant virtues of vinegar, pepper and mustard. In short, I thought the whole room was a perfect resemblance of Dover-court,¹ where all speak, but nobody heard or answered.

To the charms of coffee the wiser sort joined spirit of clary,² usquebaugh, and brandy, which completely enchants the knights. By the force of these soporiferous enchantments you shall find one snoring heartily on a bench, another makes love to beautiful Phyllis at the bar, and the third, valiant as Orlando Furioso, goes to signalize his valour in scouring the streets.

I should never have done, if I should attempt to run thro' all the several countries within the walls of London, as the Long Robe, the Sword, the Treasury. Every State, in brief, is like a separate country by itself, and has its own manners and gibberish. Here you may view the fruitful country of Trade, that has turned leather breeches into gold chains, blue aprons into fur gowns, a kitchen-stuff tub into a gilded chariot, a drayman into a knight, and noblemen's palaces into shops and warehouses. Here is also the barren country of the Philosopher's Stone, inhabited by none but cheats in the operation, beggars in the

¹ Legend says that at Dovercourt Church there was once a cross which spoke, and such crowds came to see and hear the miracle that a hubbub ensued which drowned any intelligible remarks from either cross or crowd; hence Dovercourt became a term for a confused babble of tongues.

² Clary was a cordial compounded of brandy, sugar, clary-flowers, cinnamon and ambergris; usquebaugh was Irish whiskey.

conclusion, and now is become almost desolate till another age of fools and knaves do people it. To this may be added the cold country of the Newsmongers, that report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and swear more than they believe, who rob one another, and lie in sheets for want of a coverlid ; the hot country of the Disputers, that quarrel and raise a dust about nothing ; the level country of bad poets, and Presbyterian parsons, the one maintained by a good stock of confidence, and the other by flattery and canting ; the desert, uninhabited country of virtuous women ; the conquered country of coquets, and an infinite number of others ; not to reckon the lost country inhabited by strollers, who aim at nothing but to lead others out of their way. They are easy of access, but 'tis dangerous to traffic with them ; some of them have the art to please without management, and to love without loving.

But how have I forgot my own dear country, that is consecrated to Bacchus, that abounds with Nectar, the wonder-working liquor of the world that makes a poet a prince in his own conceit, a coward valiant, and a beggar as rich as an alderman. Here I live at ease and in plenty, swagger and carouse, quarrel with the master, fight the drawer, and never trouble myself about paying the reckoning, for one fool or other pays it for me. A poet that has wit in his head never carries money in his breeches, for fear of creating a new amusement.

In Leicester-Fields I saw a mountebank on the stage, with a congregation of fools about him, who, like a master in the faculty of lying, gave them a history of his cures beyond all the plays and farces in the world. He told them of fifteen persons that were run clear through the body, and glad to carry their puddings in their hands for a matter of three days together, but in four and twenty hours he made them as whole as fishes, and not so much as a scar for the remembrance of the orifice. If a man had been so bold as to ask him when and where, his answer would have been ready without studying, that it was some twelve hundred leagues off, in *terra incognita*, by the token that at the same time he was physician-in-ordinary to a great prince who died above five-and-twenty years ago ; and yet the Quack was not forty.

All these subjects, tho' very amusing, were not equally edifying, and therefore in my voyage towards the city I called in at a Quaker's Meeting, where a fellow was talking nonsense as confidently as if he had got a patent for it, and confirmed the Popish maxim, that ignorance is the mother of devotion. The women were the oddest creatures in the

world, neither fish nor flesh, but, like frogs, only their lower parts being man's meat.

From thence I sailed into a Presbyterian Meeting near Covent Garden,¹ where the vociferous holder-forth was as bold and saucy as if the Deity, and all mankind, had owed him money. He was showing the way to be rich when taxes rise and trading falls, and descanting upon all humours and manners. 'He,' says the tubster, 'that would be rich according to the practice of this wicked age, must play the thief or the cheat; he that would rise in the world must turn Parasite or Projector; he that marries, ventures for the born, either before or afterwards. There is no valour like swearing, quarrelling, or hectoring. If you are poor, nobody owns you; if rich, you'll know nobody: if you die young, what pity 'twas, they'll say, that he should be cut off in his prime? If old, he was e'en past his best, there's no great miss of him. If you are religious, and frequent Meetings, the world will say you are a hypocrite; and if you go to church, and don't make a liberal contribution to us, we say you are a Papist.' To which I make bold to add, if you are gay and pleasant, you pass for a buffoon; and if pensive and reserved, you are taken to be sour and censorious. Courtesy is called colloquing, and currying favour; downright honesty and plain dealing is interpreted to be pride and ill-manners.

And so I took my leave of Dr. —, and peeped into a fine church in my way to Fleet Street,² where a huge double-bellied doctor was so full of his 'doubtlesses' that he left no room for one grain of scepticism and made me so perfect a Dogmatist that I made these innocent reflections; the Doctor does not love buttered buns, *doubtless* he is glad his first lady-wife is under ground, for he married again within two months after her death; *doubtless* he is carnally inclined, he has got his second wife with child; *doubtless* a man of his sanguine appearance had no body to help him; he is very fat, *doubtless* he is rich; he looks very grum and surly, *doubtless* he is not the best humoured man in the world. But I soon gave over these remarks, for being a stranger to his worship, *doubtless* I might have been sometimes in the right, and *doubtless* I should sometimes have been in the wrong; and therefore I removed my corpse to another church³ in my road to London.

¹ Daniel Burgess's meeting-house; see page 89.

² Probably St. Clement Danes, where the preacher was Dr. John Adams, preacher to William III and Queen Anne.

³ This must be St. Dunstan's in the West. I can find no trace of this curious method of presenting petitions to the Almighty.

Here, before sermon began, the clerk handed up to the desk (in a slit stick contrived for that purpose) a number of prayer-bills containing the humble petition of divers devotees for a supply of what they wanted and the removal of their afflictions. One was a bill from a courtier, that having a good post, desired he might keep it for his life, without being called to account for neglect or mismanagement; and that he might continue God's servant in ordinary, and the king's special favourite. A young virgin, apprehensive of her wants and weaknesses, being about to enter into the holy state of matrimony, prayed for proportionable gifts and graces to enable her for such an undertaking.

Some prayed for good matches for their daughters and good offices for their sons; others begged children for themselves; and sure, the husband that allows his wife to ask children abroad, will be so civil as to take them home when they are given him.

Now came abundance of bills from such as were going voyages to sea, and others that were taking long journeys by land; both praying for the gift of chastity for their wives and fidelity of their prentices till they should return again. Then the bills of complaint coming in thick and threefold, 'humbly showing' that many citizens' wives had hard hearts, undutiful husbands, and disobedient children, which they heartily prayed to be quit of, I discharged my ears from their attendance on so melancholy a subject, and employed my eyes on the variety of diverting faces in the gallery.

In one pew you might see a covey of handsome, buxom bona-robas with high heads, and all the *mundus muliebris* of ornament and dress about them, as merry as hawks in a mew, as airy as their fans, and as light as a beau's head, or his feather.

In another pew was a nest of such hard-favoured she's that you would have blest yourself; some with their faces so pounced and speckled, as if they had been scarified and newly passed the cupping-glass, with a world of little plaisters, large, round, square, and briefly cut out into such variety that it would have posed a good mathematician to have found out another figure. They employed themselves while the bills were reading about—'Hush, hush.'

The would-be Bishop is beginning, and *ludere cum sanctis* 'tis a sign of a clown, as well as of an atheist, for though I expose the foppery of persons, I have a great veneration for holy offices. Our Doctor,¹

¹ The eloquent Dr. Offspring Blackall, later Bishop of Exeter, was lecturer or preacher at St. Dunstan's, under the vicariate of one of the prebendaries of Rochester, a Mr. Grant.

I grant, has some of the qualifications of an All-Souls candidate, *bene vestiti etc mediocriter docti*, and in good earnest fills a pulpit very well, but he so often hauls in his Common-place book by neck and shoulders that he cloyes his auditors with that unpalatable *ragoust*, called in Latin *cramben bis coctum*, (in plain English, twice-boiled cabbage); for having in every harangue, let the subject be what it will, marshalled his discourse by the help of the warlike Josephus, and by the assistance of the learned Grotius, and pious Dr. Hammond our own countryman,' puzzled Aquinas, confuted Bellarmin, and baffled Origen, 'pass we on,' says he, 'to the next thing as considerable.'

The clerk is so affected that he sings out of tune, repeats out of order, and does nothing as he should do. For instead of saying 'amen,' he screams out 'a main,' which had like to have put me into a confounded fit of laughter; for a spark who had been over night at 7 or 11,¹ falling asleep in the church, and being awaked by the noise of a main, he starts up, and cries out loud, 'I'll set you half a crown.'

Crowding to get out to breathe my spleen at this adventure, I put the bilk upon a pick-pocket, who measuring my estate by the length and bulkiness of my new wig, (which God knows is not paid for) he made a dive into my pocket; but encountring a disappointment, rubbed off, cursing the vacuum, and I as heartily laughing at the folly that could think a poet ever went to church when he had money to go to a tavern. Poets are better principled than to hoard up trash; and could they as well secure themselves from the flesh and the devil, as they do from the world, there would not be a hair's breadth betwixt them and heaven.

This painstaker of a divine has some time since, I hear, been obliged to his kind parishioners for letting him make a sinecure of his care of souls by pulling down that church he gave such instances of preternatural endowments in, and have rebuilt it² to pull it down again, unless it be that one of the churchwardens does not talk so much like an apothecary as he's reported to do, or the other decides to take as much care of other people's money as he does of his own. But talk is but talk, and the gentlemen of the vestry would never shew their own heads to be heavier than their bodies, by building a greater superstructure to that of the church than its foundations will bear. Tho' —, to be sure,

¹ Another name for the gambling game of Hazard, in which the first throw of the dice is called the Main.

² St. Dunstan's was largely rebuilt in 1701; apparently the churchwardens contemplated further alterations, which did not take place.

knows more of the matter than Sir Christopher Wren, and the booksellers thereabouts will have more than sufficient amends made for the cost they will be at in beautifying the Doctor's church and pulpit, would his reverence but oblige them with the copies of his elaborate sermons.

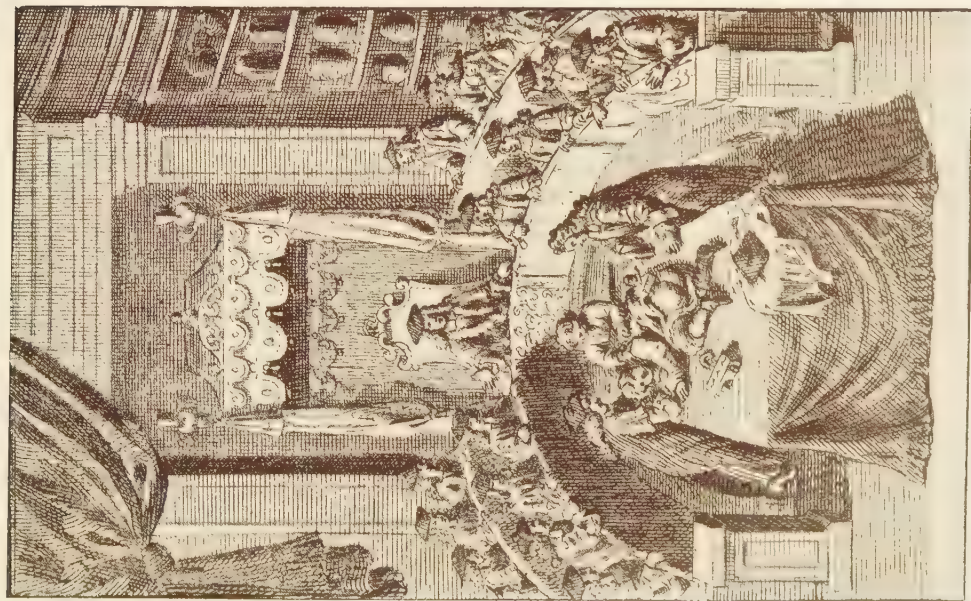
After so learned a discourse, I could digest nothing below the Dean of St. Paul's, and over I went to the Temple church. But who should be laying down new schemes of church-government but W—— K——, D.D.¹ He had learnt to flatter archbishops, and other great men, from his pedantic translation of Pliny's fulsome panegyric, and was drawing forth his words at full length, in order to draw himself into some Church-preferment; though, in my opinion, it was very improper that a man that had written contrary to the canons of the Church, and the municipal laws of the kingdom, should be perched up in a pulpit to give instructions to those gentlemen whose abilities would be too hard for his ignorance. But Dr. Atterbury has handled him with that dexterity, as to have occasion for no one else to expose his weakness; and if he must have other preferment before he flings him upon his back, he may rest contented with his arch-deaconry and curacy.

Now I crossed the way to a bookseller's, in hopes to get a dinner and a bottle; but the stingy cur put me off with a dish of coffee, and the old talk that trading was dead, that they suffered for other men's works as well as their own; in short, finding not a penny to be screwed out of the prig, I pursued my voyage to the City; but it happening to rain, to shelter myself from it, I ran my face into

A HERALD'S OFFICE

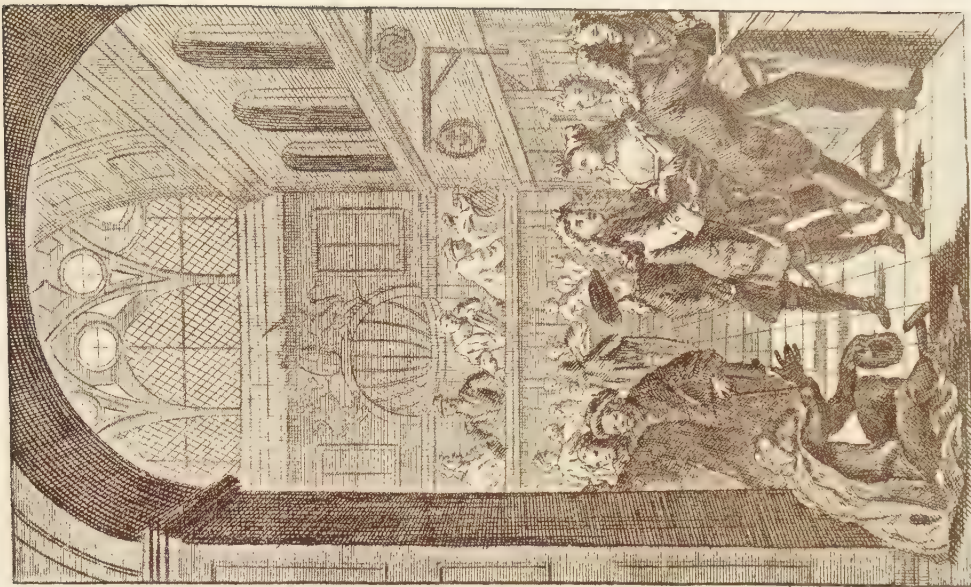
Here was a confounded noise of descents, pedigrees, genealogies, coats of arms, bearings, additions, abatements, and a deal of that meaningless jargon. While I was listening to this gibberish, in comes a fellow, with a roll of parchment in his hand, to be made a gentleman and to have a coat of arms finely painted to hang up in his dining-room till his wife died, and then to be transported on the outside and front of the house, to invite a rich widow to marry him.

¹ Dr. White Kennett was a learned churchman and an eloquent preacher. In 1686 he published a translation of Pliny's panegyric on Trajan, which his enemies said contained a subtle eulogy of James II. In 1701 he engaged in a controversy with Dr. Atterbury, but was not able to vanquish his opponent. After varying fortunes he became Bishop of Peterborough in 1718.



A critical operation in the College of Physicians

LONDON AMUSEMENTS SERIOUS AND COMICAL
(From Tom Brown's Works)



Lawyers and Milliners in Westminster Hall

'My father,' says he, 'bore arms for his majesty in many honourable occasions of watching and warding, and has made many a tall fellow speak to the constable at all hours of the night. My uncle was the first man that ever was of the honourable order of the blackguards. And we have had five brave commanders of our family, by my father's side, that have served the State in the quality of marshal's men and thief-takers, who gave his majesty a fair account of all the prisoners that were taken by them. And by my mother's side, it will not be denied that I am honourably descended, for my grandmother was never without a dozen chambermaids and nurses in family. Her husband wore a sword by his place, for he was deputy-marshal; and to prove myself a man of honour, I have here a testimonial in my hand, in black and white; and in my pocket brave yellow-boys, to pay for a coat of arms.' Which being produced and fingered by the herald, he immediately assigned him a coat, *viz.*, a gibbet erect, with a wing volant, a ladder ascendant, a rope pendant, and a marshal's man swinging at the end on't.

'I am scandalized,' says my Indian, 'at your custom in London, in making every fancy jack a gentleman.' 'And why are you not as much offended,' replied I to my Indian, 'to hear almost every gentleman call one another Jack, Tom and Harry? They first drop the distinction proper to men of quality, scoundrels took it up and bestowed it upon themselves; and hence it is that a gentleman is sunk into plain Jack, and Jack is raised into a gentleman.'

In days of yore a man of honour was more distinguishable by his generosity and affability, than by his laced liveries; but too many of them having degenerated into the vices of the vulgar fry, honour is grown contemptible, the respect that is due to their births is lost in a savage management and is now assumed by every scoundrel. The cobbler is affronted if you don't call him Mr. Translator; the groom names himself gentleman of the horse, and the fellow that carries guts to the bears, writes himself One of his Majesty's officers. The page calls himself a child of honour, and the foot-boy styles himself my lady's page. Every little nasty whore takes upon her the title of lady, and every impudent, broken-mouthed manteau-maker must be called Madam Theodosia. Every dunce of a quack is called a physician; every gown-man a counsellor; every silly huff a captain; every gay thing a chevalier; every parish-reader a doctor; and every writing-clerk in the office, Mr. Secretary. Which is all but hypocrisy and knavery in disguise; for nothing is now called by its right name. The

heralds I see have but little to do ; honour and arms, which used to employ all men of birth and parts being now almost dwindled into an airy nothing. Let us then go and see how the world wags in the City Circle.

AMUSEMENT IX

The City Circle

I HAVE given my traveller walking enough from country to country ; let us now save him the trouble of beating the hoof, and shew him the rest of the world as he sits in his chair.

To be acquainted with all its different characters, it will be sufficient for him to frequent certain numerous assemblies, a sort of a City Circle ; they are set up in imitation of the circle at court.

The circle in foreign courts is a grave assembly, but ill-seated, upon low stools set in a round, where all women talk, and none of them listen ; here they make a pother about nothing ; here they decide all things, and their most diversified conversations are a sort of roundelays, that end either in artificial slanders, or gross flattery ; but this being in no wise applicable to the English court, I shall waive a farther description of it, and come to

THE CITY LADIES' VISITING-DAY

This is a familiar assembly, or a general council of the fair and charming sex, where all the important affairs of their neighbours are largely discussed, but judged in an arbitrary manner, without hearing the parties speak for themselves. Nothing comes amiss to these tribunals ; matters of high and no consequence, as religion and cuckoldom, commodores and sermons, politics and gallantry, receipts of cookery and scandal, coquetry and preserving, jilting and laundry, in short, every thing is subject to the jurisdiction of this court, and no appeal lies from it. The coach stops at the goldsmith's or mercer's door, and off leaps Mr. Skipkennel from behind it, and makes his address to the book-keeper or prentice, and asks if his lady (for that is always the name of the mistress) receives any visits that day or no ? Some stay must be made till the woman above stairs sends down her answer, and then the pink of courtesy is

received at the top of the stairs, like King James by the French king, and handed to her stool of discourse.

'My dear lady, 'tis an honour to give me your company after so obliging a manner,' is the first word that drops from her the visit is paid to ; and 'I should never have forgiven that uneasiness of mind which must have been the consequence of it, had I any longer forbore paying my respects to my dear lady Tattle,' is of course the answer to it. 'Lord, Madam ! did you hear the news of the misfortune that befell Mrs. such a one's husband ? Never believe me again, if that old filthy sot she was married to for the sake of his money, has not had a statute of bankruptcy taken out against him. But Alderman Vanity's lady had the most insupportable accident that befell her, which it's possible to think of. Let me never go a-visiting again, if her coach did not overturn just against the Royal Exchange, in full Change-time, and exposed what her ladyship had, a foul smock and a dirty skin, to the whole company. I could never have outlived the disgrace, nor have suffered myself to be seen in public ; but her ladyship is of another sort of complexion than I carry about me. I suppose you are no stranger to her making a bed-fellow of that filthy fellow, her groom, or the conversation Mr. Alderman turned away his coachman for. But heavens forbid I should expose her,' etc.

Thus they take a sip of tea, then a draught or two of scandal to digest it ; let it be ratifia, or any other favourite liquor, scandal must be the after-draught, to make it sit easy on their stomach, till the half hour's past, and they have disburthened themselves of their secrets, and take coach for some other place, to collect new matter for defamation.

A venerable old gentlewoman, called Madam Whimsey, whose relations are dispersed into all corners of the earth, is president of this board. She is lineally descended from the Maggots of the South, an illustrious and ancient family that were a branch of the Wag-tails of the East, who boast themselves descended in a right line from Madam Eve. Here are to be found as many different opinions as there are heads in the room. The same judge is sometimes severe, and sometimes indulgent ; sometimes grave, and sometimes trifling ; and they talk exactly there as I do in my Amusements. They pass in a moment from the most serious to the most comical strain, from the greatest things to the smallest, from a duke to a chimney-sweeper, from a council of war to a christening ; and sometimes a sudden reflection upon a

woman's head-dress hinders the decision of a case of conscience under examination.

In this country twenty several sentences are pronounced all at once. The men vote when they can, the women as often as they please ; they have two votes for one. The great liberty that is allowed in the City Circle invites all sorts of persons to come thither to see and be seen ; every one talks according to his designs, inclination and genius ; the young folks talk of what they are now doing, the old fellows talk of what they have done in the days of Queen Dick,¹ and your sots and coxcombs of what they have a design to do, tho' they never go about it.

The ambitious rail at the sluggards, as a company of idle fellows, that take up room in the world and do nothing ; the sluggards return back the compliment to the ambitious, that they trouble all the world with their plots, to advance themselves and ruin others. The tradesman curses war from the bottom of his heart, as that which spoils commerce, depopulates countries, and destroys mankind ; and the soldier wishes those who had a hand in making the peace were at the devil.

The virtuoso despises the rich, for making such a bustle about so foolish and pale-faced a metal as gold ; the rich laugh at learning and learned men, and cry. ' A fig for Aristotle and Descartes.' Your men of gravity and wisdom rail at love, as the most foolish and impertinent trifle in the world ; and the lover fattens himself with his own fancies, and laughs at wisdom as a sour and severe thing, that is not worth the pursuit. Those who are unmarried fall upon the jealous-pated husbands, as men that create their own troubles ; and those who are married justify their own prudent conduct, in endeavouring to prevent their own dishonour.

A young forward puppy, full of vigour and health, seemed to intimate by his discourse that he thought himself immortal. ' Well,' says he, ' I have drank my gallon of claret every night these seven years, and yet the devil of a fever or any other disease dare attack me, tho' I always keep two or three sins going at once. Before George, I think our family's made of iron. There is that old prig my father, (a plague on him) turned of seventy, and yet he is still as sound as a roach ; he'll ride you forty miles outright at a fox-chase. Small-beer be my portion here and hereafter, if I believe he'll ever have the good-manners to troop off.' A grave old gentleman, offended at this rude and frothy discourse, gave his whiskers a twirl, and thus reprimanded our saucy whipper-snapper :

¹ The nickname sometimes given to the Protector, Richard Cromwell.

'Know, boy,' cries he to him in an angry tone, 'know, sirrah, that every age stands upon the same level as to the duration of life. A man of fourscore is young enough to live, and an infant of but four days' birth is old enough to die.' 'I apprehend your meaning well enough, old gentleman,' says our young prig to him; 'you are young enough to live to-day, and old enough to die to-morrow.'

Those whom you have hitherto heard, talked only to let the company see what they were; the rest, both in their conversation and manners, appeared directly contrary to what they were. You admire the gay, noisy impertinence of that country wit yonder, who tells so many pleasant stories, and sets all the company a-laughing. Don't be mistaken in him, he's the dullest rogue alive, if you strip him of what he has plundered from others. All his jests and repartees he purloined from his father's chaplain; they are the effect of his memory, and not of his invention.

That other spark, there, sets up for a wit, and has some pretence to't. Pray mind that worshipful lump of clay, that inanimated figure who lolls in the elbow-chair, and takes no manner of notice of what is said in the company. By his plodding, starched solemn looks, you would conclude that business of importance and affairs of state took up all his thoughts, and that his head was brim-full of dispatches, negotiations, decrees, orders of council, and the Lord knows what. I'll tell you what; he's the emptiest, dullest, shallowest monster within the bills of mortality. He's equally incapable of business and pleasure; he'll take a nap over a game at cards, and yawn and stretch at the most diverting comedy, nay, under the pulpit, when the parson has preached all the dogs out of the church. He dreams as he walks, and the sot, when he's asleep, differs from the sot when awake, as a ninepin does when 'tis up, from a ninepin down. He has a considerable post in the government, and a pretty wife, and minds 'em both alike; 'tis pity he has not a deputy to officiate for him.

That young creature there by the window, at the bare mention of the word love, starts and trembles as if a demi-culverin were shot off at her ear. Her virtuous mother has told her such terrible stories about it that the poor fool believes she hates it. And do you think, Sir, she'll hate it to the end of the chapter? That's so uncertain, I dare not engage for it; a woman who hates love before she knows what it is, is not in danger to hate it very long.

Perhaps I explain things after a freer manner than I ought, and unmask too many faces in my circle; but if I were ever so much

inclined to spare them, and they themselves had address enough to conceal their own defects, I see a lady coming into the room, who will decipher them more unmercifully than I can. Now she has seated herself, observe what a modest air she has, how critically she draws off her gloves, how artfully she manages her fan; and if she lift up her eyes, 'tis only to see whether other women are as handsome and modest as herself. She has so much virtue, the world says, that she can't endure any that have a less share on't than herself. What is harder still, those that have more virtue than she do equally displease her. 'Tis for this reason she spares nobody.

I asked a lady of the same character t'other day, how it came to pass that her exhortations were half godliness, and half slander? 'Bless me!' cries she, 'slander! What mean you by the word? 'Tis enough to give one the spleen, or an ague-fit. The truth on't is, I am sometimes obliged to accommodate myself to the taste of the world, to season my remonstrances with a little satire, for the world expects we should make everything agreeable, even correction itself. We must sometimes give a little slip from morality, to bring in a few strokes of satire.' 'Speak more honestly, Madam,' says I to her, 'and confess that you bring in one stroke of morality to countenance the making of a thousand scandalous reflections.'

'Very well,' replies the Indian to me, 'I find the Londoners are as comical in their garbs, as they are affected in their discourses; they would think themselves dishonoured to appear in a suit they wore last year. According to the rule of fashions, this furious beau the next year must make but a scurvy figure; but I pardon them for following the custom of their country. I put too ill a construction upon their curiosity. I will not hereafter judge of the hearts of women by the steps I see them make. As for that beau yonder, I have a great curiosity to know whether his inside answers his outside; not a word has dropped from him as yet, but surely the oracle will open anon.' 'The ladies that encompass him,' said I to my curious traveller, 'are as impatient to hear him talk as you can be; therefore let us listen.' They all compliment and address their discourses to him. What answers does he make them? Sometimes 'Yes,' sometimes 'No,' and sometimes nothing at all. He speaks to one with his eyes, to another with his head, and laughs at a third with so mysterious an air, that 'tis believed there is something extraordinary meant by it. All the company are of opinion that he has wit in abundance; his physiognomy talks, his air persuades, but all his eloquence

lies in the fine outside he makes ; and as soon as the spark has showed himself, he has concluded his speech. 'Tis a thousand pities that nature had not time enough to finish her workmanship ; had she bestowed never so little wit upon an outside so prepossessing, the idlest tale from his mouth would have passed for the most ingenious story in the world.

But our ladies now begin to be weary of holding a longer discourse with their idol ; all of them resolve, if they must speak, to speak with somebody that will answer them again, and not with a statue. Our beau retires into the next chamber, intent on nothing but how to display his charms to the best advantage. He is at first view enamoured with a pretty lady whom he saw in the room ; he besieges her with his eyes, he ogles at her, he prims and plumes himself, and at last boards her.

This lady is very reserved, and though our gentleman appear very charming to her, she is not overcome at the first sight of him, 'tis nothing but her curiosity which makes her hazard meeting him in the field. With this intention she listens to what our adventurer has to say. In short, this was the success of his affair with her. He found himself mightily at a loss how to cope with this lady ; she had an inexhaustible source of wit, and would not be paid with gracious nods and smiles. But as we see there are a hundred witty women in the world, that are not displeased with a fair outside, our confident spark flattered himself that if he could but once persuade the lady he was in love with her, the garrison would immediately surrender. To effect this he employed the finest turns of eloquence, and the most touching expressions of the mute language ; but this fair lady made as if she did not understand him. What should he now do to explain himself more clearly to her ? He had a diamond ring of a considerable value upon his finger, and found himself put to't to contrive a piece of gallantry *alamode* to present it to her. Thus, playing with his hand and holding it so that he might shew his diamond more advantageously to the eyes of the fair indifferent, he plays with it ; she turns her head first on one side, then on the other. This unconcernedness mortified him extremely ; yet still he kept on his shew, which is always the last refuge of a coxcomb. He is astonished to find a woman insensible to such a beau as himself, and such a diamond as his ; but this made no impression on the lady.

At the very moment he despaired of his enterprize, this cruel, this insensible seized him hastily by the hand, to look nearer at the diamond from which she first turned her eyes. What a blessed turn of the scene

was this to a dejected lover ! He reassumes his courage, and to make a declaration of his passion for once and all, he takes the ring from his finger, and after a thousand cringes and grimaces presents her with it. The lady takes it in her hand and holds it close to her eyes, to view it more carefully, this redoubles his hope and assurance, and he thinks he has a right to kiss the hand that has received his diamond. The lady was so taken up in looking at it, that she was not at leisure to think of being angry at this freedom, but on the contrary smiled, and without any more ceremony put the ring upon her finger.

Now it is that our lover thinks himself secure of victory, and transported with joy proposes the hour and place of meeting. 'Sir,' says this lady coldly to him, 'I am charmed with this diamond ; and the reason why I have accepted it without scruple is, because it belongs to me. Yes, Sir, this diamond is mine ; my husband took it from off my toilet some three months ago, and made me afterwards believe he had lost it.' 'That cannot be,' replies our fop, 'it was a marchioness that exchanged it with me for something that shall be nameless.'

'Right, right,' continues the woman, 'my husband was acquainted with this marchioness, he trucked with her for my diamond, the marchioness trucked with you for it, and I take it for nothing ; tho' if I were of a revengeful nature, my husband very well deserves that I should give the same price for it that he received from the marchioness.' At this unexpected blow our fine thing stood confounded and astonished ; but I can now forgive his being mute upon so odd an occasion ; a man of wit and sense could hardly avoid it.

The great lord yonder was bred and born a lord. His soul is full as noble as his blood, his thoughts as high as his extraction. I esteem, but don't admire his lordship ; but the man who by his merits and virtues raises himself above his birth and education, I both esteem and admire. Why then should you, whose virtues equal your fortune, conceal the meanness of your original, which raises the lustre of your merit ? We shall better esteem the merit of your elevation.

'Look, yonder goes a man,' says one, 'that takes upon him so much of the lord that one would think he had never been any thing else.' It often happens, that by our over-acting of matters the world discovers we were not always the men we appear.

While I made my reflections, my Indian was likewise busy in making his. He did not so much wonder at the man in the embroidered coat, who did not know himself, as at the assembly, who likewise seemed not

to know him. He was treated with the respect due to a prince ; these are not civilities, but downright adorations. 'What cannot you be content,' says our Indian, 'cannot you be content to idolize riches that are useful to you? Must you likewise idolize the rich, who will never do you a farthing's-worth of kindness? I confess,' continued he, 'that I cannot recover this astonishment. I see another man of a very good look come into the Circle, and nobody takes the least notice of him. He has seated himself, and talks, and very much to the purpose too, and yet no one will vouchsafe him a hearing. I observe the company files off from him by degrees to another part of the room, and now he is left alone by himself. Wherefore, say I to myself, do they run from him thus? Is his breath contagious, or has he a plague-sore running upon him? At the same time I took notice, that these deserters had flocked about the gay coxcomb in the laced suit, whom they worshipped like a little god. By this I came to understand, that the contagious distemper the other man was troubled with, was his poverty.

'Oh heavens!' says the Indian, falling all on the sudden into an enthusiastic fit, like that wherein you saw him in his letter. 'Oh heavens! remove me quickly out of a country where they shut their ears to the wholesome advice and sage instructions of a poor man, to listen to the nonsensical chat of a sot in gaudy clothes. They seem to refuse this philosopher a place among men because his apparel is but indifferent, while they rank that wealthy coxcomb in the number of the gods. When I behold this abominable sight, I could almost pardon those that grow haughty and insolent upon prosperity. This latter spark a little while ago was less than a man among you, at present you make a sort of a deity of him. If the head of their new idol should grow giddy, he may e'en thank those who incense him at this abominable rate.

'There are among us in my country,' continues he, 'a sort of people who adore a certain bird for the beauty and richness of its feathers. To justify the folly wherein their eyes have engaged them, they are persuaded that this proud animal has a divine spirit that animates him. Their error is infinitely more excusable than yours; for, in short, this creature is mute, but if he could talk like your brute there in the rich embroidery, they'd soon find him to be a beast, and perhaps would forbear to adore him.'

This sudden transport carried our well-meaning traveller a little too far. To oblige him to drop his discourse, I desired him to cast his eyes upon a certain gentleman in the Circle, who deserved to have the

veil taken off with which he covered himself, to procure the confidence of fools. Examine well this serious extravagant. The fool's bauble he makes such a pother with, is his probity ; an amiable thing, indeed, if his heart were affected by it ; but 'tis only the notion of it that has fly-blown his head. Because, forsooth, it has not yet appeared in his story that he is a notorious cheat and falsifier, upon the merit of this reputation the insect thinks himself the most virtuous man in the world. He demands an implicit faith in all he says. You must not question any thing he is pleased to affirm, but must pay the same deference to his words as to the sacred oracles of truth itself. If he thinks fit to assert that Romulus and Remus were grandchildren to John of Gaunt, 'tis a breach of good manners to inquire into their pedigrees.

If any difference happen, he sets up his word as a decree from which you cannot appeal without injustice. He takes it for a high affront if you do but ask him to give you common security. All the universe must understand that his verbal promise is worth a thousand pounds. He would fain have persuaded his wife's relations to have given him her in marriage upon his bare word, without making a settlement. He affects to be exactly nice to a tittle in all his expressions, all his words you ought to believe to a hair's breadth ; nothing less, and nothing beyond it. If ever he gives you the liberty to stretch a little, it must be in his commendation. Let the conversation turn upon what subject it pleases, be it of war, or of religion, morality, or politics, he will perpetually thrust his nose into it, though he is sure to be laughed at for his pains ; and all to make a fine parade of his own good qualities and virtues.

A certain lady, for instance, after she had effectually proved that all gallantry and sincerity was extinct amongst the young fellows of this age, corrected herself pleasantly in this manner : ' I am in the wrong, gentlemen,' says she, ' I am in the wrong, I own it ; there is such a thing as sincerity still among the men ; they speak all that they think of us women.'

Upon the bare mention of the word 'sincerity,' our gentleman thought he had a fair opportunity to enlarge upon his own. 'Every man,' says he, 'has his particular faults ; my fault is to be too sincere.' Soon after this the discourse fell upon other matters, as want of compassion and charity in the rich. 'What an excess of barbarity,' cries our man of honour, 'is this ? For my part, I always fall into the opposite extreme. I melt at every thing ; I am too good in my temper ;

but 'tis a fault I shall never correct in myself.' To make short, another, who towards the conclusion of his story happened accidentally to let the word 'avarice' drop from him, found himself interrupted by our modest gentleman, who made no difficulty to own that liberality was his vice. 'Ah, Sir !' replied the man who was interrupted, coldly, 'you have three great vices, sincerity, goodness and liberality. This excess of modesty in you, which makes you own these vices, gives me to understand, Sir, that you are master of all the contrary virtues.'

In my opinion now, this was plucking the vizor off our Sir Formal ; this was discharging a pistol at his breast ; one would have thought it would have gone to the very heart of him. In the mean time he did not so much as feel the blow ; the callous of his vanity has made him invulnerable ; he takes every thing you say to him in good part. Call him in an ironical manner the great hero of probity, he takes you in the literal sense. Tell him in plain language that he's a confounded rascal ; 'Oh, Sir,' says he, 'your humble servant, you are disposed to be merry I find.' Thus he takes it for raillery.

The railers have a fine time on't, you see, to jest upon a man of so oily a temper. What a vexation is it to your gentlemen that speak sharp and witty things, to level them at so supple a slave. All the pleasure would be to touch him to the quick, to confound his vanity. Wit does but hazard itself by attacking him in the face, there's nothing to be got by it. Vanity is a wall of brass.

But I find nothing will be lost. There sits a gentleman in the corner of a quite different temper, who takes upon himself everything that was meant to another. He blushes, he grows pale, he's out of countenance ; at last he quits the room, and as he goes out threatens all the company with his eyes. What does the world think of this holding up the buckler ? They put but a bad construction upon it, and say that his conscience is ulcerated, that you cannot touch any string but it will answer to some painful place. Touch a galled horse and he'll wince. In a word, he's wounded all over, because he's all over sensible of pain.

These are two characters that seem to be directly opposite ; however, it were easy to prove that these two are the same at bottom. What's this bottom ? Define it if you can ; one word would not be sufficient to explain it clearly to you, and I am not at leisure to give you any more. I perceive a man coming into the room whom I am acquainted with, he will interrupt me without remorse. I had better

be before-hand with him, and hold my tongue. 'Silence, gentlemen, silence, and see you shew due respect. You will immediately see one of those noble lords who believe that all is due to them and that they owe nothing to anybody.' When my lord entered, every one put on a demure look, and he himself came in with a smiling look, like a true politician. Immediately he makes a thousand protestations of friendship to every one; but at the same time that he promises you his service, he looks as pale as a Scotchman, when he offers you his purse. He is scarce sat down in his chair, but he embroils the conversation. He talks to four several persons, about four several affairs at once; he puts a question to one man, without waiting for an answer of another; he proposes a doubt, treats it, and resolves it all by himself. He's not weary of talking, though all the company be of hearing him. They steal off by degrees, and so the Circle ends.

The public is a great spectacle, always new, which presents itself to the eyes of private men, and amuses them. These private men are so many diversified spectacles that offer themselves to the public view, and divert it. I have already, as it were in miniature, shewed some few of these small inconsiderable private spectacles which will suffice to point out the rest, and therefore to draw towards a conclusion, shall in the last place take a view of the desolate and frightful country of Philosophy and Physic; those being regions that few visitants return from in so good a state of health as they went, or rather with any life at all.

AMUSEMENT X

The Philosophical or Virtuosi Country

IN this country every thing is obscure, their habitations, their looks, their language, and their learning. A long time ago they undertook to cultivate the country of Science, but the only thing they have made clear and undeniable is that one and one make two; and the reason why this is so clear is because it was known by all men before they made a Science of it.

Their Geometricians work upon so solid a foundation that as soon as ever they have well laid the first stone, they carry on their buildings without the least fear, so high as the atmosphere; but their Philosophers

build those haughty edifices they call systems upon a quite different bottom. They lay their foundation in the air, and when they think they are come to solid ground, the building disappears, and the architects tumble down from the clouds.

This country of Experimental Philosophy is very amusing, and their collections of rarities exceeds that of John Tradescant¹, for here are the galls of doves, the eye-teeth of flying toads, the eggs of ants, and the eyes of oysters. Here they weigh the air, measure heat, cold, dryness and humidity; great discoveries for the public advantage of mankind! Without giving ourselves the trouble to make use of our senses, we need but only cast our eyes upon a weather-glass, to know if 'tis hot or cold, if it rains, or is fair weather.

Tempted by these noble curiosities, I desired the favour of seeing some of the gentlemen they called improvers of nature, and immediately they shewed me an old bard cutting asp-leaves into tongues, which were to be fastened in the mouths of flowers, fruits, herbs and seeds, with design to make the whole creation vocal. Another was dissecting atoms and mites in cheese, for the improvement of the Anatomical Science; and a third was transfusing the blood of an ass into an astrological quack; of a sheep into a bully; and of a fish into an exchange woman, which had all the desired effects, for the quack proved a sot, the bully a coward, and the tongue-pad was silent. All were prodigies in nature, and none miscarried in the operation.

In another apartment was a curious collection of contemplative gentlemen, that had their employments severally assigned them. One was chewing the cud upon Dr. Burnet's² new *System of the World*, and making notes upon it in confutation of Moses, and all the antediluvian Historians. Another was reconciling the differences among learned men, as between Aristotle and Descartes, Cardan and Copernicus, William Penn and Christianity, Mr. Edwards³ and Arabic; determining the controversy between the Acidists and Alkalists, and putting a period to the abstruse debates between the Engineers and Mouse-trap-makers.

If any one ask me which of these disputants has reason on his side, I will say that some of them have the reason of antiquity, others the

¹ John Tradescant, the younger, was the founder of the famous Ashmolean collection, at Oxford.

² Dr. Thomas Burnet, the learned Master of the Charterhouse. See note, page 184.

³ Thomas Edwards, the learned Coptic scholar.

reason of novelty ; and in matter of opinion, these two reasons have a greater influence upon the learned than reason itself.

Those that set up for finding the north-west passage into the land of Philosophy, would with all their hearts, if it were possible, follow these two guides at once, but they are afraid to travel in a road where they talk of nothing but Accidents and Privation, Hecceties and Entelechias. Then they find themselves all on a sudden seized with hot and cold, dry and moist, penetrated by a subtle matter encompassed with Vortexes, and so daunted by the fear of a Vacuum, that it drives them back instead of encouraging them to go forward.

A man need not lay it much to heart that he never travelled through this country ; for those that have not so much as beheld it at a distance know as much of it almost as those that have spent a great deal of money and time there. One of their arts I admire above all the rest, and that is that when they have consumed their estates in trifling experiments, to persuade themselves they are now as rich and eat and drink as luxuriously as ever, they view a single shilling in a multiplying glass, which makes it appear a thousand, and view their commons in a magnifying glass, which makes a lark look as big as a turkey-cock, and a three-penny chop as large as a chine of mutton.

Before I let my traveller pass from this place to Physic, 'twill not be amiss to make him remark, That in the country of Science and the Court, we lose ourselves ; that we don't search for ourselves in marriage ; that in the walks, and among women, we find ourselves again ; but seldom or never come back from the kingdom of Physic.

AMUSEMENT XI

Physic

THE first thing remarkable in the country of Physic is that it is situate upon the narrow passage from this world to the other. 'Tis a climacteric country where they make us breathe a refreshing air, but such a one as is a great enemy to the natural heat ; and those that travel far in this climate throw away a world of money in drugs, and at last die of hunger.

The language that is spoken here is very learned ; but the people

that speak it are very ignorant. In other countries we learn languages to be able to express what we know in clear and intelligible terms ; but it looks as if Physicians learnt their Gibberish for no other purpose than to embroil what they do not understand.

How I pity a patient of good sense that falls into their hands ; he is obliged to combat at the same time the arguments of the doctor, the disease itself, the remedies, and emptiness. One of my friends, whom all this together had thrown into a delirium, had a vision in his fever which saved him his life. He fancied he saw a fever under the shape of a burning monster, that pressed hard upon a sick man, and every minute got ground of him, 'till a man who looked like a guide, came and took him by the wrist to help him over a river of blood. The poor patient had not strength enough to cross the stream, and so was drowned. The guide used means to get himself paid for his pains, and immediately ran after another sick man, who was carried down a stream of Carduus posset-drink, barley-broth and water-gruel. My friend, enlightened by this vision, discarded his Doctor, and 'twas this that did his business ; for when he was by himself, there was no body to hinder him from recovering. The absence of physicians is a sovereign remedy to him that has not recourse to a quack.

These gentlemen of the faculty are pensioners to death, and travel day and night to enlarge that monarch's empire ; for you must know, notwithstanding distempered humours make a man sick, 'tis the physician has the honour of killing him, and expects to be well paid for the job by relations that lie in wait for his life to share his fortune. So that when a man is asked how such a man died, he is not to answer, according to corrupt custom, that he died of a fever or a pleurisy, but that he died of the doctor.

See a consult of 'em marching in state to a patient, attended by a diminutive apothecary that's just arse-high, and fit to give a glyster. How magisterially they look and talk of the patient's recovery, when they themselves are but death in disguise, and bring the patient's hour along with 'em. While the patient breathes and money comes, they are still prescribing ; but when they have sent the patient hence, like a rat with a straw in his arse, they'll say his body was as rotten as a pear, and 'twas impossible to save him. Cruel people, they are not content to take away a man's life, and like the hangman, be paid when they have done, but they must persecute him in the grave, too, and blast his honour to excuse their ignorance.

It were to be wished that every physician might be obliged to marry, for it's highly reasonable that those men should beget children to the state, who every day rob the king of so many subjects.

In this land of Physic they have erected themselves a college, for the improvement of the mystery of manslaughter. This may be called their armoury ; for here are forged their weapons and utensils, and a company of men attending, to kill poor fools out of mere charity.

In one part of their convent is a chemical laboratory where some were calcining calves' brains to supply those of the society that wanted ; some fixing volatile wits, and others rarifying dull ones. Some were playing tricks with Mercury, promising themselves vast advantages from the process ; but after they had resolved the vicious matter, and brought the *materia prima* into the cupel, all went away in a fume, and the operator had his labour for his pains.

In another place were apothecaries preparing medicines ; the outsides of their pots were gilt with the titles of Preservatives, Cordials and Pharmacons, but in the inside were poisons, or more nauseous preparations. However, of all our late-pretended alchemists, recommend me to the apothecaries, as the noblest operators and chemists ; for out of toads, vipers and a sir-reverence itself, they will fetch ye gold ready minted, which is more than ever Paracelsus himself pretended to.

Here were also chirurgeons in great numbers, talking hard words to their patients, as solution of continuity, dislocations, fractures, amputation, phlebotomy, and spoke Greek words without understanding the English of them. One of the gravest among them propounded this question to the rest. ' Suppose a man falls from the main-yard, and lies all bruised upon the deck, pray what is the first intention in that case ? ' A brisk fellow answers, ' You must give him Irish slate *quantum sufficit*, and embrocate the parts affected *secundum artem*.' At which I seeming to smile, another reprimands me, saying ' What do you laugh at, Sir ? the man's i'th' right on't.' To whom I replied, ' With reverence to your age and understanding, Sir, I think he's in the wrong ; for if a man falls from the main-yard, the first intention is, To take him up again.'

Among all these people everything is made a mystery to detain their patients in ignorance, and keep up the market of Physic ; but were not the very terms of art and names of their medicines sufficient to fright away any distempers, 'tis to be feared their remedies would prove worse than the disease.

That nothing might be wanting in this famous college, there were others, as corn-cutters and tooth-drawers, that like porters and plasterers stood ready to be hired. The first will make you halt before the best friend you have, and if you do but yawn, the other knaves will be examining your grinders, depopulate your mouth, and make you old before your time ; taking as much for drawing out an old tooth as would buy a set of new ones.

An ugly accident happened while we were viewing the curiosities of this college. A boy had swallowed a knife, and the members of the college being sitting, he was brought among them to be cured, if it were possible. The chirurgeons claimed the patient as belonging to their fraternity, and one of 'em would have been poking a crane's bill down his throat to pluck it up again, but the doctors would not suffer him.

After a long consultation, one of these two remedies was agreed on, viz. that the patient should swallow as much *aqua fortis* as would dissolve the knife into minute particles, and bring it away by siege ; but the other remedy was more philosophical, and therefore better approved, and that was to apply a loadstone to his arse, and so draw it out by magnetic attraction. But which of the two was put in practice I know not, for I did not stay to see the noble experiment, though my particular friend, Dr. W——d¹ was the first that proposed that remedy, and he is no quack, I assure you.

Not but that there are some quacks as honest fellows as you would desire to piss upon. This foreigner here, for instance, is a man of conscience, that will ask you but half a crown a bottle for as good Lamb's-Conduit water as ever was in the world. He pretends it has an occult quality that cures all distempers. He swears it, since this very individual water has cured him of poverty, which comprehends all diseases.

'Tis with physicians in London, as with almanacks, the newest are the most consulted ; but then their reign, like that of an almanack, concludes with the year.

When a sick man leaves all for nature to do, he hazards much ; when he leaves all for the doctor to do, he hazards more ; and since there is a hazard both ways, I would much sooner choose to rely upon

¹ Dr. John Woodward was Professor of Physics at Gresham College and was created M.D. by Abp. Tenison in 1695. The same year he published an *Essay toward a Natural History of the Earth* which showed a great advance on existing geological knowledge.

nature. For this, at least, we may be sure of, that she acts as honestly as she can, and that she does not find her account in prolonging the disease.

So much for physic, which as it is the last thing I should be persuaded to take, so it's the last country I shall travel thro' for the present ; and if the reader has any good nature in him, he'll congratulate my safe arrival from a place where there are so many obstacles to be met with before you can possibly return from it.

MORE AMUSEMENTS

A Tavern

HAVING overnight carried my Indian friend to the Tavern, in order to entertain his curiosity, I introduced his pagan worship into a Christian society of true protestant fuddle-caps, among whom, though there was much preaching over their liquor, yet there was no vice or vanity but what, in its turn, had its ascendancy in the company. This occasioned my Indian to be more particularly inquisitive about the tippling rendezvous where he had been so lately obliged with such variety of amusement. Therefore, that he might better understand what had passed his observation, in answer to his importunities I made the smoke-dried infidel show his ivory teeth and grin like a sun-burnt ploughman at a mountebank narration, whilst he heard the following account, which for his farther information I very frankly gave him.

‘This place,’ said I, ‘is a tavern, and a tavern is a little Sodom, where as many vices are daily practised as ever were known in the great one. Thither libertines repair to drink away their brains, and piss away their estates; aldermen to talk treason, and bewail the loss of trade; saints to elevate the spirit, hatch calumnies, coin false news, and reproach the Church; gamesters to shake their elbows, and pick the pockets of cullies who have no more wit than to play with them; rakes with their whores, that by the help of wine they may be more impudent and more wicked, and do those things in their cups that would be a scandal to sobriety; lovers with their mistresses, in hopes to wash away with the soothing juice that modesty which had been a hindrance to their happiness, so that they may fall to without grace, and give a pleasing earnest to each other of their future affections. Thither sober knaves walk with drunken fools, to make cunning bargains and over-reach them in their dealings, where, cloaking their mental reservations with a grave countenance, they will tell more lies about a hogshead of tobacco than Tavernier in his travels does about Mount Ætna.

‘Thither young quality retire to spend their tradesmen’s money, and

to delight themselves with the impudence of lewd harlots, free from the reflections or remarks of their own servants, whilst their ladies at home are doing themselves justice after the like manner, and perhaps, for want of better opportunity, are glad to break a commandment with their own footmen. Thither bullies coach it to kick drawers, and invent new oaths and curses, and in feasting, rattling and blustering, to lavish away that scandalous income called a petticoat pension, tho' doomed the next day to a three-penny ordinary. Thither run sots, purely to be drunk, that they may either wash away the reflections of their own past follies, or forget the treachery of their friends, the falsehood of their wives, the disobedience of their children, the roguery of their lawyers, the bitchery of their paramours, or the ingratitude of the world; that they may drown the remembrance of past evils in the enjoyment of the present. Thither beaux flock to shew their vanity, drink healths to their mistresses, boast of conquests they never made, praise beauties they never saw, brag of duels they never fought, censure books they never read, damn authors they never knew, talk familiarly of noblemen they had never the honour to speak to, commend the virtue of women they have made whores, and rob those of their reputation whom they could never conquer. Thither cowards repair to make themselves valiant by the strength of their wine; fools to make themselves witty in their own conceits; maids to be made otherwise; married women to cuckold their husbands; and spendthrifts to be made miserable by a ridiculous consumption of their own fortunes. In short, no people are customers to that warehouse of debaucheries (where rakes and extravagants surfeit their vicious appetites at the price of their own ruin) but what are less careful of their own good than they are of their vintners, except such who have a strong guard upon their purses, and a stout bridle to their appetites; and they may venture to sip off half a pint at a sitting, without the danger of contracting an ill habit that may at last expose them to the world's contempt, under the scandalous plague of an empty pocket.'

'But prithee,' says my tawny acquaintance, 'who was that fine lady that stood pulling a bell, and screaming like a peacock against rainy weather, pinned up by herself in a little pew, all people bowing to her as they passed by, as if she was a goddess set up to be worshipped, and that it was blasphemy in a mortal to lay a finger upon the beauteous deity?' 'A man may find,' said I, 'by your innocent simplicity, how easily, by the vanities of this town, a stranger may be imposed upon. That very tawdry busy-body of a female that you have such heavenly

conceptions of is no more, I can assure you, than a stage-coachman's daughter, and by all relation, has sufficiently proved herself flesh and blood, before she was advanced to the chalk and sponge, which are the principal badges that belong to that honourable station you beheld her in. But being nearly related to the master of the house, he has put her into his bar, in hopes some time or other she may stop her cracked pipkin upon some fool of a drawer, who has patience enough to prove as contented a cuckold as his master. So she has little else to do but to dress, paint and patch, ogle her uncle's beau-customers, and tattle at the bar with an amorous extravagant, that she may coax him with her smiles to dine there the oftener ; which the fool does more for the sake of raw flesh, than either boiled or roasted. But at last she disappoints him of the great felicity he hopes for, and only treats him with kind glances and a few amorous witticisms, as long as his money runs flush ; as soon as that begins to fail, her shooting-horn looks and freedoms are turned into moody pouts and a scornful reservedness, that makes the blockhead quit the house with " Damn her for a jilt " ; and so leaves my lady to play the same game with the rest of her admirers.'

' I profess,' says my inquisitive acquaintance, ' long as I have been in England, notwithstanding the benefit of your kind instructions, I have not yet learnt to distinguish female quality from the wives and daughters of mechanics any other way than by their coaches and attendance ; for the former dress with as much gaiety as the latter ; speak as contemptuously of all persons beneath them, and as enviously of those above ; cry ' Foh ' at any thing that offends them, and magnify any thing that pleases them, just like quality. And as for their virtues and their vices, they are so exactly alike in both that it is as difficult a matter to find the difference as to know a cock-linnet from a hen by the colour of the feathers.

' But pray excuse my impertinence, that has almost led you into a digression, and inform me what tun-bellied mortal that was who met us in the entry with a low bow, without his hat, and with a blue flag in front of him, as if he had been an ensign in some notable engagement, and as an honourable badge of his remarkable bravery, had tied round his middle his own flying colours.' ' That hatless hero,' said I, ' is the lord of the family, the controller of the household, governor of the Celerepedeans, one of the priests of Bacchus, who received his ordination at Fuddle-caps Hall, that keeps his library under ground, and whenever he preaches, 'tis to a congregation of drawers over his

own liquor, in order to reform them from tippling below stairs, from drawing pots too full, cozening the bar with false reckonings, and giving bumpers of palm-wine clandestinely to the cook-wench. He has also the art of changing his temper as often as the chameleon does its colour ; and as the latter receives its tincture from that body which is nearest it, so the former does his principles, humour and disposition, from whatsoever society he is member of at the time. In high-church company he always rails against occasional conformity ; amongst the low-church saints he is a stickler ; and a violent moderator among such ' bifarious anythingarians ' that always make interest the standard of their religion.

' He is a very proud fellow in his heart, tho' his head drops more bows in a day than falls from the servile noddle of that cringing slave who is under the plague of being a gentleman-usher to a lame countess. He is always most ceremonious to those customers that he gets least by, and will bow oftener to a niggardly alderman over his half-pint than he will to a jolly rake that spends a guinea at a sitting ; because he knows that a dignified citizen expects more homage than a man of honour and quality. Not that he uses his fawning cringes as any token of a submissive temper, for his pride is perspicuous even in the lowest of his humilities, but his nods and scrapes are only the effects of a habit that he acquired when he was a bar-boy, which he resolves never to leave till he comes to be lord-mayor, or at least sheriff of London. Ingratitude is one of the black badges of his character ; for if ever you find him to do a friendship or a courtesy to any fool that has beggared himself by extravagance, to make him rich, you may score it upon the bar-board, where it would be more wondered at by all spectators than a blazing comet. In short, he is a member of the corporation of sycophants, who, as he has served an apprenticeship to false reckoning, lying and subterranean adulterating, claims a title by his trade to poison us with bad wine, deceive us with fair words, and humour us in our follies for his own advantage. Therefore, as libertines do whores, we ought to use him for our pleasure as he does us for his interest ; that is to look upon him as a mercenary whom we maintain through wantonness to gratify our vicious appetites.'

' I shall observe your caution,' says my Mulatto comrade ; ' but pray who was that opulent lady that we met in the entry, coming out of the kitchen with her head so finely dressed and with glittering pendants in her ears, that so dazzled my eyes I could scarce behold

her countenance?' 'That shining lamp of cloven mortality,' said I, 'is that necessary evil in such a house, called the vintner's helpmate, whose business it is to have a superintendency in the bar, to overlook and direct all culinary proceedings, to scold at the maids, be civil to the head-drawer for her own ends, grace the bar upon extraordinary days, and oblige herself with a friend in the corner when her husband is not at leisure to give her nuptial consolation. This is the life she leads, till high eating, a lazy life, and canary-sops in a morning, improve her to the bulk of a squab elephant, unwieldy in bed, and too big for a bar. Then, if her husband be able, she's removed, with two or three of her daughters, to a little country house at Hampstead, where she surfeits upon sack, smokes tobacco in an elbow-chair, and snores away the remainder of her life, till a rumbling caravan runs away with the load of kitchen-stuff to the town of her nativity, where she desired to be buried, that her country-folks might see that, though her mother sold nappy ale in black pots under a thatched roof, yet her daughter arrived to the honour of being buried lady-like, out of a hearse and six horses. But let her take care, for no sooner will her back be turned, but ten to one the widower takes up with his next tolerable cookmaid.'

DOCTORS' COMMONS

Coming thro' Paul's Churchyard, and having gazed on the noble pile of St. Paul, that emulator of the St. Peter of Michael Angelo in Rome; we took a little trip down on the left-hand, to the famous college of civilians, called Doctors' Commons. The etymology of the name I know not, nor is it very material whether it be that the advocates are but 'common doctors,' or that the chief thing they are remarkable for is their 'commons'; or that it is the common uninclosed where the doctors feed on their foolish clients, I know not.

Here are you plied with porters (if you escape the little appendixes of proctors at their shops, which they call offices) who demand your business; whether you have any will to prove, or administration to take out, any *caveat* to enter; whether you want a license to be married, or a divorce if you are married, and the like. They can convey you to a proctor that can supply all the commodities of the place cheaper than the market-price.

'What strange place is this?' says my Indian. 'This,' says I, 'is

one of the relics of popery, and the terror of seamen. Here a man that is weary of his wife, may, upon some honest evidence, be separated from her ; and a wife that has played the whore and run out her husband's fortune may sue him for separate alimony. Here a man must come for a liberty or license to lose his liberty. Here executors must come for authority to perform their trust ; and here defend themselves in not performing it. Here are proctors, apparitors, and the rest of the pick-pockets under odd names, that would fain do still what they did in the times of popery. But the reformation having pared their nails, they are full of regret and always sounding the praise of the power of the ecclesiastical authority. They are all professed Jacobites, because they hoped by King James to restore their authority, and by consequence their perquisites. They are a drunken, roaring, nonsensical generation, that have abundance of zeal without a scruple of religion. They are a pious sort of atheists, and ignorant professors of the mystery of iniquity. They are hot for high-church, tho' they never go within any. They should be scholars, but that they find the common road sufficient to do their business and get money. They are utter enemies to Whigs, because they would reduce them under the law of the nation. They are for preferring the common law to the national, because one advances, the other destroys their interest. For notwithstanding their noise for the Church of England, they would declare for that of Rome, if they could get more by it. In short, a Doctors' Commons man is a scholar without learning, a zealot without religion, a lawyer without law, and a medley of popery and reformation without reason or honesty.'

'I have enough of this amusement,' says my Indian, 'when right and wrong are confounded and sunk with terms.' 'Let us make our escape from the litigious congregation,' said I, 'for we are not secure in the words we say here ; for scandal is their province ; they are nice judges of Billingsgate, whose laudable quarrels of whore and rogue, bastards, and the like, are the fund of their prattle and feats.'

We jogged on with some expedition till we got into Drury-lane ; where passing into Russel-court, a strange sort of noise drew us into an amusement, consisting of much jargon which affected only such as were pleased with the folly, *et volenti non sit injuria*. Father Burgess himself is a much more pleasing and innocent amusement ; so we entered Daniel Burgess's meeting-house.

A PRESBYTERIAN MEETING-HOUSE

Mr. Burgess's¹ meeting-house in Russel-court falling in our way, my Indian and I ventured to take a view of the godly ; for the godly in this city afford an amusement as well as the wicked. This is the epitome of the whole kirk, and by this one you may judge of the rest. Here sits a zealous cobbler next to an alderman's fellow, and he uses less ceremony with his God than with his customer ; for to the latter he stands bare-headed for sixpence, but to the former will not do it for salvation ; believing, perhaps, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush ; or that being necessarily one of the elect, he is too familiar with God to stand upon ceremony. This cannot be said to be the house of God ; for that, the scripture says, is the house of prayer ; but the very Lord's Prayer here is as apocryphal as the Maccabees. 'Tis true indeed, when the Holderforth has played the spiritual buffoon for two or three hours, he gives you a dessert to his harangue, or what he calls a prayer, that is, a rhapsody of stuff without head or tail ; for had it method, order, connexion or sense, it would be exploded under the notion of a form of prayer, a goblin as frightful as the whore of Babylon, that has furnished many a zealous Scots Man John with an exercise for his lungs, when sense and good doctrine are not at hand. But though they are such enemies to popery, yet they sympathize in praying in an unknown tongue, or at least in a jargon neither understands ; for sense in their prayer, as well as in their sermon, would savour too much of human invention, and not give latitude enough for enthusiasm and cant.

Here sits a holy sister, full of spiritual pride in her face, the word of God in her hands, the parson in her eye, and the devil in her tail ; she pays her quarterage justly, and that makes her *recta in curia* with her guide ; for a saint may make bold with her husband's bed for her gallant, provided she make as bold with his purse for her preacher.

¹ Daniel Burgess (1645-1713) was, in his time, one of the most notorious figures in London. He was a Presbyterian minister who, after officiating in Ireland, came to London and ministered to congregations in Brydges Street, Covent Garden ; Russel Court, Drury Lane ; and New Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He attracted great crowds by his 'pop-gun way of delivery' and the broad humour with which he livened his discourses. On one occasion he observed from the pulpit that God called the Jews Israelites because He did not choose that His people should be called Jacobites. Burgess was the laughing-stock of his contemporaries, but for all his eccentricity he was a man of genuine piety, however ill-expressed. His funeral sermon was preached by Matthew Henry.

Nor can they be much accused, if their doctrine of predestination be true ; for they needs must go whom the devil drives. Necessity has no law ; and if they offend, 'tis the fault of the first mover, whose machines they are. So that if they pick a pocket, betray their trust, bear false witness, commit adultery, incest, etc., the fault's not theirs, they are but mere passives, and what they cannot help they cannot suffer for. This may be one reason the Ten Commandments are not in their meeting-houses as they are in the churches, because they are only for the wicked who own free-will ; and not for the godly, who deny it, and cannot sin. The promises and threats of the Scripture have nothing to do with them, for those are directed to free agents, who are masters of their actions, that can comply with or break the laws of God, as they think fit. Such were the people of God, sinners and penitents ; but such are not these, for repent they cannot, the saints being without sin. But if they are not the children and people of God, I know not who'll take 'em for saints but the old gentleman in black, the first preacher of this notion. But this reveals them not so parsimonious as they would be thought, when they are at the expence of a guide that is as much a machine as themselves, and can do no more for them than the wire on the finger of the puppet-player.

'I have been considering,' says my Indian, 'why your churches or places of worship are so light, whereas our pagods are almost quite dark, illuminated with a lamp, which serves only to discover the image of our God, who (all other objects excluded) takes up our whole thoughts in the adoration.'

'O my friend,' replied I, 'you mistake the business of our places of worship. Women come to see and be seen ; the men to ogle, or get the repute of religion and holiness, for that gives them credit and trust, and credit and trust makes 'em rich at the expence of those who confide in 'em. Did these saints here come for zeal and devotion only, that tailor's daughter would not be set out thus, and equipt like a countess, to draw the eyes and the hearts of the congregation from heaven to her ; nor would that old maid be dressed like a girl of fifteen, in hopes that paint, patches, and the religious ogle may get her a husband at last ; believing that men cannot discover her age, ugliness and ill-nature under the double disguise of body and soul, saint and hypocrite. Nor would Alderman ——'s young wife lay open her panting, swelling bobbies, roll her black eyes, and divide her looks so between heaven

and earth, as if she had learnt the art of serving two masters, the flesh and the spirit, at the same time ; nor would her husband be so fond of his folly, in appearing so publicly, watching her more than the motions and gestures of his Domine. He gratifies his vanity to expose her to view finely drest, and to the best advantage ; but then the remembrance of his own impotence makes him afraid of every one that casts his eye towards her. Thus his wife, not his God, brings him to the meeting, and his heart rises no higher towards heaven, than to reach her eyes, or the parson.'

It would indeed be hard on the ladies of this persuasion to be debarred from shewing their faces and persons in their most engaging airs, since their pulpit supplies the playhouse music, and the scene to call them together ; and perhaps this is the reason the teachers will not let their hearers go to the theatre, because they wish to be the only pimps to their congregation, which they increase by their declamations against the stage ; since here they kill two birds with one stone, get the reputation of saints, and the pleasure of sinners. No, no, the adoration of God, sincere and humble prayers, and grateful thanksgivings, is the least of the business of this place ; and I dare be confident that if they made a law that no woman should come drest, or barefaced, most of the congregation would dwindle away, and the playhouse audience increase.

Do you think that honest Mr. ——— comes to church for devotion or God's sake on Sundays, when he has been serving the devil all the week ? Or the gay Mrs. M—— for the exaltation of the spirit on the Lord's day, when she has been for that of the flesh all the week ? Or that the venerable Madam W—— that covers the bawd so effectually in the sanctimonious vizard of a godly leer, comes for the sake of the doctrine, or the man ? Her zeal for the parson makes her pass for religious, and the necessity he has of her gives the authority of prudence, and so helps her to shear the flock, by providing husbands for their daughters, and wives for their sons, while she and the demagogue share in the brokerage. No, the meeting is the spiritual exchange where they barter hypocrisy for pleasure or profit ; and they are able to keep their countenance, tho' the cheat be universal. It was said by Cicero, that he wondered how the Augurs could meet without laughing in one another's faces. The same reason would make one wonder as much at the top fanatics, but that use and interest remove the difficulty, and a natural sourness and slavish temper make it easy.

Tho' they are enemies to the Lord's Prayer, they make it up in their zeal for those of David ; and here the form goes down as glibly in their bawling, which they call singing, as aloe pills in the pulp of apple. This shews that if they are enemies to church music, it is because it is harmony ; whereas their singing is a sort of jarring medley of sounds, as disagreeable as their notions ; not much unlike the laudable diversion of every one in the company's singing a different song. Nay, they have so peculiar a gusto for discord or odd sounds that I believe they would admit the symphony of the tongs and key, tho' they reject the harmony of the organ. Every thing here indeed seems so odd and contradictory to the rest of the world,

As if (as Hudibras has it) they worshipped God for spite.

Tho' the ingenious Butler seems a little out in one of his words ; for they do not worship God at all, but the teacher ; for as it is not properly called the house of God but Mr. Burgess's, so Mr. Burgess, not God, is there worshipped. Prayer and praise is the worship of God ; but here they meet to see Daniel lay about him with his merry stories and theatrical actions, which is at least an amusement they think worth their while. When he has done his harangue to the congregation he begins one to God, with whom he's as familiar as with his text, and handles Him roughly, and with as little respect to His truth and majesty ; which still makes it his own house. Nobody else is admitted to pray, unless they can divine what he's about to say, and to join with him in his. If he makes his speech to the king, with an address of life and fortune, he studies it before-hand ; but he deals not so with God, who he thinks is obliged to hear all his nonsense, and so speaks *quicquid in buccam venerit*, whatever starts into his fancy to amuse his congregation, and make a noise ; for that is all I can discover in these meeting-houses.

' The odd looks, the groans that echo one another ; some with their hats on, others off, some writing, some ogling the women and some the teacher, his merry postures, and pop-gun way of delivery, with the whimsical medley of his words, is, I confess, an amusement,' says my Indian, ' and such a one as I never saw in my country in my life ; we there converse with only the Gods in the pagods, here you come only to hear men.' ' But these men deliver the word of God, if we believe them, tho' what they say be never so opposite to the written word ; yet bigotry in the congregation and impudence in the holder-forth will palm inspiration upon as, with what he says beyond, or off his text,



DANIEL BURGESS IN HIS PULPIT

{ From a plate in Caulfield's Remarkable Persons }

which he often racks as much as the tyrants of old did the primitive martyrs, till it die under the torture. But this brings in money, and money buys land, and land is an amusement they all desire, in spite of their hypocritical cant. If it were not for the quarterly contributions there would be no longer schism or separation ; for who can imagine that when two or three thousand are maintained like gentlemen by the breach, that they will ever preach up healing doctrines, and dispose them to union ? If it were not for the sake of earthly comforts they would not be so conversant with heaven in their pulpits ; but heaven's their traffic, and why should they spare a commodity which costs them nothing, yet brings them in so good a return ?'

The fairest thing I know of them is, that they wear neither cassock nor gown ; for being no priests, and without ordination, they refuse to wear any priestly ornaments of distinction from laity ; but that is not owing to their modesty, but pride. To distinguish themselves from the clergy and their own congregation, they go in black, as if they daily mourned for the wickedness which they daily committed.

Tired with such a composition of dulness and wickedness, my Indian and I departed from this amusement, and left it to those who had phlegm and hypocrisy enough to endure it all the year round. So leaving father Daniel thumping the cushion in a most immoderate manner, we passed on to the next amusement, which was a Quakers' meeting-house.

THE QUAKERS' MEETING

Here we discovered the very ague of religion, which yet after its shivering, has its hot fit of zeal and noise. This sect arose from Nayler, as the Presbyterians and Independents from the Jesuits. These indeed may plead a greater antiquity, as having their rise in the days of Good Queen Bess ; but the shaking-congregation not till the days of the Martyr. Some will have it that the Quakers are the decrepid age of religion, where it shivers and shakes for want of youth and vigour. And indeed, if we may from the appearance judge of the matter, this fancy is not ill grounded ; for here is scarce anything of the Christian Religion left, but every man has the light within him ; as they have no use of guides so they are not so improvident as the other sectaries, to be at the expense of any. Every man, nay, every woman too, is here inspired ; the spirit speaks in them, they are but the Stentonophonick

tubes thro' which that speaks. But it often proves a lying spirit ; and I believe, if they had no more light than this gives within them, they might still walk in the dark.

This is the most sociable society of all without the pale ; for here every one may speak nonsense in his turn, and the women are not excluded the same benefit of talking, which, for aught I know, not only keeps the females to their congregations but gets proselytes, or might, if well urged among the sex. So not being obliged to hear all and say nothing, one hears his neighbour speak a great deal to a little or no purpose, and may do the same by him or her in their turn. I knew a pious old matron, that every morning used to scold at her maids about half an hour, not that they were in any fault, but only, as she said, to clear her pipes. So I believe these people only meet to make a noise by way of exercise for health's sake, all others being unlawful on the First Day. These are more just than the other dissenters, because, as they pull not off their hats to God, so they pull them not off to men ; whereas the others cringe and bow to any man they can get sixpence by, but ne'er veil the bonnet to God, by whom they may get heaven. It may be, indeed, that because contrary to Christ's, their kingdom seems to be of this world.

'To me,' said my Indian, 'these Quakers, as you call them, seem the Bedlamites of religion, and their meeting, Bedlam, where all that are freakish and mad come together. Do but consider when we were at Bedlam, what odd objects we saw there.' 'True,' said I, 'and here I see fully as fantastical and whimsical ; and I wonder none of their lights within moved them to set Oliver's porter at liberty, since he was thoroughly qualified to speak in their congregations.'

What can be a more pleasant amusement than that old fellow that speaks now. His crop-eared hair and frizzled short round forehead, two great goggle eyes like two fish-ponds, and his high thin nose which, like a narrow Isthmus, hinders them from joining together ; his skinny, flabby, hollow cheeks that, like a piece of half-tanned leather, are drawn over his jaw-bones, while his thin lips and wide mouth stretch open to let forth the light within, in a hollow unmusical tone, and shew his toothless gums with here and there a straggling stump that promise us, however he barks, he cannot bite. His mountain back overlooks his head and seems to anticipate the wish of the cursed at the last day, for the mountains to fall on him and cover him, with his long scraggy arms, and lean hand and fingers, with which he so belabours the rail on which

he leans. His belly is the counter-part of his back, and seems to poise the machine, and keep it in *æquilibrio* on his cat-stick legs. But what amusement he finds in harassing his worn-out carcase in this manner, I know not ; unless it be a madness he cannot help, and in madness, they say, there is a pleasure which none but madmen know.

But now there rises up a monster of another kind ; and sure he must have a large share of the spirit to inform that quagmire of the flesh. His head is as big as Gogmagog's in Guildhall, and his face not behind the sign of the Saracen's, only his eyes are so diminutive, that one would think them retired to behold the light within ; for what with his large beetle brows, which over-shadow them like a pent-house, and the agitation of the spirit, one would think him groping in the dark without any at all. His cheeks are like two blown bladders, and a trumpeter's seem no more to him than a puppet's. His ruddy carbuncled nose seems as if he sucked his inspiration from Bacchus more than the Bible ; and we may at best suppose him drunk with the Spirit, and now disembodying on the brothers and sisters ; and when the spewing fit is over, he'll sit down to take a nod. His mill-post legs are well-adapted for the load of his body, which looks like an Atlas able to support the spheres, but that he is never like to bring his shoulders near enough to so heavenly a burden. Like Sir John Falstaff, he is not made for mounting but must have a strange alacrity in sinking ; the noise he makes is as peculiar as his person, and no more to be understood than his religion ; 'tis perfectly the language of the beast, and, as well as the Apocalypse, wants an interpreter. But this, like a great many other amusements, consists more in noise and shew than in sense.

But who have we here, lifted up by the spirit ? Tho' I fear 'tis such a kind of spirit as set our Saviour on the top of the pinnacle. A brisk dapper spark, and if I mistake not, a tailor ; he might be chose king of the pigmies, and in a second war with the cranes, might prove as notable a conqueror as Monsieur Boufflers, or any of the French bullies and hectors. A sharp nose, a quick eye, a high forehead, meagre looks, a shrill voice, and a voluble tongue, distinguishes him. He'll out-talk a Frenchwoman, and out-blunder an Irishman. Scots honesty, a Dutchman's temperance, an Italian's chastity, are his peculiar qualifications ; yet he's solemn on the First-Day, and speaks as often as an old midwife at a christening. But like a cracker, he makes a noise, and splutters a little while, then with a bounce sinks and goes out.

But what have we here, old mother Shipton of the second edition, with amendments. A close black hood over a pinched coif, a little low wrinkled forehead so deeply ploughed with age that the furrows, if placed beneath her eyes and nose, as above them, would be very convenient conveyances for the liquids that continually flow from her bleary eyes and dropping nostrils, which, with her hollow cheeks, pale sallow complexion, nut-cracker chin that almost meets her nose, paralytic motion of the head which keeps pace with her tongue and gives much advantage to the shivering of the Spirit, makes a complete she-preacher, fit to denounce hell and the devil; but for joys and rewards and the like, she looks them out of countenance.

‘Nay,’ says my Indian friend, ‘if the women’s tongues begin to run, ’tis time for us to seek another amusement.’ I took him at his word, and quitted this house of Dagon, where a poet can have no more to do than a painter. We jogged on to our next adventure; only by the way, I ventured to draw this character of the sect.

They would be thought the only people of God; tho’ their chief motive to that impudent ambition is that they may claim the right of pillaging and cheating all the world besides, as Egyptians. They are a sort of Jews, and not only trade and fornicate among themselves, but marry likewise in their own tribe. But I beg your pardon for talking of matrimony; theirs is only whoring with a witness, while the whole congregation set their hands to the bargain. They won’t swear, because they may chance to get caught by that. A long cravat or wig in a man, or high topping and lace in a woman, they abominate as ensigns of vanity; but they will wear the best favours and richest silks, use the leather convenience, and be prouder in their plainness than the haughtiest lady at court in their embroideries and jewels. Their religion, indeed, seems chiefly in their clothes, and so they have more need of tailors than teachers; for, they are a congregation without teachers; a church without sacraments; a religion without worship; formality without meaning; men without manners, and Christians without baptism.

THE BAWDY-HOUSE

It is an old and approved observation of those jolly fellows who spend much time in the contemplation of Bacchus, and are acquainted with the laudable records of the bottle, that generally in discourse, after religion comes bawdy; and so it happens here. For after so large an

amusement of the spirit, we accidentally tumbled into an amusement of the flesh ; for passing from the spiritual bawdy-houses, betrayed by the hypocritical sign of a coffee-house we fell into a carnal one.

The Egyptians, who were the first authors of human religion, never suffered any one to be made a priest till he were initiated in the rites of Priapus ; and the Roman church will admit no Pope, till the porphyry chair has confirmed his manhood ; so great an affinity have the ancient and modern idolaters made betwixt the pulpit and the brothel. In other countries, nearest the chief churches and topping monasteries, you find bawdy-houses established ; and in the very seat of St. Peter, we know 'em settled by authority of state ; and the same is done in the political state of Venice, the arbitrary state of Florence, and almost all towns and cities of Italy. But here, under the purer state of reformation, bawdy-houses are fain to go in disguise ; ' Coffee to be sold,' or ' fine Spanish chocolate ' invite you in, when in reality they sell only Ratifia, Rosa Solis, Geneva, and such odd sort of liquor, fit to inflame the reckoning, and fire the blood ; while the secret commodities of the place are ready in the warehouses to cool one inflammation, and give a greater ; like true tinkers, stopping one hole in a kettle, to make two.

Being warm with our spiritual amusement, we fell into one of these receptacles of sinners with a design to drink a dish of Bohea or Coffee, or at most not to exceed the debauch of a pennyworth of cold Nantz. We were no sooner entered, but such a ton of female fat saluted us that the very sight was an amusement. The reverend matron of the place saluted us very civilly, tho' with this very odd appearance ; her face was broader than the full moon, and as shining, but it was with sweat or pomatum, not light ; her grey, or rather silver, locks were covered most curiously with powder, whose straggling hairs reached almost down to her eye-brows ; something of a forehead there was, but all drawn over with the footsteps of wrinkles, which the fat had driven thence, and so they looked like seams of wounds which, mingled with pock-holes made an agreeable mixture over her face. This, with those and the large scars, was incapable of being clean ; so that the dirt, and sallow complexion, gave her a phiz most surprizing. Her neck looked like rolls of collared pig, and her bubbies like a quagmire, ready to over-run the brink, or like a hasty-pudding o'er-looking the dish. An ell and three quarters could not measure her from side to side, and she was no longer from head to foot than from hip to hip ; she was spherical like a globe ; but, I must needs say, very complaisant.

My Indian starts back as if he had met with a rattlesnake, or some other noxious animal dangerous to human life; and indeed he was not much mistaken, the sting she produces being almost as fatal. We asked for a dish of Bohea. She replied, she had none. We then desired a dish of Coffee. That was a Pagan liquor, and not to be admitted within her dominion. We then desired some true Nantz. That was a French commodity, and she was not for encouraging the manufacture of an enemy's country; but if we would please to sit down, she had good Rosa Solis, Ratifia, Mead, Cyder, Geneva or Wine she could help us to, if we required it. Inquiring if she dealt in no other liquors, she gave a stamp with her foot, and up came one ten times uglier than she. 'Run,' cries she, 'fetch Betty Thompson hither, and her bed-fellow with her.' Repeating our demand, not minding what she said to her female Mercury, she replied, that she had sent out for as good as any this noble city afforded, pretty, plump, sound, easy, gay, and a thousand qualities which most trades give to commodities they have a mind to dispose of. 'I should think,' says I to my Indian, 'we are fallen unawares into a bawdy-house, were there not so many mementos of mortality here sufficient to banish lechery from the most vigorous. But, however, this is likewise an amusement, and therefore give us a quartern of Gin.' Down we sat, the quartern was soon evacuated, another filled without calling for, and another. Then enter two tawdry whores, brisk, gay, and awkward, with sickly, smiling countenances, slatternly dress, and dirty shoes. The familiar doxies threw themselves immediately each in one of our laps, hands about our necks, and lips to lips, before we knew where we were; and if they had not given this alarm, other parts had been invaded before we could be on the defensive. 'My dear, shan't we have a quartern of Ratifia?' says one: 'My pretty rogue, shan't we have a betty of wine?' says t'other.

But the bawd finding we did not like the ladies, tipped them the wink, and sent her grizly messenger for others of the same gang; excusing herself that the damned jades had been drunk all night, and not fit for company, but assuring us the black one had been a celebrated beauty, a parson's daughter, and a tailor's wife, who had been debauched by a young ensign of the guards, who leaving her, she was exposed to the town, but not above half a year. The whore had really passed all her degrees these seven years, and was ready to commence bawd the first coffee-house that was empty, and the first cull she could get to

furnish her with tables, chairs, a table-bed, two quartern pots, and about half a crown's worth of the infernal liquors they deal in.

'What place,' says my Indian, 'is this you have brought me to? Is it another Bedlam? All the people I have lately seen are mad, some one way, some another; every house has its peculiar frenzy.' 'True,' said I; 'for the Bedlam you saw in Moorfields is but the representative epitome of this town; for we are all mad, tho' in different manners. But as to this place, I must tell you it is the picture of one of the very celebrated parts of hell. The great awkward lady of this place is called a bawd, who is generally a worn-out whore of twenty or thirty years' standing, and she deals in damnation, and so is truly a factor for the devil. This is the place of battle, whereas the meetings we saw are only the place of challenge; there the people meet, and agree the bargain; here they put it in execution. The bawd, like the hangman and the physician, lives by the sins of the people. Though she has generally *The Practice of Piety* in her window; yet she knows of no religion but short quarterns, and easy bubbles; and as she thinks little of heaven, so she dreads no hell like the justice, the beadle, or an informer. She is the informer's slave, the whore's tyrant, the tallyman's estate, the surgeon's benefactor, the shipwreck of city prentices, the favourite of lords and courtiers, and the abhorrence of all good men.'

While I was making this harangue, two jolly bona-robas slept in, and marched directly upstairs, the bawd after them, and the messenger all in a streaking sweat, down the stairs into the Sodomite cellar. Madam soon comes down the stairs, puts on a thousand awkward grimaces of good humour, and vows that because we looked like gentlemen, she had prevailed with two intimate friends of hers, ladies of figure, both kept, one by a rich city druggist, and the other by a zealous saint, and that only to oblige her they came to her; that she doubted not but we would be generous, and desired us to walk upstairs. But my Indian and I, sick of the nauseous follies of the place, paid madam for what we had drank, and made haste out of her enchanted castle, for fear of some of her bravoës' resentment of our disappointing both the whores and the bawd's expectations.

'In the Indies,' says my Indian, 'it is no shame for the young women, before their marriage, to make use of their own; but then it is not in this manner trafficked for by brokers and goers-between, who put an extortion on the pleasure, and cheat both the purchaser and seller. Are these places common?'

‘Why truly,’ said I, ‘this town is pretty well stored, but much less than formerly. For since liberty of conscience, every meeting-house is a rendezvous, and now every tavern a bawdy-house, every drawer and porter a pimp, and the whores get more by it, and the cullies are less cheated in their liquors and prices. Not but that there are some bawds of figure, which make a pretty hand of it among the ladies, and men of figure. Mrs. — has her visiting-day, where all assignations are managed without noise or notice. My lady — has hers to the same purpose, and on other days can furnish a convenient apartment for lovers to dispute in, and yet keep their reputation; for tho’ they are known to live by nothing, or little else, yet the ladies and gentlemen of figure having occasion, one time or other, to make use of them, they slip over any false step that for want of good conduct happens to make a noise; as when — chanced to have his wife dogged to my la—and followed her, being acquainted with the rooms. Tho’ assured his wife was not there, he goes up directly, and finds his lady in a very suspicious posture with —. But the matter was hushed up, and the next visiting-day not a person less than usual.

‘There are places of reception of better figure than the quarters we fell into, where you may bring your lady, and have a bed and entertainment from half a piece to twenty guineas; for some men are so fond of those amusements that they spare no cost to advance them.’

UPON OLD MAN’S AND YOUNG MAN’S COFFEE-HOUSES¹

My friendly American and your humble servant having left Temple-Bar to West and by South, we bore away directly for the palace of St. James. But happening to encounter the church of St. Clement Danes by the way, the numerous beauties that thronged thither put my companion into an excellent humour. He demanded of me, with a pleasant impatience, what place that might be which entertained such good company. I told him, ’twas a structure sacred to the majesty of heaven. He replied very smartly, that he thought it heaven itself, since so many angels attended there, and blessed it with their presence. I smiled at his notion, but desired him not to be too rash in his opinion; for those

¹ Old Man’s Coffee House was in Scotland Yard, by the waterside, and was kept by Alexander Man. It was a great resort of courtiers, stock-jobbers and Government officials. Near by was Young Man’s Coffee-House, founded about 1690, and a notorious resort of card-sharpers.

very ladies that were the objects of his pleasure had not half so much of saints in their constitution as he imagined. 'Observe,' says I, giving him no time to make answer, 'there's Serjeant Blunder's lady in the gallery, who never was civil to her husband, or disobliging to any body else ; my lord Dorset certainly drew this lady's picture when he expressed himself to this purpose :

' Nature, in pity to our pain,
And with design to ease us,
Has to her boundless beauty joined
A boundless will to please us.

' This discerning fair one,' continued I, ' knows the complexion, age and country of a young fellow in the dark, by the touch, as well as her husband distinguishes mutton by the taste, tho' he has been, man and boy, this forty years member of the honourable society. There's Madam Flexible too, a great railer at the times ; she heartily laments so much Christian blood should be shed abroad, when she knows how to dispose of it to a much better purpose at home. Of all the products of your country she likes chocolate the best, because 'tis indulgent to lovers ; of all virtues she declares for charity, but the young and handsome are the only subjects of her compassion ; and she never maintains any person in idleness ; such only who work very vigorously are sensible of her munificence. In short, her husband would have been as rich as any gentleman of the long robe, if this itch of liberality had not affected his dear partner. Tho' after all, some persons think it very reasonable, that what one got by his head, the other should spend by her tail.

' Their care and pains the fair ones do bestow,
Not to please God above, but man below :
Who think them saints are damnably mistook,
They're only saints and angels in their look.'

The spirit of poetry hath taken possession of me, and without giving my friend and fellow-traveller the opportunity of interfering, I proceeded :

The ladies here their lovers' hearts
By their devotion win :
Tho' all is rock and stone without,
Yet all is soft within.

The character given of these fair hypocrites frightened my sun-burnt innocent, and he tumbled down the stately portico, as nimbly as a woman of the town jumps into a hackney-coach. I stretched myself a little to recover the fugitive, and having reduced him to reason, we continued our journey very lovingly together. The rattling of coaches, the spaciousness of the road, the pertness of the company we met with upon the way, the magnificent equipages, the richness of the garniture, and the pleasure that appeared in everybody's face, put me into the same sort of chagrin that perplexed my Spanish friend and old acquaintance Don Quevedo. The humour took me in the head that I was directly bound for the devil; that this broad and open way was the road of perdition, and those little blind alleys I passed by were the defiles that lead to paradise. I had read that ingenious author a little before, and his diverting notions had made a very deep impression upon my judgment, when melancholy and malicious vapours agreed to render me whimsical.

Under these dreadful apprehensions I trudged on a pretty way, without communicating my thoughts to my swarthy attendant that was to come in for his share of the adventure. But on a sudden spying the Reverend Dr. Fr——n,¹ successor of the eloquent bishop Patrick, walking very gracefully before me. Oh, thinks I to myself, 'tis well enough, 'tis morally impossible for me to be in the paths that descend to the gates of destruction, since that venerable, orthodox, and worthy divine takes the same road, and steers in the same latitude. His charity is conspicuous, his piety notorious, and his conversation humble; he practises the austerities, hardships and penance of an anchorite; he denies himself the good things of this world; he is resolved that he and his house will serve the Lord; fasting and praying are the great duties of religion, and he and his effectually perform these duties. He prays, and his family fasts; and betwixt the reverend Seer, and the Sons of the Prophet, they exactly comply with the letter and intention of the text. I had no sooner hit upon this notion, but my senses cleared up, and I was as gay as a priest that has satisfied his revenge.

We immediately found ourselves near the statue on horseback of the late Royal Martyr. I pulled off my hat as I passed by the image of the injured Majesty, when an old acquaintance of mine, whose family had severely suffered in our late unhappy dissensions, accosted me and was

¹ Dr. Freeman was made minister of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in November, 1689, in succession to Dr. Patrick, who had become Bishop of Chichester.

very inquisitive to know the cause of that unusual action. He told me if I designed some ecclesiastical preferment by that piece of condescension, I was very much mistaken ; that it was as hard to obtain a commission to act in the church as in the army, unless ' the ready ' prepared the way ; that paying my respect to the statue of that departed monarch was to as little purpose as Diogenes begging of a statue ; that it was well for the reverend bust itself that it stood in the sacred limits of the verge, otherwise the creditors of the son might have made bold with the father in execution.

As I was attentive to this discourse, a rascally slave of a chairman takes me upon the northside of my outward man with one of the poles of his leathern conveniency, and afterwards cautiously bawls out with a surly tone, ' By your leave, Sir.' Not at all pleased with this compliment, and desiring no more of his civilities, I brushed off as fast as I could, when Young Man's Coffee-house threw itself in my way, and very kindly offered its protection. I acquiesced there, knowing myself secure from more dangers than one, and immediately upon my entrance mounted the stairs, and mingled my person with the knights of the round table, who hazard three months' revenue at a single cast, and run the risk whether they shall be luxurious one week, or starve in a garret for a dozen. Their weapons, if not themselves, were much ancients than the institutions of King Arthur. We read of chess invented by Palamedes at the siege of Troy, and, without dispute, dice owed their extraction to a more veteran original ; for 'tis very credible the prince of the air might be the ingenious author of these movables, and imparted the invention to divert his proselytes, when the fumes of melancholy or wine set them on the stool of repentance. From these instances 'tis evident that gaming is of venerable antiquity, tho' the modern way of practising it is a little unaccountable.

We were scarce entered the room, when a volley of oaths saluted us. One blasphemed heaven ; but this was a little French lieutenant, who had the ill-fortune to lose his own money, and the private collection made by some charitable persons for the relief of the brethren. Another cursed himself, and a third his wife, who, it seems, had intreated him not to play that morning. The second of these gentlemen was much in the wrong, and the last can as little be justified ; for 'twas damnable unreasonable in the husband to give his wife to the devil, who has used all her utmost endeavours to send him to heaven.

The surprising entertainments bred such confusions in my stranger

that sometimes he imagined 'twas his ill-luck to have hit upon a rendezvous of madmen; at other moments he was persuaded to believe that he had mistook his way, and fallen into the bottomless pit. The small experience he had in the world assisted to amuse him; and he could not imagine that this house of curses, imprecations, and gnashing of teeth, could be any other than some parlour or drawing-room belonging to his infernal majesty. I guessed at his disease, by the change of his complexion; and to convince him of his error, acquainted him that these were military men, who got their money easily, and parted from it with as great freedom. Upon this he very gravely inquired what I meant by military men; and what profession those gentlemen were of. I replied, that by military men I meant soldiers cantoned into several troops and companies, consisting of several individual persons, kept constantly in pay by the state, to be useful in action, and burthensome in peace; to meet with applause upon view of danger, and affronts when the consternation is over. In brief, I meant men whose business in bad times was fighting, and who had leisure to starve in good, or take a turn to the West Indies, to find them employment, and season them, by change of climate, against another occasion. My American replied, he did not doubt their courage, but must needs be of opinion that those gentlemen, as I called them, must of consequence be free enough of their persons, who were so prodigal of their souls (for my spark, you must understand, had made shift to learn something from his marine chaplain, besides the art of composing a bowl of punch).

'But pray,' says my friend, 'are not these well-dressed gentlemen, who make so good an appearance, very rich?' I let him know it proved that he understood mankind very little, when he drew inferences from their dress. The soldier, in opposition to the tradesman, (who generally provides 'the ready' for his holiday-clothes) is always poorest when he makes the best show; what they wear outwardly, they want in linings; and if his curiosity induced him to know the exposition of the riddle, he might inquire at the Horse Guard's, at the agent's office, or of the undertakers for the army.

Tired with these scenes of folly and extravagance, we conveyed ourselves down stairs, in order to find something more entertaining. The company was numerous, and consisted of as much diversity and as many humours as the Calves-head Club;¹ some were reading news,

¹ See note, page 402.

others discoursing on politics, and a third sort of people smoking tobacco. At the upper end of a long table sat a little diminutive gentleman, to whom several persons in much better habit, and more resembling the divine image than himself, paid a great deal of respect. 'Bless me,' says I, 'what have we got here, the natural issue of some insolent dame who had doted on a baboon, and entertained herself with the caresses of that agreeable animal?' Here the whirlpool of poetry sucked me in, and I fell a-rhyming without farther ceremony :

Fond Isra'l after brazen idols whored,
Egyptian Meroe a cat adored,
Fishes and dogs her impious zeal implored.
No superstition surely could allow
Respect to thee ; and none but we cou'd bow
To such a brazen, peevish cur as thou.

Whenever deformity has a mind to expose herself undressed, she needs no other ill figure to appear in. Providence acted for the good of mankind when so treacherous a soul was permitted to infuse itself in so crooked a receptacle ; for had his person been agreeable, and not obstructed the infidelities of his mind, he might have ruined more honest fellows in red, than the payment of their debts, a long and lazy peace, or a disbanding parliament. I expressed myself a little louder than was necessary, and being taken notice of by some that sat next me, I resolved to be no more a martyr to my chiming, than a wit at Will's would be to his religion. So I briefly deposited my copper at the bar, whilst Mrs. Man was pledging an Irish colonel in usquebaugh, and vanished out of the coffee-room as quick as an enchanted supper flies from a saucy clerk that has the ill-manners to say grace to it.

As I was crossing the way to wait upon a person of quality at Old Man's, my fellow-traveller said to me very gravely that a soldier's way of life was unaccountable ; that he had heard among the priests of his own country, that there were two eternal beings opposite in their nature, and vastly different in their qualities and attributes ; the one indulgent and merciful, replete with infinite wisdom and goodness ; the other of a disposition cruel, malicious and revengeful ; that he could not but imagine, if there were any truth in these traditions, that the military orders proceeded from the black and ill-natured Deity, which through fear is worshipped by his superstitious countrymen. He added, it seemed inconsistent with the design of the creation that one part of it

should be bred up in blood, trained and educated to destroy the other, and make havoc of the noblest of all sublunary beings.

I could not but be pleased with his theology, yet told him ; those formidable fellows (pointing at the double creatures over the way) dressed with all the equipage of murder, were not half so good at execution as the gentlemen of the college ; that the sound of their mortars in an apothecary's shop was as sure a presage of a funeral, as a passing-bell in the times of superstition and ignorance ; that some philosophical inquisitions, after the cause and cure of the diseases, by a single member of a worthy and judicious society, had dismissed a greater number of wretches from the afflictions of this miserable world in a year, than e'er a hoary-headed red-coat in all the rencounters of his life.

We popped into Old Man's just as I had ended my morality, and the agreeableness of the company, the magnificence of their dress, and the ceremony that was used on all occasions, entertained my fellow-traveller with very diverting ideas. He observed the word honour to be mixed in all their solemn assertions, and softly demanded what God that might be whose name was mentioned with such a religious deference ? ' Honour,' I returned, ' is a Deity which only ladies and gentlemen paid their respects to ; the one, when they sacrificed their pleasure to their fame ; and the other, when in ridiculous duels they ventured life to maintain a barren reputation. 'Tis true, all orders and distinctions of men pretend a reverence for this whimsical phantom, which exists only in imagination ; but to give you a clearer notion how far their actions are agreeable to their words, I believe we have no more to do than to reflect, upon what those gentlemen in the corner are doing.'

We observed there a colonel and his agent, upon whom a pretty brisk youth of about seventeen attended at three or four yards' distance in the rear, and made his honours upon every occasion, (we happened to place ourselves very near) and the agent expressed himself as follows : ' This young gentleman has a particular regard for your honour, and a desire to learn the art of war under so experienced an officer. 'Tis true, he can't boast any antiquity of blood, or service in the army, to recommend him to so considerable a post as that of ensign to your honour ; but, Sir, he has deposited an hundred guineas in the hands of Sir Francis Child, which, I presume, will plead his merit very weightily ; besides an acknowledgment to your humble servant.' The favour was granted, and the young beau dismissed to his satisfaction. My Indian



GAMBLERS IN YOUNG MAN'S COFFEE-HOUSE

(From Tom Brown's Works)

flung out of the room in a passion, for by this time he understood something of these military intrigues, and wondered how mankind could be so insensible as to pay for ruin. He affirmed that blood and money was too much ; that he had often heard of persons willing to buy life, even on the basest conditions, but never knew of any so mad before as to purchase death upon the lowest consideration.

By this time we were come to the Admiralty Office. The outside invited us in, but here we found only a company of tars walking too and fro with their hands in their pockets, as on the quarter-deck. In one room there was a company of lieutenants, some had served twenty years without being promoted, because they either knew not how to bribe in the right place, or were so tenacious of what they had so hardly purchased, that their only hopes were now half-pay, or superannuation. In another place were seamen's wives with petitions, and pressing deputy ——, who was as surly to them as a true Whig in office ; but tho' he demanded no fee, he could be mollified by a little fellow-feeling, that like a sop to Cerberus, let petitions and men pass too. Then you fall in betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, the clerks on one side, and sea-captains on the other ; where cowards that have lost one ship easily get another ; and men of valour, without interest, wait in vain for preferment from those who dispose of what they do not understand ; for here the land determines the main, and he that never saw the North Foreland disposes of things as if he knew all the creeks and bays, shelves, sands and nations of the universe.

But Mum's the word—— for who would speak their mind among tars and commissioners : for the cracking their shell is too hard an amusement for my teeth. So my Indian and I passed hastily out, and made our way over the parade towards Westminster. When we had passed the Horse-Guards, and entered the odoriferous park of St. James's, we found it high change on the parade, red-coats and laced-hats spread everywhere, and faces that breathed fire and blood were all about us. Some were eager and walked fast ; others were grave, and looked as if they thought. Here is decided the price of commissions, which are openly bought and sold as if a lawful merchandize ; here sieges are formed, battles fought, victories won ; here Irish, Scots and English meet very amicably, make a buzz, and contend in nonsense ; here you may hear all this general's miscarriages fully accounted for, that general's success magnified and described, that colonel damned for being put over this captain's head, that agent cursed for tricking the

regiment out of their pay, or by raising such contributions with the colonel's connivance, that estates are now got at this end of the town, as well as by Stock-jobbing in the city. Here honest usurers take their mid-day perambulation, to arrange with the spendthrift officers, for advancing their money at 30 per cent. Here walks a tall Irishman, with abundance of thoughtful gravity in his face : he has spent his estate, and now lives on women.

We as naturally went from Man's Coffee-house to the Parade, as a coachman drives from Locket's¹ to the Playhouse. Tho' the scene was changed the actors were the same as to their profession, but infinitely different in their character, degrees, and circumstances. The first gentleman I happened to cast my eyes upon was my old friend and fellow-collegian, honest Bartholomew Cringe. I wondered who in the Devil's name had equipt him with a wig large enough to load a camel. If nature had indulged our primitive parents with such an extraordinary production, they would have had little reason to blush at, or be ashamed of their nakedness ; and our good grandmother Eve, the original of that virtuous profession, mantua-making, might have saved herself a great deal of trouble in tacking together her primitive green petticoat and waistcoat. In length his sword resembled a footman's who asserts the reputation of his mistress, which for divers good causes and reasons he is very nearly concerned in. His coat was as blue as the sky ; and his hat boldly erected its sable penthouse, to play with greater vivacity on the ruddy complexion of its owner. I considered him with the strictest attention, and could hardly give credit to the informers of my mind when my spark, to end the amusement, accosted me in a very obliging manner. Says he, ' Dear friend Tom, you're surprized to find your old friend in this place and habit. I wear this dress and garniture as the emblems of my militant capacity. I have the honour to perform the duties of my office under the protection of that worthy gentleman lieutenant-general —, in the quality of chaplain to his regiment of horse ; and faith, dear Tom, to be plain with you, I was looking for such a pleasant companion as yourself to whom a man might unbosom a few secrets, which are a little hard of digestion. We've had many a smart touch together ; and, to deal sincerely, what betwixt my respects to his excellency and some necessary punctilio's to the cassock I am

¹ Locket's tavern was at Charing Cross, on the site later occupied by Drummond's bank. Strype says it was ' much frequented by gentry '. ' Where you are so nicely served that, stap my vitals !, they shall compose you a dish no bigger than a saucer which shall come to fifty shillings ', says Lord Foppington, in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*.

become as melancholy as a statesman debarred from doing mischief, or a bawd in a Bridewell. If you'll do me the favour to contribute your assistance, in order to expel these splenetic vapours, your old acquaintance, a bit to eat, and a bottle of wine will await you at Shuttleworth's, where I know you have courage enough to come, tho' the devil appears upon the sign-post.' I told him I kissed his hand with all imaginable respect; that I would not fail to oblige myself and him with the interview he proposed, as soon as I had treated my sunburnt friend with a view of some rarities in the park, for I designed with his good leave, he should share in the entertainment. We immediately parted, the canonical cavalier to the tavern, and my American pupil with his instructor, toward the canal, where once the sentinels and gladiators, with equal concern, guarded her majesty's feathered generation.

I was as gay and pleasant, in expectation of the promised regalement, as that reverend judge Don Sancho would have been after a plentiful collation. I met with several amusements during three or four turns I made, that augmented the pleasure which possessed me. My fellow-traveller demanded what officer that might be, who was so kind to desire our company at dinner? 'An officer,' quoth I! 'not a jot of an officer, or a soldier that I know of. He is, indeed, a sort of an ecclesiastical drum-major, that calls the military herd to battle, penance, or fasting when the general thinks convenient to fight, or the want of provisions makes an humiliation important or necessary. Indeed, to do the man justice, he does not much delight in fasting; he looks upon that as a qualification fitter for a bishop, such as the Reverend Dr. Ken, than the chaplain of a regiment, who ought in conscience to give a good example to the soldiers.'

Turning about to see what o'clock 'twas, in order to make good my assignation, I almost tumbled over a young gentlewoman who was marching off the parade with a colonel; the surgeon of his battalion followed close in the rear, who was ready to give an authentic certificate, to all whom it might concern, of her ladyship's being in good health, and that his honour had no more reason to apprehend any danger of fire from her, than he had formerly from the combats of Steinkirk or Landen, where this gentleman always had the good fortune to be sick, or in garrison, at the critical time of any dangerous rencounter. But whatever objections the malicious might raise against his courage, he had the good fortune of showing his manhood to the ladies; and, without dispute, he was infinitely in the right on't, since the work of generation

is much more glorious than that of privation, extinguishing life, or honourable murder.

My Indian friend asked me whether this was not another Exchange? The question was to the purpose, and I frankly returned, 'The parade might properly be called an Exchange or a market, for every thing here was venal; ready money or a handsome sister were never-failing presents, if a man had an intent to purchase a commission. Good friends and a large stock of assurance sometimes admit the soldier to preferment; but courage, long service, or true merit, very rarely. The colonel here sells his honour, the agent his conscience, and every thing bears a price but virtue. Should the God of War serve under these gentlemen, I question whether he would arrive to the dignity of a serjeant, unless his mistress the Queen of Love, or the more prevailing picture of her majesty, introduced him.

'Observe that little gentleman upon the right hand; his business is to state accounts of the army, and it turns very well to his own. If a young widow wants the arrears of her husband, and imagines in respect to the dead or compassion to the living she shall be honourably dealt with, such persons will find themselves damnably mistaken. No, there's another way to go to work; the lady must take a tour as far as Knights-bridge or Kensington, stop, maybe, at the World's-End, or the Swan, offer my spark a small treat, when upon examining her affairs at night, 'tis a hundred to one but he does her business in the morning.'

Tho' my stomach gave me warning, I trespassed upon good manners, in permitting my friend to be so long alone, or entertained with no better company than what the mistress of the hospitable tenement where he resided, could afford him: Yet before I repaired to my fellow-collegian, I could not forbear making this poetical reflection:

The Colonels here in solemn manner meet, }
 Not with a full design the French to beat, }
 But to consult where they may nicely eat, }
 What trusting mortals sell the noblest wine,
 Where, free from duns, they may securely dine.

We walked thro' the Horse Guards. I called to mind the happiness of those serene times when the troops of the household, instead of being transported to foreign countries, guarded the royal poultry with great care and application; when these generous knights-errant presided over the converse of fighting lovers, and protected their nocturnal

amours from violence and injuries. This was the Golden Age, unless preceding æra's claim that venerable title, when even the guards themselves were unknown, unthought of; when majesty had no other defence, than the love and piety of their subjects.

Tyrant and traitor then were names unknown,
Nor guards secured, nor fears disturbed a throne :
Then kings enjoyed a long and happy reign,
And slept as quiet as the meanest swain ;
Honoured and old, to death did gently bend,
And without blood to Proserpine descend.

This martial Amusement did not long detain us, but we passed through and made our way for the Abbey of Westminster; where taking a solitary walk, my Indian seemed pleased with the solemnity of the place, which struck a sort of sacred horror into us, and inspired an unsought devotion to the deity it was erected to.

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY

It being prayer time, we amused ourselves with viewing the glorious circumstances of the dead; on which my Indian friend made many moral reflexions, as on the foolish vanity of men, in extending their folly beyond this life. Pride, that was their vice while living, will not forsake them in the grave, they making that the lasting monument of it. They have refuge to flattering inscriptions and marble monuments when they lack soul to recommend themselves to posterity by their good and generous actions. In the north aisle we found a remarkable instance of modesty, where over the immortal Ben Jonson there was only a plain little stone inscribed, 'O rare Ben Jonson!' But whether this were the effect of the avarice of his friends, or their confidence in his admirable works, or his own modesty, I shall not determine. Passing by the other pieces of this nature on this side, except that of Harry Purcell, the memory of whose harmony held us a little, we passed on to the other side, where one thing was remarkable. On a woman's monument we found an inscription in Greek, Hebrew, and Æthiopic, as if by the multiplicity of the figures they would express the volubility of the sex. There was that of Fairbon in English set up by his pious wife in order to get her a second husband, the comforts of a second marriage being the surest consolation to a widow for the loss of a first husband.

CASTING our eyes forward, Tom of Ten Thousand¹ intercepts our sight, a mournful instance of a martyr of love. We could not but stop at the tomb of a judge his neighbour, and wonder at his assurance in telling us of his hopes of a resurrection, when he must pass the fiery trial of the judgment upon it, where he'll stand as a culprit, not *in statu quo*. He had certainly forgot how many bad causes he had defended before he could come to sleep over the cause he was to determine ; and how many times he had judged by his own passions, or interest, or affections, more than by the law.

The next that drew our eyes, for the admirableness of the work, as well as the character of the man, was the famous Dr. Busby² of flogging memory ; his inscription tells us how many he had bred to the bench and the board, but some have been apt to think he had better have employed his time in teaching them honesty and understanding than Latin and Greek ; it had been better for the state, if not for themselves. His pupils, when they come by, look as pale as his marble, in remembrance of his severe execution on their posteriors.

From him we easily passed to the poets, his neighbours ; the first, old Abraham Cowley, salutes us with an epitaph and inscription of equal truth, truly poetical indeed, as all Mat. Clifford's fictions ; for he was no more the Horace, Virgil, Ovid, etc., of England, than the monument was of his grace of Bucks's erecting, at least paying for.

The venerable Chaucer was next, a poet indeed, and the English Homer truly ; at whose feet, without any name, lies John Dryden his admirer, and truly the English Maro. Drayton, with half a nose comes next, admired in his time, but whose works are forgot before his monument is worn out. The great Spenser keeps the entry of the church, in a plain stone tomb, but his works are more glorious than all the marble and brass monuments within.

We now ventured to enter, being first encountered by a dapper pert scoundrel in a crop-eared wig, the parrot of the place but a piece of a Westminster wit ; for he throws in his jokes as much to the purpose as a fanatic holder-forth does his text.

My Indian friend was indeed surprized at the first apartment of the

¹ The nickname of Thomas Thynne, of Longleat. He was the Issachar of *Absalom and Achitophel*, and lost the Court favour through his adherence to the Duke of Monmouth. In 1681 he married Lady Elizabeth Percy, heiress of the Percy estates, and the following year was murdered in Pall Mall by assassins in the employ of Count Konigsmarck, one of her disappointed suitors.

² See note, page 220.

dead that we entered ; there was something very magnificent and fine in the tombs. Here lay a great minister of State in a tattered brass case ; there the immortal Talbot ; here a reverend bishop under foot ; there a fine lady lifted aloft. Here lay the shattered, clumsy figure of a noble knight, with his now peaceful dudgeon at his side ; and there the lady who had the odd fate of dying by pricking her forefinger with a needle. Here a topping young hero like Mars ; and there two diminutive figures of princes.

But to run over the particulars of all this amusement of the dead would be too tedious a repetition. There was a conqueror without a head ; for they were so vile to make that of silver, and his body of brass, so the thief stole the head, and left the trunk unattempted.

But we can't leave this venerable place without a view of a formidable sword and buckler with which he conquered the French ; and they must have been giants indeed, to have resisted such formidable weapons, if his soldiers fought with the like. Here was the pillar of old Jacob, brought to Scotland by Pharaoh's daughter, with this advantage, that wherever that stone should go, the Scots should reign. But whether Edward the First brought it out of Scotland out of zeal to Jacob, or to take away the foe's palladium, here it is ; and if you won't believe it, you had best dispute it with the parrots of the place. But true or false, it has been an amusement time out of mind, and so will continue for all that I can discover to the contrary.

Edward the Confessor's tomb is the chief piece of antiquity. He was the first royal empirick for scabs and scrofulous humours ; he was a whimsical sort of a gentleman that not being willing or capable to lie with his wife, was yet so jealous of her that he caused her to pass the fiery trial of the Ordeal, which she did to the satisfaction of the beholders, but not of the king, who could never be brought to give her his royal benevolence. For this the monks made him a saint, and the nation was exposed to invasion and ruin, in William the bastard of Normandy, whom the monks called in a barbarous Latin, Conquestor or Conqueror.

From hence we passed to another apartment, where the noble Earl of Exeter lies covered with marble, with his own effigies and his first wife's ; and to shew that he was not far behind-hand in love with his second, he left her a place to lie by him, when she took her eternal nap. But she being a person of a very nice taste in the ceremonials of place, chose rather to be alone, than to lie on his left hand.

Hence we advanced into the curious chapel of Henry VII and by the way saw good queen Bess, and blessed her pious memory. We found that cunning monarch enshrined in monumental brass, which perhaps he got the expence of from Dudley's and Empson's estates, which he had squeezed out of the people.

I desired my Indian friend to amuse himself with a view of the stalls of the ancient monks of this chapel. Here was inlaid half a dozen jolly fellows, some drunk and spewing, others maudlin, some quarrelling. There were more numerous sparks in the act of fornication; other good friars etc. engaged with their Gampucades, and in every place their master old Lucifer rejoicing at their exploits. My Indian was extremely amused with the piety of the representation. But I saw with a little indignation things too scandalous for a brothel made free of in the church.

And so we passed on to see the ruins of majesty in the waxen figures placed there by authority. As soon as we had ascended half a score stone steps in a dirty cobweb hole, and in old worm-eaten presses, whose doors flew open on our approach, here stood Edward III, as they told us, which was a broken piece of wax-work, a battered head, and a straw-stuffed body, not one quarter covered with rags. His beautiful queen stood by, not better in repair: and so to the number of half a score of kings and queens, not near so good figures as the king of the beggars makes, and the begging crew would be ashamed of their company. Their rear was brought up with good Queen Bess, with the remnants of an old dirty ruff, and nothing to cover her majesty's nakedness.

Tired with this amusement, I was enquiring if there was no charnel house to complete the view of the dead. 'There is no need of that,' says my Indian, 'for this place, I think, gives as melancholy a view of the dead as that can do; there the bones and skulls seem to want no garniture, but here we see kings, after their death, clothed like vagrants, and all their pomp and grandeur confined to a rag and a cupboard. And this proves that

'All mortal things are subject to decay,
'And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.'

UPON THE COMPUTERS

I slept as heartily as innocence itself, when my fellow-traveller, who shared in the adventures I am going to relate, entered my room, and by the noise and pains he took to wake me, dispersed those agreeable ideas fancy at that time was entertaining me with. And instead of flattering dreams of pleasure, which at that instant obligingly amused me, opening my eyes and collecting my senses, I found myself no richer or wiser than I was the preceding morning. The bells were ringing in all the steeples of the city, and made a noise as harmonious as the pathetic harangue of that urban magistrate a Recorder, when he delivers himself upon some very important occasion.

Having taken a sound nap, by preparing my person with the invincible opiates of a glass of good wine, and the lecture of some pages in Sir Richard Blackmore's *Eliza*, I thought I had no incumbent necessity upon me to go to church to hear Dr. — preach against avarice, or the Reverend Master of the Temple¹ rip open mysterious points of divinity as plain as he did Dr. Overall's convocation book; and being as little inclined to be merry, or to see a Harlequin in a pulpit, I avoided the theatre in Russel Court,² where more farces have been acted than ever appeared upon the stages of Drury Lane or Dorset Garden.

'Faith,' says I to my Indian, 'it shall be so; I'll e'en go shew you the tombs?' 'Those of Westminster,' says my friend, 'I am satisfied are very entertaining, the dead in those vaults sleep very magnificently; and there's a certain air of greatness and antiquity interspersed among those venerable monuments; but pray,' continued he, 'what tombs, what monuments do you mean?' Said I, with a smile, 'You are infinitely mistaken if you conclude we have no other remarkable monuments than those of the Plantagenets, situate in the tempestuous air of Westminster; the tombs of Wood Street and the Poultry much more deserve consideration, and 'tis thither I design to conduct you.'

By this time I found myself dressed, and privately thanked heaven my humble equipage had neither brought ruin or inconvenience upon any family; that the clothes I had put on had not made me criminate;

¹ William Sherlock was Master of the Temple. He published Overall's *Convocation Book*, maintaining the divine right of government, as a justification of his own action in taking the oath to William III in order to become Dean of St. Paul's.

² Daniel Burgess's Presbyterian meeting-house.

that I had hurt no tradesman by obliging him to trust me ; nor increased the injury by deluding him into an unnecessary attendance. These serious reflections put me into a sort of melancholy, which suggested to my fancy that the places I was going to were real, not imaginary tombs or monuments ; and that as our churchyards and burial-places were attended with ecclesiastical officers, as clerk, sexton, and grave-digger, so these burial-places for the living are as little destitute of their chiefs and assistants, who treat the unhappy wretches in the limits of their dominions with a severer justice than the infernal judges are fabled by the ancient Grecians to have lorded it in hell over the dusky populace of Styx and Acheron. The right worshipful the Lord Mayor for the time being, supplies the place of clerk, the worshipful the Sheriffs are the sextons, and the Serjeants and Yeomen are the grave-diggers. But in the house your parochial pioneer digs up for the mansions of the mouldering tenants, they meet with a serene quiet, a long insensibility from pain, which those that are immured in this dismal fastness can never pretend to ; no surly gaoler disturbs the dead, they sleep from debts, necessities, and cares ; no jingling keys break their sacred extended slumbers ; nor does the saucy insolence of villainous keepers plague them with oppressions and injustice.

Whilst these images were revolving themselves in my mind we approached the wooden portcullis that guards the melancholy avenue of a terrestrial hell. Virgil expresses himself very beautifully concerning the Stygian palace resided in by the son-in-law of Ceres :

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.
 —— facilis descensus Averni ;
 Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
 Hic labor, hoc opus ——

Swift of access is Ceres' grizly son,
 His brazen gates on ready hinges turn :
 But from Avernus and the realms of night,
 Upwards to move, and view th' etherial light,
 This is the task ——

But we found the case quite altered in this house of torment ; and it was almost as difficult for us that were without doors to get in, as it was for them within doors to get out. His Cerberusship demanded our business, and by the grimness of his face gave us a dreadful idea of the

horrors which are inseparable from the infernal mastiff. I told him very civilly that I was come to see a friend of mine in confinement ; that it being Sunday, I concluded a visit to persons either sick or in prison was as acceptable to the Divine Goodness as offering up my devotions at church. He smiled at my notions of piety, and turning the key, not without an insolent grin, gave us admittance to a scene of horror which revealed the prudence, christianity and tenderness of the city-government.

The gentleman who occasioned us that visit was called down from breathing in the air upon the leads. After some compliments of condolence had passed betwixt us, we desired him to entertain himself with a quart of comfortable ale ; and if that was not potent enough to make him forget his cares, we engaged him to mingle it with the infallible prescription of a nipperkin of brandy. Whilst we amused ourselves with our curiosity and the dismal diversion of the sable apartments, a multiplicity of different figures immediately presented themselves of both sexes, and almost of all ages and conditions. Their visages were pale and ghastly ; their dress squalidly neglected ; and the disorder of their minds sufficiently appeared by the contempt they had of their bodies. One walked as swiftly as a bending tradesman from a Saturday dun, when, God knows, he was as near his journey's end as a decaying whore is to a bawd, or a young giggling girl to the loss of her maidenhead. Another most demurely, with hat, cane, and gloves, and the phiz of business, marched from one side of the ward to another as if he was just going to the Exchange to monopolize the commodities of both the Indies ; when, alas ! the wretch had never seen that busy place since a brace of ill-looking officers whispered him in the ear a sort of a scurvy story, and in secure and safe custody brought him to the warehouse which he pays no rent for. A third damns his attorney, and a fourth curses as heartily his wife.

'That rogue of a lawyer,' says one of these irreligious recluses, raging and almost mad with his misfortunes, 'if he had not played fast and loose with me, I had never been brought to this. Confound that villain of a creditor,' continues he, 'who bribed the judge and jury ; and the devil take the jury that sold my cause.' Here starts up another, and in an infinite passion demanded what reason he had to use so many execrations ? 'Pray, Sir,' says the party that asked the question, 'if you have so good a hand at cursing, do me the favour to curse my wife. My wife, a plague confound her, brought me hither. To my wife I owe

this fantastical misery, this horrid air, and this ridiculous habit. She brought me nothing,' adds he, 'before consummation, but pride, poverty, and lewdness, and that was a portion with a vengeance; but since the fatal moment of taking for better for worse——'

He would have run on a brace of hours upon this nuptial panegyric, but we decently left him to make his complaint among the listening herd of his fellow-sufferers, and turned ourselves about, in order to reflect with concern upon a figure lamentably wretched, the very picture of sadness itself. His air was dejected; despair and solid melancholy took up their residence upon his face, and interwove themselves in all his discourses and actions; yet his misfortunes had not absolutely robbed him of every thing that was agreeable: His judgment remained very penetrating, and his good-manners and civility rendered him unworthy of the condition that the capriciousness of fortune had reduced him to. We addressed ourselves to him, and begged the knowledge of those ill accidents that had brought him to a station so different from what we imagined he was once in possession of. Whether to oblige our enquiries, or to indulge his grief by the repetition of his story, I am uncertain; but he gave us to understand in very pathetic terms that he was a person who had made a handsome appearance in the world; that he had been master of a very considerable estate; and tho' he had not complied with his payments so exactly as Sir F—— C——d,¹ yet he had more punctually performed his word than Sweetapple or F——s; that he was in thriving circumstances when his affairs obliged him to take a journey into the country; where staying, by the means of sickness that detained him a little longer than was expected, a sober, religious Common-council-man with whom he had dealt several years, took out a statute against him, seized three times the value of what he owed, which was most of it spent at Pontack's or the Rummer, upon debating the weighty points of contribution and dividends; then seized upon his person, threw him into the Compter, and took care his family should be like the state of the Christian church, dispersed and distressed over the face of the whole earth.

We pitied the injustice he had met with and returned to my friend, with whom I could not help murmuring against the imprudence of some part of our legal constitution. We wondered that a thief should be

¹ Sir Francis Child, Sir John Sweetapple and Sir Henry Furnes were prominent City magnates. Sweetapple, who was a banker, stopped payment in 1700; Furnes, a wealthy merchant, was, according to Luttrell, famous for his heavy betting.

hanged for some sort of felonies, and by that means find an end of his torment, and for other actions of like nature have the benefit of the clergy ; when neither the law nor the gospel found means to discharge an insolvent debtor. According to the unhappy severity of our laws, we might at a much easier rate offend Heaven than be indebted to man ; for in all degrees of criminal cases the prisoner some way or other makes his exit from a dungeon. A debtor only is prisoner for life, and his misfortune is hereditary to his family ; the innocent children share the punishment of their father, though never accessory to his guilt ; and vengeance here is extended to the third and fourth generation.

My American, tho' he had been a witness of the several passages I have related, yet would needs impose upon me so far as to affirm the inhabitants of these catacombs were persons guilty of a murder, and here expiated their crimes by the confinement of their persons. I told him, indeed, that whoever had brought themselves thither were a sort of self-murderers, and so (according to the opinion of the orthodox) suffered the pain and penalty of damnation. But, truly speaking, these unfortunates rather suffered than avoided that crime ; and, without dispute, of all persons whatsoever, are most worthy our compassion. ' For my part,' says I, rising to be gone, after I had put an end to a few consolations which I gave my friend, ' this place is certainly Purgatory, and agrees very well with the character Virgil gave us of that infernal prison, some two thousand years ago. You shall see the description when I meet you on the other side of this castle ; meantime I wish you all the satisfaction so uncomfortable a place can afford you.'

THE THAMES

' Now,' said I to my Indian, ' that I have feasted your curiosity with such variety of amusements upon *terra firma*, I'll present you upon the water with a surprising entertainment that shall startle you much more than all the hair-brained confusions, or ridiculous adventures you have ever met with on this side the equinoctial.' ' Then your river,' says he, ' must afford something that is very extraordinary ; for I think your streets and public-houses abound with such an amazing medley of all manner of contrarieties that if a man had the eyes of Argus he might employ them all in this your Christian Babel to his continual satisfaction. However, I shall be glad to wait on you, if for no other reason but the benefit of a little fresh air in this sultry weather.'

Finding my Antipodian companion thus agreeable to my humour, I steered him down Blackfriars towards the Thames side, till we came near the stairs, where from their lousy benches up started a noisy multitude of old grizzly Tritons, in sweaty shirts, and short-skirted doublets, halloaing and hooting out, 'Next Oars and Skullers,' shaking their cuckolds caps over their bald noddles, seeming overjoyed to see us as if we had been foreign princes come out of stark love and kindness to redeem them and their families from cruel popery and slavery.

'Ad's flesh,' says my poor frightened Indian, 'let's not venture any farther, in the name of Neptune. What is this crowd of Myrmidons who approach us so like Cannibals, as if they resolved to devour us, and were squabbling with one another at the sight of their prey, who should have the first bite?' 'Never fear,' said I, 'with one word I'll put you out of your pain.' And with that I bawled out as loud as a speaking trumpet, 'Next Oars!' Away ran Captain Charon from the front of his wrangling fraternity, with a badge upon his arm, that the world might behold whose slave he was, and halloa'd to his man Ben to bring the boat near, whilst the rest withdrew to their seats, calling one another 'Lousy rogue,' and 'Sorry rascal,' giving us a clear passage without farther molestation. 'Upon my word,' says my Indian friend, 'I am glad we are past them, for this is one of the most ill-looking rabble, from whom I had more apprehensions of danger than from any I have yet met with.' ''Tis all,' said I, 'but an amusement. Step into the boat; sit down, waterman, and row us up to Chelsea.'

No sooner had we put off into the middle of the stream, but our Charon and his assistant (being jolly fellows) began to scatter the verbal wild-fire¹ on every side of them, their first attack being on a couple of fine ladies, with a footman in the stern. 'How now, you two confederate brimstones, where are you swimming with your fine top-knots, to invite some Irish bully or Scotch Highlander to scour your cloven furbelows for a petticoat pension? I'll warrant your poor cuckolds are hovering about Change to hear what news from Flanders, whilst you, like a couple of hollow-bellied wh—s, are sailing up to Spring-Gardens to cram one end with roasted fowls, and the other with raw sausages.' One of the ladies taking courage, plucked up a female spirit of revenge, and facing us with the gallantry of an Amazon, made the following return, 'Get you home, you old cuckold. Look under your wife's bed and see what

¹ The Thames was notorious for the scurrility of those who travelled upon it. In *The London Spy* Ned Ward gives examples as lurid as those recorded here.

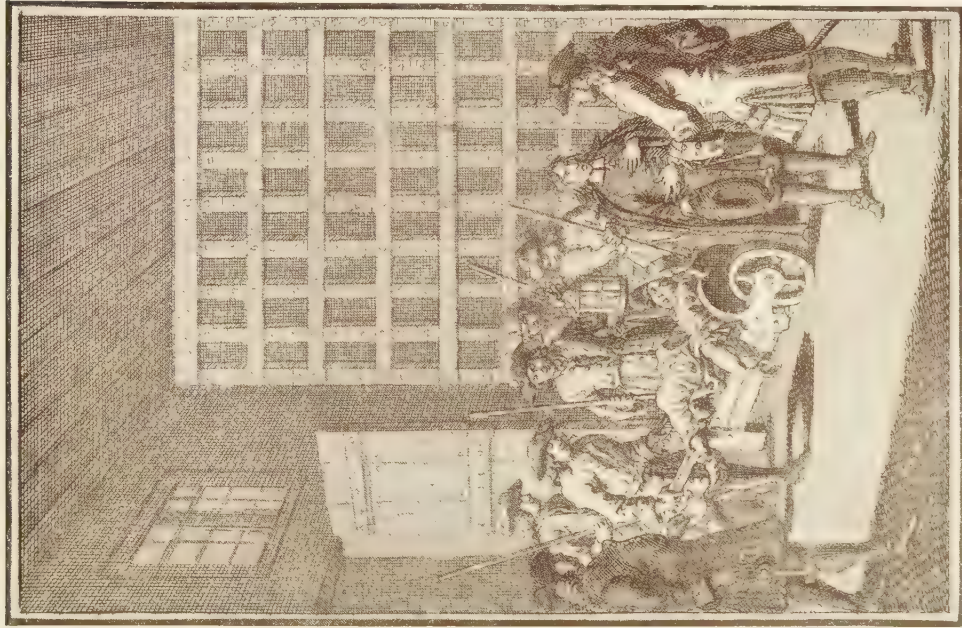
a lusty gardener has been planting, a son of a wh—e in your parsley-bed. O how fond the old fool will be of the fruits of another man's labour, when the midwife vouches the bastard to be the true picture of his daddy ! Out, you old rogue, gray before you're good, and bald before you're mannerly ; hold your bawling, you rusty old churl, whose dogged countenance makes you look as if you were begot by a tanner's mastiff. Talk not to a woman, you surly whelp, for you are fit for nothing but, like the breed you came on, to crawl upon all-fours, and cry bow-wow at a Bear-garden.'

No sooner had we saluted each other with these water-compliments as we passed by but a western-boat, stowed with a mixture of both sexes, began a fresh attack upon us in the manner following : ' How now, old Dad, whither are you carrying that king of the Gypsies you have picked up for a fare ? Why, he looks as if he had painted his face with a child's sirreverence, to make his countenance shine like a turmeric pudding. Out, you nasty t—d-coloured dog, born upon a dunghill without a head, that your mother was forced to supply the defect with a yellow pumkin.' Which unsavoury compliment was thus retorted by our foul-mouthed prolocutor, ' Stop your smoke-hole, nincompoop ! What ! laden for Puddle-dock with tailors, bailiffs, fat bawds, and chamber maids ? Shoot your rubbish, you rogue, at the next lay-stall, and carry back dung to the next gardener's house, that you may beg a bunch of carrots, for the sow your bed-fellow, to stop her mouth from scolding. Who was it that caught the boat-builder's journeyman kissing his wife, and forgave him for half a dozen of mother Shepherd's beer, because he swore upon the old woman's Bible 'twas the first time ? O rare Tom Sanders ; you lie like a cuckold ! Get you gone, you old fumbler, to my dame Tofield's daughter, and make a fool of the poor wench in the house of ease, and afterwards kiss the mother upon horn-fair day for nuts and ginger-bread.'

This dialogue being thus ended the next that we met was a jolly parson, skudding from Lambeth-house in a skuller, sitting at the upper end of the boat by himself, like a lady in a lobster-shell. ' Rare game, master,' cries our navicular spokesman, and thus he accosted the man of scripture, as soon as within hearing, ' Well met, holy father ; I'll warrant in your time you have drawn as many tithe-pigs in at your mouth, and out at your fundament, as would have stocked Bartholomew-fair for a whole season, or else you could never have shewn such a fat gut to your lean parishioners. Ah, doctor, 'tis a sign the Church is at a

low ebb, or else a long scarf and a rose-hatband would never be so humble as to be seen lolling in a skuller, in such a pious age too, when every Wapping understrapper, that has but a congregation of old women to hold himself forth to, scorns to have no less than oars, tho' he crosses but the water to administer comfort to a holy sister.' 'Thou art a wicked reprobate, I'll warrant thee,' replied the priest: 'Prithee desire the minister of your parish to teach thee the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, that thou may'st not go out of this world in thy old age like a heathen, and be damn'd in the next for the sin of wilful ignorance?' 'Thank you, master,' cries old Grizzel, 'for your good advice, but I believe 'tis the first that ever you bestowed so generously, without being paid for it: Ah, woe is me, that ever the plentiful age of passive obedience and non-resistance should be changed into the mercenary times of moderation and virtue!'

No sooner had we steered clear of divinity but we fell foul (in words I mean) upon a nimble pair of oars, freighted with a couple of scarlet officers, and between them a lady furbelowed with all the colours of a rainbow. No sooner were they come up a broadside of us, but our bold son of Neptune, seconded by his man, began a vigorous attack upon the sons of Mars, who sat hugging their Venus, as the two elders did Susanna. 'Efaith, noble captain, you lay close siege; I dare swear, at the very first assault love's fortress will surrender upon your own terms; 'tho' I can tell you this for your comfort, as soon as your ammunition is spent and your guns are dismounted you'll be forced to quit the possession. But whatever you do, take care before you enter that the castle is not on fire; for if it should, you had better break up your siege than go on any farther.' 'Hold your tongue, you old swabber,' replies one of the heroes, 'and pull off my lord-mayor's jacket and louse yourself, or else, you rogue, we will have you whipt in Bridewell, for suffering his lordship's livery to be over-run with vermin, to the dishonour of the city.' 'You are mistaken, captain,' cries Bullface, 'a louse is a soldier's companion, and not a waterman's; therefore pray look in your own collar, for a red-coat and a creeper are inseparable companions, as a dog and a flea, virginity and a c—b-louse,' 'Out you nasty fellow,' cries the lady, 'what, an old man and a beast!' 'Why how now, Madam Rain-bow,' cries our advocate, 'what so young a wench and so notorious a strumpet, to have two soldiers at a time to relieve your concupiscence, when Venus herself, the damndest whore in the heavens, was contented with but one, tho' she had fifty times your beauty.'



The Poultry Compter



A Tavern Brawl

SCENES OF LONDON LIFE

(From Tom Brown's Works)

The next we encountered was a Quaker and his handmaid, with whom our merry pilot thus began his drollery, 'Well done, holy ones. I see Aminadab will have his Abigail as well as the wicked ones their harlots; in spite of the Holy Spirit, G—'s lambs will play, tho' they sin after a sanctified manner; by and by snap goes the cakes, and whiz cries the bottle-ale. Then, O Abigail, since the light of thy countenance hath moved the outward man to uncover thy nakedness, I say, stretch thou forth one leg towards Dan, the other towards Beersheba, and hold up thy fleshly idol, that I may raise seed unto thy husband Abraham, who at present is a weak friend and cannot, as he ought, administer the comforts of wedlock unto thee his wife.' 'Out upon thee,' says the Quaker, 'for a foul fiend, thou art the seed of the serpent, and the light is not in thee. O generation of vipers! that this river Jordan should be so defiled in the hearing of the saints, by thy abominable utterance. I say unto thee, Repent, repent, or that wicked member, thy unruly tongue, will at last bring thee to be buffeted by Satan.' Thus our waterman's language so provoked the Quaker that the Spirit moved him to hold forth; but meeting each other, and rowing contrary ways, we had but a short benefit of his pious exhortations.

'Pray,' says my Mulatto companion (pointing at the Folly¹) 'what noble structure is that floating on the water? I have often heard of castles in the air, and this seems to me to be a kind of an essay towards such a windy project.' 'That whimsical piece of architecture,' said I, 'was a musical summer-house for the entertainment of quality, where they might meet and ogle one another into a fit of those amorous vapours that are not to be cured by any other means than by the secret administration of a little mutual familiarity. But the ladies of the town, finding it a convenient rendezvous for their purpose, overstocked the place with such an inundation of harlotry as dashed the female quality out of countenance, and made them seek a more retired conveniency, where they might carry on their amorous intrigues with greater privacy.

'For secret whores, who sin to ease love's pain,
Cry foh! at those, who do the like for gain.'

'By these means the mercenaries of the town drove away their private enemies (who hinder the trade of the public by dispensing their

¹ This was a large timber building on a barge, anchored off Somerset House. It consisted of several rooms for dancing, dining, etc., and at one time was a fashionable resort.

favours gratis in a corner) and entirely possessed themselves of this moveable mansion, which they have occupied ever since, very much to their advantage. Therefore we'll step on board, where perhaps we may meet with some novelty or other that may oblige your curiosity.'

So accordingly we bid the waterman row us to the Folly, where we no sooner entered but we had as many ladies staring us in our faces as if we had been either handsome to admiration, or ugly to a miracle; so that we could scarce move without crippling the corns of an old bawd, or disobliging the laced shoes of a young harlot. But with much ado we broke thro' the leading files of these Amazonian strumpets, and thrust ourselves into the body of the seraglio, where from fifteen to fifty we could have fitted ourselves with concubines of any age, stature or complexion; for we were so surrounded with a crowd of courtezans of all sorts and sizes, mixed with those ignominious vermin their ruffianly protectors, that a man could not stir without jostling a tun-bellied bawd, a furbelowed whore, or a long-sworded bully. Some were dancing as they moved, to shew the airiness of their temper; some ogling their gallants, to shew their vicious inclinations; and others, crowded into boxes like passengers in a Western wherry, sat smoking their noses, and drinking burnt brandy to defend their stomachs from the chill air upon the water; the young whores squirting about like rabbits in a warren; the old ones mumbling perfumed almonds to disguise the nauseous sourness of their stinking breaths. There were beaux, some tattling and cringing to a pack of twelve-penny strumpets, as if they were ladies of quality; others humming chickens and sparagus, now and then dancing as they walked to their own music. In short, it was such a confused scene of folly, madness and debauchery, that we stepped again into our boat without drinking, to avoid the inconveniences that attend mixing with such a swarm of caterpillars, who are always dangerous to the unwary and destructive to the innocent.

The next diverting scene that the river afforded us, was a very warm engagement between a Western barge and a boatful of Lambeth gardeners, by whom Billingsgate was much outdone in stupendous obscenity, tonitrous verbosity, and malicious scurrility. So that the reader shall have a taste of their modest dialect and incomparable breeding, I have ventured to stain the paper with some of their spiteful eloquence. 'B, a, a, sheep-stealers,' cried the gardeners to the barge-men, 'what kin are you to Tom Collet of Staines, that beat his own father, stood pimp to his mother, lay with his sister, and b——d his

brother, all in one night. He was a Western bargeman, you rogues, he was so.' 'Foh, you nasty dogs,' replied the bargemen, 'that get your bread by the drippings of other people's fundamentals; well may you pray for the dunghill, for if that should fail you, no t——d, no gardener. Who was that, you rogues, that dung'd in his own cap at Stocks-market, and carried home the old gold to enrich his radish-bed? Out upon you, for a pack of snail-picking Adamites! Who was it that took the old woman from weeding, and gave her a flurt under the burgamy pear tree, and when he was caught by his prentice, gave the boy a holiday, that he should not tell his mistress?'

With this sort of Billingsgate fecundity were we merrily entertained till we had arrived at that port to which we had consigned ourselves, where we quitted our boat. Offering old Charon three shillings, he swore he would have a crown; but having the printed rates in my pocket, I was forced to lug out my oracle before the fresh-water looby would be convinced of his error; and withal I told him that had it been in London, I would have carried him before my Lord Mayor, and have had him punished for making, contrary to law, so unreasonable a demand. With that he takes the money, and putting off his boat, gave us a notable farewell, after the following manner, 'You're a couple of niggardly sons of whores; I care not a fart for my Lord M——r; damn the rogue that printed that book; and pox take you for a book-learn'd blockhead; and a p——e confound him that learn't you to read.' And so we parted; my friend and I, after a little refreshment, returning home by land, merrily reflecting on the comical passages we had met with on the water.

LETTERS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

To his honoured friend Dr. Baynard¹ at the Bath

DEAR DOCTOR,

July 6, 1699.

While here, in Town, we are almost roasted by the hot weather, and the sun plays so warmly on us that some people who were of no religion before, talk of turning Adamites in their own defence, I cannot but laugh to think what a blessed pickle you are in at the Bath, where such crowds of you stew in so little a pipkin ; where you broil upon the earth, parboil in the water, and breathe the composition of gun-powder ; or, though there were nothing extraordinary in your soil, your climate, or the season of the year, where you have pretty ladies enough to set you all on fire, though you were two or three degrees more to the north than Lapland, and I were writing to you now in the midst of January.

This is the first summer since the Revolution that the sun has been pleased to dispense any favours to us, for hitherto we have had as little reason to complain of his benignity to us as the politics of our statesmen. Our fruits have ripened without the influence of the one, as our affairs have made a shift to rub on without any great conjuring on the part of the other. But to leave off these censorious reflections upon our statesmen, and return to the sun that occasioned them, this noble planet that ripens the grape will likewise ripen fevers and other such generous distempers, to the great joy of the poets and physicians ; and Phœbus, their common father, will encourage his own tribe by raising up a new stock of wines and diseases. Indeed, where you are, it is almost impossible for the gentlemen of the faculty to want business ; for if our last advices from the Bath don't deceive us, you have almost

¹ Dr. Edward Baynard was a physician practising in London (Ludgate Hill) and Bath. He was an early writer, in prose and verse, on the beneficent effects of bathing and water cures, and the author of a poem, entitled *Health*, 1719, which aroused much discussion.

as many doctors upon the spot as you have patients, and they watch the coming in of every coach as nicely as a young boy at the university does the return of the carrier, and ply at all the corners of the streets as regularly as the watermen do at Temple-Stairs.

But it has long ago been observed of you physicians, as of the lawyers, that they will find or make work wherever they come. I knew a little town in Essex, where the inhabitants, time out of mind, had lived in as uninterrupted tranquillity as the happy Indians did in America, before the Spaniards came to beat up their quarters; but upon an attorney's coming to reside among them the face of affairs was immediately altered; tenants conspired against their landlords, hostlers revolted from their masters, and apprentices took up arms against their lawful tyrants. There was nothing but rubbing out of milk and ale-house scores, to the everlasting confusion of their country Arithmesic; not a tithe egg could be had without an action, nor a pig under a suit in Chancery. A spirit of division had crept into every family. Maids betrayed their mistresses, girls rebelled against their grandmothers, and sweethearts deserted their confiding damsels; in short, every man stood as much upon his own guard as if he had been in an enemy's country. These were the blessed effects of the lawyer's living amongst them.

Now, doctor, it were a very bad case if having so much credit at the Bath you could not do as much for yourself as the above-mentioned attorney did to promote his own business; if you could not philosophically reason people into distempers they were never troubled with, like the dissenting parsons that fly-blow their hearers with scruples they knew nothing of before; if you could not cure them of ails they never felt, and leave behind you maladies you never found upon them. But I am informed that the tub-preachers are very much dissatisfied that you invade their prerogative of hell. Your hot and cold baths (they say) put their brimstone and ice out of countenance; and 'tis reported that by the skilful management of your torments, by scalding your patients at the Bath in July, and freezing them at Islington in December, you have broke half the retailers of the terrors of Pluto's kingdom.

But to come now to the news of the town. We have had an apparition lately, stranger than any in Glanvill or Aubrey;¹ for it has appeared in the streets at noonday, and thousands of people are ready to depose

¹ Joseph Glanvill (1636-80) was the author of several well-known works on witchcraft; John Aubrey (1626-97) was an eminent antiquarian who collected a mass of miscellaneous material, which he left in MS.

they have seen it. By this strange apparition I mean the white parson,¹ so called from his wearing a white hatband, scarf, and surcingle, by which he distinguishes himself from the rest of his brethren. I wish you had been here in Holborn t'other morning, to have seen his cavalcade. He rode up the hill as great as a prince and, like other princes, signalized his entry with printed declarations, with a great rabble of loud-mouthed hawkers, male and female, bellowing it on every side of him; and 'tis supposed by the learned in astrology that he will keep this declaration as religiously as some other princes beyond sea have kept theirs. In short, he professes to preach the gospel gratis; and indeed, as he manages it, it is pity he should have a farthing for it. He calls the rest of his cloth hirelings, only for taking what the law allows them; though, unless the fellow is belied, he would accept of a pot of ale from a chimney-sweeper, and has preached a hundred times upon a joint-stool for a pickled-herring, and a porringer of burnt brandy. The Rozinante on which this Don Quixote rode had a laurel garland about his head, and I dare swear deserved the bays as well as his master; for the wretch, as I am informed, is troubled with a whore of a wife and a jilt of a muse, but the latter is the more common prostitute of the two.

But, dear doctor, news is as scarce in Town as fees at the Bath, and it falls out unluckily for you and me that we must change places, to find what we want; for I hear at the Bath you have a mint for scandal, as we have here for money; so that 'tis but shifting the scene and we may draw bills upon one another, to answer our several occasions; till when I am

Your most humble, etc.

Melanissa to Alexis

Give me leave, my dearest Alexis! give me leave, who love you better than my life, to lay some of your failings before you; and if I express myself with a little more warmth than becomes me, you will easily forgive this freedom, unless I am mightily mistaken in your temper, when you find it wholly regards your own interest and welfare. It is not without a sensible concern, that I see you abandon yourself of late to the bottle; a young fellow, but especially one like Alexis, ought

¹ One of the many religious quacks who then, as now, battered on the ignorance and credulity of the populace.

to devote himself to another divinity ! Old age, indeed, may be allowed to supply its defect of warmth with wine ; but youth, as it needs it not, so nature advises it to pursue a more agreeable game.

Can any thing in the world be so absurd as to surfeit ourselves with cordials, when we have not the least indisposition ?

To convince you then that my complaint is neither unjust nor unreasonable, I, who know so little of the world and have nothing but nature to guide me, I, who am a stranger to language and style and consequently must maim my thoughts for want of knowing how properly to express them, will endeavour to describe to you a night, as it passes away in the embraces of an agreeable mistress, accompanied with all the transports and tendernesses of love ; and a night as it is commonly spent by what the town call men of wit and pleasantry, at the Rose or Blue Posts.

The Play is now over and the sparks who, while it was acting, rallied the vizor-masques, laughed aloud at their own no-jests, censured the dress and beauty of all the ladies in the boxes, and in short, minded every thing but the representation that brought them thither, begin now to file off, and gravely debate how and where to spend the evening. At last the tavern is pitched upon, the room taken, and our learned critics in pleasure seat themselves round the table.

The master of the house is the first person they send to advise with ; who, after a thousand cringes and scrapes, tells them he has the best Champaign and Burgundy in town, and is sure to ask an exorbitant price for it, tho' it is a vile nasty mixture of his own brewing. After a long and foolish dispute, the rate is adjusted, napkins are called for, the muff, sword, and peruke, nicely laid up, and now something like business comes forward.

When these grand preliminaries are settled, the next important debate is, what they must eat. So the cook is sent for, and recommends them to something nice and dear. This difficulty, with much ado, got over, the glasses plentifully walk round, to blunt and weaken that appetite which they pretend to excite.

And now their hearts begin to open, and their tongues to communicate their most secret thoughts. The topping beauties of the town are the first subjects of their conversation ; and this is so ample a field that they soon lose their way in it. One boasts of favours received from a lady, and is very particular as to the moles of her body, though, perhaps, he never saw her anywhere but at the Playhouse ; another

toasts a countess, whom he pretends to admire in a most extraordinary manner, and gives broad items of some condescending steps she lately made towards him ; after which, he wipes his mouth most demurely. In short, 'tis resolved by the board, *nemine contradicente*, that there is not one honest woman in the three kingdoms, who has beauty enough to gain her a lover.

When this argument is pretty well exhausted, the next thing they talk of is the authors of the town, and what books and plays have late appeared. Upon this head every man in the company affects to discover a peculiar taste and judgment, and thinks he shews his wit by finding faults where there are none. The play, whatever it is, is taken to pieces ; the plot, upon examination, is found either to be stolen or not to be well unravelled ; the scenes are languishing, the characters threadbare, or not worth a farthing. In fine, the poet is sent to the devil for want of wit, as the pert critic thinks he shews his by condemning what he doth not understand.

All this while the ungodly brimmer walks incessantly round the table, the company soon dwindles into private cabals. Every man talks busily to his neighbour ; affairs of state are determined ; this minister is displaced, and t'other man put into his room ; the proceedings in parliament laid down beforehand ; and 'tis concluded what regiments shall stand, and what be broken. After this, punctilio's of honour come to be discussed, the freshest duels behind Montague House and Chelsea Fields are learnedly run over. Sir John — is a coward, for suffering Captain — to tread upon his toes in the pit, and not call him to account for it. 'Damn you,' cries another, 'Jack — is as gallant a knight as ever drew sword ; and whoever says any thing to the contrary, is a son of a whore and a villain, and I'll cut his throat.' With that he throws a bottle at the other's head, the glasses go to rack, the table is overturned, nothing but disorder and confusion is in the room, and all this mirth and jollity concludes in murder.

Or if the scene doth not end altogether so tragically, but they part friends as they came in, ten to one but a merry frolic is proposed ; the quarters of some ill-natured coquette are to be beaten up, and her poor windows must feel the sad effects of their heroic valour. But while they are carrying on this attack with unparalleled vigour and gallantry, behold the superintendent of the night, with his trusty and well-beloved janizaries, takes these sparks together by the ears, with their perukes, hats, and muffs lying by them. The embroidered coat is all over

covered with dirt and blood, the well-adjusted cravat torn to rags, the sword either broken or carried off in the tumult ; and thus, after a well-favoured drubbing, our sparks make a shift to crawl home to their lodgings, if the nocturnal magistrate and his cannibals don't hurry them to New-Prison, or the Round-House, the usual sanctuary of such adventurers.

But suppose nothing of this happens, and our merry gentlemen get home safe from the tavern, without any disaster or calamity by the way ; yet the next morning calls them to a severe account for the misdemeanours and intemperance of the preceding night. Their heads ache, their whole frame is in disorder, they are incapable of relishing either books or conversation ; even music itself, with all its boasted efficacy, is not able to allay their pains. The most exquisite dishes are nauseous to 'em, they starve amidst the greatest profusion of luxury, and curse that extravagance overnight that starves them the next day in the midst of plenty.

'Tis certain that I have been favourable in this description ; 'tis certain that I have not set down half the disorders that accompany a debauch while it is a-making, nor half the ill effects that happen after it. Let us now turn the tables, to find whether love can be reproached with any of these inconveniences that used to attend drunkenness. Let us see how the moments wear away in the embraces of a delicious mistress, and then we shall soon discover on which side the advantages lie, and be able to decide the controversy.

I know very well that I want eloquence and language to describe the raptures and transports of love as they deserve ; however, I am so well assured of the goodness of my cause that altho' I am an unfit advocate to defend it, yet I don't much despair of carrying my point.

The long-expected night at last arrives, when Amyntas is to be made happy in the arms of his beloved Dorinda. With his head full of a thousand delightful ideas (for love is so good-natured as to pay his votaries part of their pleasure before-hand) he comes to the happy mansion where the chief treasure of his soul resides, he knocks gently at the door, the trusty maid conducts him by the hand in the dark, and leads him to her mistress's apartment.

At first he is wrapt up in silence and astonishment, his thoughts so crowd upon him that they hinder one another in the passage. After he is a little recovered, he endeavours to speak ; but alas ! his eyes talk infinitely more than his tongue. On her part the confusion is no less,

and her joys equally tumultuous. Thus finding themselves unable to discourse, they tell their passion in sighs and glances, they confirm it by repeated kisses; and at every kiss their fluttering souls meet at their mouths.

Amyntas squeezes that hand which almost dissolves in the touch, he presses those glowing breasts that would warm the coldest hermit; but all this is nothing but the prologue of the succeeding drama. Love calls upon 'em for a more substantial repast. Though they are undrest in a minute, yet this very minute seems an age; and now they are going to taste all that felicity which love can bestow, or human nature can bear.

The candle is put out to hide the blushes of Dorinda; by her side she finds her eager lover, who cost her so many sighs and tears in private. The happy lover is lost in a labyrinth of pleasure. Sometimes he abandons her breast for her mouth, and sometimes her mouth for her breast, and is only uneasy he cannot kiss them both together. He faints, he grows giddy, with the excess of joy; nothing but half-formed words and murmurs can come from him; at last he approaches love's altar, at last he—— But here my pen fails me, I am forced to draw a veil over those raptures which it is not in the power of mortal eloquence to represent.

Thus our happy lovers, after they have paid repeated obligations to love, lie intranced in one another's arms, and act over in their busy dreams the delicious scene that so transported 'em waking.

The morning approaches, and awakens the transported pair. Amyntas is beholden to its light for showing him the nymph in whose embraces he so agreeably passed the night. She charmed him in the dark, she ravishes in the light; and the only uneasiness that attends their happiness is impatience to repeat the bliss.

Both the lovers rise equally satisfied with having done their parts, with gaiety in their looks, and satisfaction in their souls: parting gives them some pain, but that is sufficiently recompensed at their next meeting.

Thus I have endeavoured, my Alexis, to show what a vast difference there is between a night murdered in the excess of wine, and a night consecrated to love.

Tho' no truth is more evident than this, yet our youth, possessed by what fatal stupidity I cannot tell, generally sacrifice to the deity who rewards his most constant worshippers the worst. Instead of following

the dictates of nature, whom they ought to obey, they treat her like an enemy, and profane those temples where they ought to pay their devotions.

I know well enough that you gentlemen don't much care to be advised by those frail things called women; and perhaps too you will tell me that interest has made me say all this. However, let me conjure you to bestow a few thoughts upon what I have offered to you, and believe that no one loves you so dearly and tenderly as Melanissa.

To Mr. M. C., a litigious Country Attorney; a letter of Gallantry

WORTHY SIR,

That I am no stranger to your character (tho' I bless my stars that I am to your person) you'll soon find, if you'll give yourself the trouble to read the following lines. There is no great pleasure, indeed, in drawing monsters. However, since it may be of public advantage to have 'em described in their true, proper colours, that others may avoid and detest them, I have ventured the task; and how well I have performed it, leave yourself to be judge. To accommodate myself to the dialect of your profession, I will begin my letter like a bond, with a Noverint Universi; and may all men accordingly know by these presents, That Mr. M. C. is the veriest petty-fogging rascal that ever disgraced a green bag, or came within the walls of Westminster Hall.

I have often wondered that Providence should be at the trouble and expence of disordering the whole fabric of nature, by punishing us with dearths and famines, since it may go a more compendious way to work, and effect all those calamities by the ministry of lawyers. Give a true lawyer but pen, ink, and parchment, and I dare engage he will starve the country ten miles round him. The most odious animals and the most contemptible insects have some use or other, living or dead, or at least serve to diversify the universe; toads, they say, suck up the venom of the earth and snakes are useful in medicine; but it would puzzle the wisest naturalists to find out any thing good in a lawyer. I mean such abominable incendiaries as thou art, who thrive by rapine, fatten upon extortion, and build their own fortune upon the destruction of those poor wretches who fly to them for justice. We see puny rascals

of a lower class trussed up every sessions for petty rogueries, for easing the hedges of some lousy linen, for nimming of cloaks, stealing spoons, etc., when gigantic overgrown villains like thyself set a whole county together by the ears, pick their pockets during the fray, and yet are far from being called to an account for it. But though, Sir, these worthy gentlemen have tricks and evasions enough to escape justice here, yet they pay cent per cent interest for their cheating in another world. The Devil never keeps a holiday in good earnest but when an attorney of thy complexion makes a perpendicular leap into his dominions ; and he will no more part with him when he has got him into his clutches, than any lawyer will refund a fee ; possession being eleven points of the law in Hell, as well as in Westminster Hall.

Thus, Sir, you see I've made a little familiar with you and your function, and perhaps am more bold than welcome. But, Sir, I have a small favour to request of you, which, I must tell you beforehand, you must not deny me. What I have to propose to you is not unreasonable nor difficult ; I neither desire you to make restitution of what you have unjustly plundered from so many families (for I know a true attorney would sooner be damned than do that) nor to build hospitals (unless it be one for your old father, Sir, who grazes, they tell me, upon the common). No, Sir, you shall find me the fairest and easiest man you ever dealt with.

I am informed your house stands by the side of a famous river, which looks as if Providence designed you for the end I advise you to. So, Sir, if you please, one of these fine mornings, to take a leap into it from your garret, it will be the best-natured thing you ever did in your life. By the by, Sir, you need not cram your pockets with stones nor lead, to make you sink, for your own sins are ponderous enough to do your business without 'em, if the proverb don't secure you. But, Sir, if you don't fancy drowning, as perhaps you may not (as I told you before, you shall find me the most reasonable man in the universe), why then, Sir, I would advise you to hang yourself in your closet, in your wife's garters, or to rip up your guts with a case-knife, or to cut your jugular with a razor, or to take a good large dose of opium ; or lastly, to knock your brains out against a brick-wall (but then, Sir, take my word for it, you must knock hard ; for your neighbours tell me, you have got a confounded thick skull). In short, Sir, I shall not insist nicely upon the how, the where, or the when, provided the thing be done in any reasonable time ; and I promise you under my hand, that

TO G. MOULT, ESQ.

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the bells shall ring merrily as soon as it is accomplished ; and to encourage you to proceed in this affair, I can assure you that you'll oblige no less than a whole county by it, and particularly

Your unknown friend, etc.

To G. Moulton, Esq. ; at Tollerton Hall, near Nottingham

London,

July 25, 1699.

DEAR SIR,

According to promise I had written to you last Saturday, but that I was obliged to accompany some gentlemen that morning to Richmond, in expectation of hearing fine music, which never in the Playhouse had passed the censure of a pit-fop, and of drinking some true Languedoc never yet debauched in a vintner's cellar. But it happened quite otherwise with us ; for the wine was such sophisticated stuff that I told the company it set drunkenness on the same level with swearing ; I mean by disarming it of all excuses. As for the music, it was so abominable that half a dozen Welch harpers met upon St. David's Day, to make merry over a mess of leek porridge, could not have tormented the ears of a Purcel with more execrable. I dare almost engage that had the same fellows played upon the same instruments before the town of Jericho, the walls would have paid the same compliment to their harmony as they did to that of the Levites ; for nothing could have patience to stand still and listen to their performances. So after this double disappointment we were forced, very late in the evening or very early in the morning (I won't be positive which), to go back to our boat and return for London, reflecting all the way as severely on our misspent time, as a town lady who has obliged a player with her favours all night and gets nothing for her pains in the morning but a copy of a new song for breakfast.

When I had the happiness of seeing you last in Town I told you that you should not fail of having a letter from me every other post. I am afraid I shall be better than my word, and persecute you more constantly than a city vintner does a country parliament-man, that chalked it plentifully last winter-session. Since I have no other way of conversing with you but by letters, you may depend upon seeing me twice a week at least ; tho' were you in Town, I believe I should scarce

visit you so often. But, dear friend of mine, this is purely the effect of absence. I knew a certain gentleman who, when he was at home with his wife, scarce vouchsafed to exchange a word with her once a week, but being obliged to take a journey as far as York, never failed of writing to her every post, and longer letters, too, than a clergyman does when he recommends himself to his patron for a fat living. The reason of it is plain, because all blessings (and such, I say, is Mr. Moul's conversation to me and every one that knows him) are not thoroughly understood when we have them in our possession, and are never so much valued as when they are at some distance from us.

Thus, my dear friend, for want of something else to entertain you, I have fallen, the Lord knows how, into making moral reflections, which was never my talent ; but if a man is to govern himself by the examples he sees in this wicked town, I don't know why I should not be allowed to talk out of my element, as well as a thousand more, whom I could name to you, were I disposed to be ill-natured. I could tell you of a certain famous painter,¹ who understands his trade and business as well as most men living, and yet is perpetually new modelling the Government, and harping upon politics, which he understands just as much as the Lord Mayor and Aldermen do Lycophron and Pindar. I know a City physician² who can dispatch his patients as methodically as any of the college ; yet, in spite of nature and his own genius, will be always murdering rhymes and feeling the pulse of the muses ; and another of the faculty³ near Charing Cross, who, instead of Galen and Hippocrates, is perpetually puzzling himself with Daniel and the Revelations. There is also a famous parson⁴ I could mention to you, near St. Dunstan's, who preaches his parish fast asleep every Sunday with the opium he puts in his sermon, yet over his coffee must be settling the affairs of Europe, the succession of Spain, and the union of the two East-India companies ; of all which he talks more wretchedly than a poet of trade, or a beau of religion ; tho' by the by, this must be said in his justification, that he is much better at any thing else than what he was educated to.

I can't tell how you'll relish such an insipid letter as this, but 'tis my misfortune at present that I can't furnish you a better treat. For

¹ Sir Godfrey Kneller.

² Sir Richard Blackmore ; see page 17.

³ Possibly Sir Edward Hanne, physician to the Queen Anne, who knighted him in 1705.

⁴ Dr. Offspring Blackall ; see page 62.

my part, I had rather rob the spittle, or quote second-hand sayings from a second-hand wit at Will's coffee-house, than be beholden to those dull rogues that write the weekly news-papers. However, I hope to make you amends the next post; and in the mean-time beg leave to subscribe myself,

Sir, your most obedient Servant, etc.

To George Moulton, Esq. ; a Letter of News

DEAR SIR,

August 14, 1699.

Having nothing of our own growth to entertain you with, I stole into a French coffee-house near Soho this afternoon; by the same token I was within an ace of being talked to death by a parcel of Huguenots, who made me undergo a severer persecution than ever they or their fathers suffered. 'Twas my misfortune to ask one of them that sat next me a question about the Edict of Nantes, and immediately the whole pack opened upon me at once, and fell a-railing at the tyranny of their quondam king, like so many alms-folks at the churchwardens of their parish. I thought it best to make no reply to them, but to remove to another table, lest I should give these well-bred people a fresh occasion to murder me with their civilities.

When this noisy scene was pretty well over, I began to examine the foreign papers, to see what news. But Europe, large as it is (and Europe, let me see—— from the farthest extremity of Spain to the remotest parts of Muscovy is at least two thousand miles in length, more than I shall ever be master of), Europe, I say, that contains two Empires, fourteen Kingdoms, and the Devil knows how many principalities, dukedoms, marquisates, and earldoms, with a Pope¹ at the head of it, too, that loves to see mischief go forward with all his heart, is not able at present to furnish out a letter for you. But to satisfy you that I have not been wanting, on my part, to hunt for foreign occurrences, I have here sent you an abridgment of the most material passages in the outlandish Gazettes.

Our last letters from Warsaw advise, That three Poles were run through the guts by three German soldiers, and that some of the small Diets are broke up in a heat. But alas ! what are murders and mutinies

¹ Innocent XII, whose policy was to bring together France and the Papacy.

in Poland? No more than simony in the dominion of Wales. They say, too, that the Cardinal Primate grumbles in his gizzard, and is not so well affected to this new monarch as he should be; but the gentlemen of the sacred purple have a privilege to be saucy with crowned heads. For my part, I wonder that none of our clergymen have thought it worth their while to send him Bishop Overall's *Convocation Book*; for certainly what helped to open the eyes of the dean of St. Paul's, can never fail of working miracles in so enlightened a country as Poland.

Madrid, July 20. The king of Spain's¹ health is of late much altered for the better; he eats and walks to a miracle. Yesterday at dinner he ravenously devoured a whole lark, and without any one to support him, made shift to walk threescore paces outright. Ten to one the priests will father the re-establishment of his health upon some she-or he-saint that knows nothing of the matter; but I heard a merry gentleman a day or two ago account for it otherwise. As Monica said of her beloved son, St. Austin's conversion, that it was impossible for a son of so many tears ever to miscarry; so 'tis impossible, cries this gentleman, that a monarch whose health is drank in all the taverns in Christendom which are not frenchified, should find himself amiss; 'and I daily put up my prayers to Heaven,' continues he, 'that a certain person who waits so impatiently for a certain dead man's Spanish slippers, may go barefoot, and not have so much as a pair of French wooden-shoes to keep him out of the dirt.'

Paris, July 23. The king's statue was lately set up here in the Place Vendôme; it is a perfect Colossus, and Monsieur Girardin has made it appear that our monarch has been drawn three times bigger than the life, not only by his parsons, his poets, and his historiographers, but by his statuaries too. The ceremony of the erection was very magnificent, several of the nobility, the counsellors of the parliament, and the principal citizens assisted at it in all their formalities; and if it had been the custom of the place, the city-recorder would have made a handsome speech to the figure². Our letters from all parts of the kingdom inform us that the poor Huguenots are persecuted ten times more severely, if possible, than the witches in Scotland, and deserve it as little.

Rome, July 10. Our last letters from hence advise, that mighty

¹ Charles II, last of the House of Austria, upon whose death in 1700 the War of the Succession broke out.

² This statue of Louis XIV was pulled down in 1792. Its site is now occupied by the column.

preparations are making for the ensuing Jubilee ;¹ most of the charnel-houses and tooth-drawers' shops have been disfurnished of late, on purpose to provide reliques for the great number of votaries we expect here. A Carmelite friar has brought a most valuable rarity with him from the holy-land, which he presented last week to the old gentleman. 'Tis the comb which belonged to the cock that set St. Peter a-weeping ; and the Pope, they say, designs to make a present of it to a peculiar favourite, who has sacrificed his all for his holiness. We are like to be overrun with strumpets from all parts of christendom, who flock hither, partly to wipe off their old scores, and partly to begin a fresh tick with Heaven. 'Tis found by a modest computation that they are already at least ten harlots to one churchman. How will they be overpowered then, when the whole posse has got to Rome ! However, it is hoped that we shall have a speedy reinforcement of brawny well-chimed regulars and seculars from the north, to keep the balance more even between the gown and the petticoat. This is the first time that ever a plurality of concubines was thought a grievance at Rome.

Amsterdam, July 23. The magistrates of this place lately took it into their pious considerations to reform the abuses of the Long Cellar ; and one of them proposed to have it locked up, for which he had like to have been De-witted by the mob. For a parcel of sailors hearing of it, gathered in great numbers about his house, demolished his windows, and had proceeded farther in their outrage, had not some of the topping burgomasters pacified them by telling them the old immunities and privileges of the Long Cellar should be continued to them and their heirs for ever. It was likewise proposed in our council to lay some new penalty upon drunkenness ; but it being represented that it would incense the people, and bring down the excise, for that reason they went no farther in it. Last week four men and as many women came to this place, with a spick-and-span new religion, (as 'tis reported) the whole contents of which may be carried in the compass of a snuff-box. They give out that it is the easiest and cheapest religion that ever was known, and therefore offered it to the States who, after the genius of all commonwealths, are for saving the penny in every thing. If their motion is rejected, they design to embark for England and see what market they can make of their new religion with our new reformers in London. Two learned critics of the university of Leyden have had a

¹ This was the Jubilee of 1700, which created quite a stir in England, owing, no doubt, to the recent Catholic influence in the country.

long contest about the right spelling of Virgil's name, that is to say, whether it is to be written with an *e* or an *i*, and old marbles and manuscripts have been plentifully quoted in a dispute of so great importance ; but at last they have agreed to refer the matter to Dr. Bently, who being a person of singular humanity, 'tis not doubted but he will do it to satisfaction.

Edinburgh, July 29. We have not had these ten years so favourable a summer as now ; so that we don't doubt but that our sloes will ripen ; and the Kirk has appointed a general thanksgiving for it. Fifty-two witches are in custody in several prisons in this kingdom, and many terrible things are alleged against 'em ; and some of them have been such silly jades as to own themselves guilty, choosing to be burnt outright rather than be daily persecuted by the Mass-Johns. The chief discoverer of them is a pulpit-drubber by profession, who knows all the witches' forms in the kingdom, and with his kirk-terriers will unearth you ten of them in a morning. We build great matters upon our new colony at Darien¹, and talk of covering all the churches in Edinburgh with silver tiles in a short time ; but others, who are not altogether so sanguine, are of opinion that all these expectations will come to nothing.

And now I am upon the chapter of Scotland, give me leave to tell you what I heard a politician say in the Rainbow coffee-house yesterday. 'I am confident,' says he, 'that the hand of Heaven will appear very visible in the chastisement of the Scots in this new project of theirs upon America ; they have impudently bid defiance to fate, and opposed the decrees of Providence. For as Heaven, from all eternity, decreed the Germans to be drunkards, the Spaniards to be grave solemn coxcombs, the French to be slaves, the Jews to be rascals, and the English to be mutineers, so it predestinated the Scots to be pedlars ; accordingly we find all other nations acquiesce in what Providence had ordered for them. The Germans to this day get drunk before noon ; the Spaniard is not to be whipped out of his pace ; the French carry pack-saddles, and so will do *in sæcula sæculorum* ; the Jews cheat on ; and the English, once in a century, send a monarch a-grazing ; but the Scots kick against the decrees of fate, and instead of pedlars, a title their ancestors acquiesced in for two thousand years and upwards, set up for merchants, forsooth. But if ever they make any thing on't,' says he, 'and if they are not at last reduced to their old ancient pedlarism, I'll forfeit my reputation of a prophet to you. Altho' they have cheated

¹ See page 24.

King William out of an act of parliament, I believe they will find it a hard matter, with all their craft and cunning, to cheat heaven.'

Thus, Sir, I have sent you the most important occurrences I could find in the foreign papers. But as to London, which used to be an inexhaustible magazine of news and scandal, it affords neither at present. Our beaux are all gone down to Tunbridge and the Bath, in hopes to make conquests in both those places; where, I presume, they will succeed as well as our dear brethren beyond the Tweed, in their new Caledonian plantation, and return to town a month or two hence with their pockets as empty as their heads. The lawyers are gone down to their respective quarters to sow dissension amongst his majesty's liege people in the country, and will reap, no doubt on't, a most plentiful harvest next Michaelmas term. Our old red-nosed claret-drinkers have now left us, to recruit, by a vacation-sobriety, their decayed carcasses, and enable 'em to sit up whole nights with the parliament-men the next winter. In short, the stock-jobbers have left the Change, and the citizens are half of 'em gone to Epsom, in order to cuckold one another, which is all the news at present from,

Sir, your most obedient, etc.

To George Moulton, Esq.; from the Gun Music-Booth in
Smithfield

DEAR GEORGE,

Aug. 30, 1699.

All things are hushed, as law itself were dead,
Poor pensive Fleet Street drops its mournful head;
The Strand's a desert grown.—

And now the spirit of versification leaving me in the lurch, I come to tell you, in honest prose, that I mean no more by all this rambling stuff than to let you know this is the long vacation, which lawyers, poor whores, and tailors, as well as many other trades, agree to curse most plentifully. Yet though the generality of our people are glad this penitential season is near expired, for my part I could heartily wish, as a soldier does the wars, or a woman her enjoyment, it would last much longer.

You'll tell me that this is a paradox; for why the plague should a man desire to be in town when it is a solitude in a manner, and all the best company is gone to Tunbridge, Epsom, or the Bath? All this may

be true, but before you and I part, perhaps, I may bring you to be of my opinion, I mean reconcile you to the long vacation.

In the first place, you must know that I hate to be in a crowd ; for which reason I wonder why so many wise gentlemen should be so anxious to go to the jubilee at Rome, where they are like to be thronged or crowded as much as a spectator at a country bull-baiting, and with almost as bad a mob. I hope you'll pardon the familiarity of the expression, for indeed, when I consider what a motley herd of priests, fops, and bigots will troop thither upon this occasion, I cannot find in my heart to give them a better name. In short, I love the long vacation upon the same account that some honest claret-drinkers love walking home at midnight, because the streets are clearer and not so incommoded as at other times. Besides, London is at no time of the year so thinly peopled (God be thanked) but that a man, with a little industry, may find company enough of both sexes, to the ruin of his health, and consumption of his estate. But this is not all, a universal spirit of civility reigns over all the town ; the tradesmen are more confiding, and the harlots better-natured.

A vintner who, in the hurry of Michaelmas term, is as difficult of access as a privy-counsellor, will now give you his company for asking, and perhaps club his bottle into the bargain ; and the very individual damsel with whom, a month or two hence, nothing below a senator will go down, or at least a man that will bribe as deep, is now so humble by the emptiness of the town that for the credit of being carried in a coach to her lodgings, and the expence of a bottle of wine to treat her landlady, she will put on a clean smock to oblige you, without so much as exacting money to pay the laundress.

I could say a thousand things more in behalf of the vacation, but I shall content myself at present with observing that it produces Bartholomew Fair ; and when I have said that, I think it needs no farther panegyric. If antiquity carries any weight with it, the fair has enough to say for itself on that head. Fourscore years ago, and better, it afforded matter enough for one of our best comedians to compose a play upon it. But Smithfield is another sort of a place now to what it was in the times of honest Ben who, were he to rise out of his grave, would hardly believe it to be the same spot of ground where Justice Over-do made so busy a figure, where the crop-eared parson demolished a gingerbread stall, where Nightingale, of harmonious memory, sung ballads, and fat Ursula sold pig and bottled-ale.

As I have observed to you, this noble fair is quite another thing than what it was in the last age. It not only deals in the humble stories of Crispin and Crispianus, Whittington's cat, Bateman's ghost, with the merry conceits of the little pickle-herring ; but it produces operas of its own growth, and is become a formidable rival to both the theatres. It beholds gods descending from machines, who express themselves in a language suitable to their dignity ; it traffics in heroes ; it raises ghosts and apparitions ; it has represented the Trojan-horse, the workmanship of the divine Epeus ; it has seen St. George encounter the dragon, and overcome him. In short, for thunder and lightning, for songs and dances, for sublime fustian and magnificent nonsense, it comes not short of Drury Lane or Lincoln's Inn Fields. But to leave off this bombaſt with which the booths have infected me, and deliver myself in a more familiar style, you muſt know that at this present writing your humble ſervant is in a music-booth ; yet tho' he is diſtracted with a thousand noiſes and objects, ſuch as a maid whirling round with a dozen rapiers at her neck, a dance of chimney-sweepers, and a fellow ſtanding on his head on the top of a quart-pot, he has both leiſure and patience enough to write to you.

Smithfield had always the reputation of being a place of perſecution, with this difference, that the women in this age do that which the prieſts did in the laſt, and make as many poor ſinners ſuffer by fire.

Cheapside cits come to ſee horned beaſts brought hither from all parts of the world, when they might behold the very ſame monſters at home, if they would but be at the pains of conſulting their own looking-glaſſes. Our pious reformers have been long endeavouring to put down this nurſery of wickedneſs and irreligion, as they call it ; but the beloved wives of their own boſoms, and their virtuous daughters, better underſtand their own intereſt than to loſe any opportunity of getting abroad and planting cuckoldom or fornication as their mothers did before 'em.

Certainly no place ſets mankind more upon a level than Smithfield does. Lords and bellows-menders, beaux and flayers of dead horſes, colonels and foot-soldiers, bawds and women of virtue, walk cheek-by-jowl in the cloiſters, and joltle one another by candle-light, as familiarly as Nat. Lee's gods in *Œdipus* joltle one another in the dark. The poor vizer-masks ſuffer moſt unmercifully ; for no ſooner can they ſhew their heads within this bleſſed place of all freedom and no quarter,

but away they are hurried into a corner, and a hundred hands about them at once, examine whether they carry any contraband goods about them.

The woman and her children in the Maccabees, that chose rather to part with their lives than pollute themselves with swine's-flesh, would have died ten thousand deaths rather than have touched the ear of a Smithfield pig, with a thousand of Prince Moloch's pagan subjects floating in the sauce about him. But perhaps our virtuous citizens swallow pig and pork so earnestly, to shew their aversion to Judaism; as the learned Mr. Selden, I remember, tells us somewhere in his table-talk, that for that very same reason our ancestors were wont to provide gammons of bacon against Easter, which godly custom their posterity keep up to this very day.

So much may suffice at present, for I am just now going to a puppet-show, to see the Creation of the World, and Noah's Flood, which will give me more satisfaction, I don't question, than Dr. Woodward's *Hypothesis*,¹ Mr. Whiston's *Theory*,² or any new system of our modern virtuosos.

I am your humble servant.

To George Moulton, Esq.; upon the breaking up of
Bartholomew Fair

Sept. 12, 1699.

DEAR SIR,

The glory is departed from Smithfield, and love and intrigues have left the cloisters; in short, Bartholomew Fair is over, *Et voilà, mon ami, les misérables effets d'une si grande révolution.*

Those very persons who two days ago glittered in imperial tinsel, governed kingdoms in imagination, commanded legions, and talked sublime heroics in tragic buskins; those very persons, I say, who put the sun out of countenance in his double capacity, both as the god of poetry, and the governor of the day, who outshone him at noon with their brighter Bristol-stones,³ and out-metaphored all Parnassus in their

¹ See page 8.

² William Whiston (1667-1752) was a mathematician who wrote a *New Theory of the Earth* in 1696. He was subsequently assistant to Sir Isaac Newton at Cambridge.

³ Bristol diamonds are a species of rock-crystal, sometimes transparent and sometimes coloured. Good examples are but little inferior, in appearance, to diamonds.



THE CARD PLAYERS

(From a plate in Mrs. Centlivre's The Basset Table)

operas ; those very persons, I say, who commanded respect from the inferior mob and drew the eyes of the whole city more than a Lord Mayor or a public cavalcade ;

——— *Quis talia fando,
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssis,
Temperet à lachrymis ?*

are now, by a most wonderful revolution of fate, divested of all their splendour and magnificence. Their troops, their armies, nay, their very guards have deserted 'em ; they are now reduced to the common obscurity of mankind. Instead of the most exquisite wine that used to crown their glasses, we find them burying the regret of their lost sovereignty in humble flip, or more humble aniseed, and are glad to be trusted for a dinner at a boiling-cook's, and snore contentedly in a garret.

And those charming Dulcibellas who, by the unparalleled lustre of their eyes, forced monarchs to lay their sceptres at their feet, who had the disposal of kingdoms and dominions, who stole away the hearts of all beholders, and, whenever they pleased, drew either admiration or pity from the spectators, are now, by the like inconstancy of fortune, obliged to return to the privacy of a less pompous life. They whom yesterday's sun beheld so majestically severe that they refused a gracious smile to prostrate princes,

*Nunc in quadriviis, et angiportis,
Glubunt magnanimos Bruti nepotes,*

are now glad to dispense the last favours for no higher bribe than a silver thimble, and a double-gilt brass ring. In the daytime they foot stockings, wash footmen's socks, and repair the breaches of old lace and muslin, regale themselves with a pint of milk at noon, and grey-pease at night, trudge it on foot from Charing Cross to the Change, and with their officious elbows remind all the passers-by of their desolate condition. In fine, they who so lately commanded the whole universe, are under perpetual alarms from watchmen, constables, and the savage justice's clerk ; and, as an ancient author who lived in William Rufus's time has it,

In midnight cellars now they ply,
For two-pence wet and two-pence dry.

But though Bartholomew Fair be dead and buried for a twelve-month, yet it is some consolation to us that it revives in both the play-houses. Poetry is so little regarded there, and the audience is so taken up with show and sight, that an author need not much trouble himself about his thoughts and language, so he is but in fee with the dancing-masters, and has a few luscious songs to lard his dry composition. One would almost swear that Smithfield had removed into Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields, since they set so small a value on good sense, and so great a one on trifles that have no relation to the play.

By the by, I must tell you that some of their late bills are so very monstrous that neither we nor our forefathers ever knew any thing like them. They are as long as the title-pages to some of Mr. Pryn's works ; nay, you may much sooner dispatch the *Gazette*, even when it is most crowded with advertisements. And as their bills are prodigious, so are the entertainments they present us with. For, not to mention the Bohemian women that first taught us how to dance and swim together ; nor the famous Mr. Clinch of Barnet,¹ with his kit and organ ; nor the worthy gentleman that condescended to dance a Cheshire-rounds, at the instance of several persons of quality ; nor t'other worthy gentleman that sung like a turkey-cock ; nor lastly, that prodigy of a man that diverted the boxes so much with my lady's birth-day, and so dextrously mimicked the harmony of the Essex lions ; not to mention these and a hundred other notable curiosities, we have been so unmercifully overrun with an inundation of *Messieurs* from Paris that one would be almost tempted to wish that the war had still continued, if it were for no other reason but because it would have prevented the coming over of these light-heeled gentlemen, who have been a greater plague to our theatres than their privateers were to our merchantmen. Shortly, I suppose, we shall be entertained here with all sorts of sights and shows, as jumping through a hoop, dancing upon the high ropes, leaping over eight men's heads, wrestling, boxing, cudgelling, fighting at back-sword, quarter-staff, bear-baiting, and all the other noble exercises that divert the good folks at Hockley ; for when once such an infection as this has gained ground upon us, who can tell where it will stop ?

¹ From a Drury Lane programme of 1704 : ' Mr. Clinch, of Barnet, will perform these several performances, first an organ with three voices, then the double curtell, the flute, the bells, the huntsman, the horn, and the pack of dogs, all with his mouth ; and an old woman of fourscore years of age, nursing her grandchild, all of which he does open on the stage.' Clinch was a great favourite in his time, and maintained his popularity until the day of his death, in 1734.

What a wretched pass is this wicked age come to, when Ben Jonson and Shakespeare won't go down without these bagatelles to recommend them, and nothing but farce and grimace will go down? For my part, I wonder they have not incorporated parson Burgess into their society; for after the auditors are stupified with a dull scene or so, he would make a shift to relieve them. In short, Mr. Collier,¹ may save himself the trouble of writing against the theatre; for, if these lewd practices are not laid aside and sense and wit don't come in play again, a man may easily foretell, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, that the stage will be short-lived, and the strong Kentish man will take possession of the two playhouses, as he has already done of that in Dorset Garden. I am

Your humble Servant.

P.S. The strong Kentish man² (of whom you have heard so many stories) has, as I told you above, taken up his quarters in Dorset Garden; and how they'll get him out again, the Lord knows, for he threatens to thrash all the poets if they venture to disturb him. Mr. Joseph Haines was his master of the ceremonies, and introduced him in a prologue upon the stage; and indeed who so fit to do it as this person, whose breath is as strong as the Kentish man's back? I don't doubt but that several of the ladies who saw this prodigy of a man longed to try a fall with him in private, like the woman in Ovid, that was desirous to lie with Hercules for no other merit but that of his strength. Her words, unless my memory fails me, were these,

————— *subiit me magna cupido*
Ferre virum, tulerat qui prius ipse polum.

And to convince you that I have not slandered the fair sex, I send you inclosed the following letter, which was written by a certain countess that shall be nameless, dropped by her footman in Pall Mall, and taken up by a chairman. At present 'tis all the talk of the town, and every chocolate-house rings of it.

¹ See note; page 33.

² William Joy, also known as 'The English Samson,' made his appearance at the Duke's Theatre, Dorset Gardens, about 1699. He exhibited his prowess before William III at Kensington, also before Anne and her husband. One of Joy's feats was to raise a weight of 2240 pounds; another was to snap asunder a rope which had borne 3500 pounds.

To William Joy, the strong Kentish Man. Supposed to be
written by the Lady ——

SIR,

I saw you yesterday with satisfaction exerting your parts in Dorset Garden, on that very theatre where I have frequently beheld the Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Hercules's, the Almanzors, the greatest heroes of Greece or Italy, of ancient or modern times, taking towns, sacking cities, overpowering empires, singly routing whole armies, but yet performing less wonders than you. Yet, I must tell you, it grieves me to see so noble a talent misemployed, and that strength thrown away upon undeserving horses that cannot reward your labour, which might much better divert the requiting woman. Meet me, therefore, thou puissant man, in another garden, on a better theatre, where you may employ your abilities with more profit to yourself, and satisfaction to the expecting

MELESINDA

A Consolatory Letter to my Lady —— upon the Death of
her Husband

MADAM,

I was very much surprized to hear that your ladyship takes so much to heart the loss of your husband ; that your relations should not be able to conquer so obstinate a grief ; or that a person of your good sense and resolution should be so unfashionable and so weak as to pay that respect to the ashes of the dead, which well-bred women nowadays can scarce afford to the living.

I will not pretend to attack your grief in the common forms, I will not represent to you that all flesh is grass, that nothing is exempt from the laws of fate, and that 'tis in vain to regret a loss which it was not in our power to prevent. These threadbare topics I shall leave to divines and philosophers, and shall content myself with opposing your lamentations with arguments better suited to your present condition.

'Tis true, Madam, you have lost a husband ; but what of that ? Have not thousands done so before you ? And consider that this death makes room for a new election. A widow ought no more to afflict herself for the death of her husband than a country corporation is obliged to go into mourning for the death of the member that represented them

in parliament ; for without staying for a writ from the clerk of the Crown, she may proceed to a new choice as soon as she sees convenient. Your husband, God be thanked, has neither carried your youth with him into the other world, nor your jointure ; could he have robbed you of either of these blessings you might have just reason to complain ; but I think a woman's condition is not very desperate when her two surest friends, her beauty and her wealth, stick close to her.

As you have charms and money enough to procure you store of lovers ; so, in my opinion, it must needs be an agreeable diversion to you in your present sorrow (for I will allow you, Madam, to keep up the appearance of it) to observe the different address and language of your admirers.

One will tell you, that he adores the perfections of your soul, exclusive of all worldly considerations ; but, Madam, have a care of these Platonics, for a man that makes a vigorous court to the body is worth a thousand coxcombs that pretend I know not what mighty kindness to the soul.

Another will tell you that he is ready to hang or drown for your sake, and desires you to choose what sort of death for him you think fit, if you deny him that blessing wherein his life can be only happy. Be governed by me, Madam, and take such a lover at his word ; if he decently dispatch himself, you may take it from me, that he loved in earnest ; but if he fails to give you this testimony of his affection, you may conclude he was a hypocrite and consequently not worth the saving.

A third, perhaps, will boast of his acres, and tell you what a large settlement he will make you. Whatever you do, pray take care of these Smithfield gentlemen, these land and tenement-panders, for not one in a thousand is honest at bottom ; and if he can but join your estate to his, he will never trouble his head about the more comfortable conjunction of persons and affections.

It will be a pleasant amusement for you to manage these humble servants so adroitly as to make all of 'em hope, yet at the same time be jealous of one another ; to steal a kind glance sometimes at one, and bestow a gracious nod sometimes upon another, to see them languish at your feet, and hear the different turns of their rhetoric. Then, after you have thoroughly examined their several merits and qualifications, 'twill be high time to proceed in your choice. But whenever you go about that, Madam, let me advise you to observe the same policy as

cardinals do at the election of a pope, and pitch upon one, who, in all probability, is soonest like to make a *sede vacante*.

Thus, Madam, instead of dwelling upon the illustrious qualities of the defunct, according to the threadbare method of common comforters, I have made bold to lay down before you the measures you are to take with the living. I confess I have ventured upon a task for which I am no ways qualified. Solomon has told us that the hearts of kings are unsearchable ; which, I suppose, he knew to be so by his own ; he might have added, when his hand was in, that the hearts of widows have the same occult quality, and are as hard to be understood.

Thus, Madam, you are not to wonder if the directions I have given you are none of the properest ; however, such as you see 'em, they are at your service, as is likewise,

Madam,

Your most obedient and faithful, etc.

To Walter Knight, Esq. ; at Ruscomb in Berkshire, being a
Relation of a Journey to London

London,

October 15, 1699.

SIR,

You are earnest to know how I got to town, and what adventures I met upon the road. Since you can condescend to entertain yourself with trifles of this nature, be pleased to take 'em as they follow.

As soon as I came to Reading, I sent the man of the house where I lay that night, to enquire what places were taken in the coach. He brought me word that only one place was taken, and that for a woman. I instantly represented to myself some maid, wife, or widow, of nineteen, with black rolling eyes, cherry cheeks, narrow mouth, swelling breasts, and a breath as sweet as violets. I thanked my kind stars for this favourable opportunity, and with these pleasant imaginations passed away the night very agreeably. Next morning, full of these charming ideas, I made haste to the inn where the coach lay ; but, good heavens ! no sooner did I peep into the leathern machine, but I found myself the most lamentably disappointed that ever poor sinner was. Instead of the beauty I had represented to myself, behold there was an old gentlewoman with formidable whiskers, her nose and chin as ready to meet

as the two ends of a half-moon, and a dismal forehead-cloth into the bargain.

A man of more piety than myself would have thanked Heaven for being so favourable to him, and securing him from temptation; but i'faith, I could not find in my heart to do it. Into the coach I stepped, but with as much regret on my side as a citizen feels that has bribed deep to get himself elected in a country borough, and is turned out of the house. Without so much as bidding her ladyship good morrow, I composed myself to sleep as well as I could; and being pretty well prepared for it, by what I had been doing the night before, slept ten miles without the least interruption, till we came to Maidenhead.

Here we took up a captain and two gentlemen. The captain was one of the most agreeable companions that ever could have atoned for my former disappointment; he had been in the service ever since the famous campaigns at Hounslow, since which he had seen most of the actions in Scotland, Ireland, and Flanders. Our conversation at first ran upon politics, and we talked very judiciously of the miscarriages of the war. Religion succeeded to that discourse, and when we became weary of that subject, as indeed none of us had much to say to it, by one unanimous consent we fell upon women. The captain who, as I told you before, was a man of wit and pleasantry, diverted us extremely upon this argument. He told us that as other gentlemen devoted their time to geometry or music, or any thing else that they fancied, he had made it his particular business to study women; and had arrived to so great a perfection in this noble science that after the first interview he could as certainly tell how many days a woman would hold out, and when she would deliver, as Monsieur Vauban could tell when a town would surrender.

'I compare,' says he, 'a woman to a fortification. In the first place, because it is in my own way and, like Tully's fiddler, that defined the soul to be harmony, a man ought always to borrow his metaphors from his own profession. And, secondly, because there's the greatest resemblance in the world between 'em. There's no fortification so strong, nor no woman so virtuous, but by open force or stratagem may be made to yield. The world is at liberty to say what it pleases; but I positively maintain that every woman is to be taken. She is either to be undermined by flattery, or won by bribery, which we military men call capitulation; or else (but it does not happen once in a hundred years)

to be managed by downright strength, which the learned in mathematics call taking the town by storm.

‘Now all the art lies in knowing how to employ these different expedients. Some ladies will be flatter’d into love, when all the bribes that can stir about Westminster Hall in a sessions can never move ’em ; and others, by far the greatest part of the sex, are to be managed by money, as they have too much discretion to be imposed upon by flattery. And there are others too great for bribery and insensible to all the flattery in the world, that must be vanquished by force. Tho’ their inclinations, gentlemen, are as rampant as yours, nay, perhaps, fiercer, yet they would seem to be forced ; they think ’tis some excuse for their infirmity, and quarrel with you after you have obliged them. In the heat of my discourse I have omitted one thing which never fails, when all other artifices miscarry, and that is the pretending to be religious ; it gives a man the character of being silent and circumspect, which is all in all with the ladies, and I have found it so by experience.

‘It was my fortune, gentlemen, some eight years ago, to be quartered upon an elder, when some of our troops were in Scotland. His wife, as to her beauty, was but indifferent ; but she was young, and she belonged to the Kirk, which were two extraordinary temptations, especially the latter. I offered her half a piece, which was a sum big enough in that country to have corrupted all the ministry, but could not prevail. Then I laid out all my stock of rhetoric upon her, and made a goddess of this coquette, but to as little effect as before. At last it came into my head to speak well of the covenant, and rail at the bishops ; after which, to my no little surprise, I found her communicative enough of her person.

‘In short, gentlemen, I have tried all the tricks in the world, and find by long experience that flattery does more than sincere dealing with ’em ; and wine more than flattery, money more than that, and religion (I mean the pretence of it) more than either flattery, wine or money put together. This you may take for granted, when you have beaten a woman’s pride and honour out of the field and she has nothing but her precious soul to capitulate for, that body and all are in a fair way of being yours ; for Spinosa and Vanninus never made a quarter so many atheists as love.

‘Since I am upon this argument, gentlemen, and we have nothing else to talk of, give me leave to tell you a short story relating to this affair. The scene lies in Wales, or the borders of it, I won’t be positive, but I dare swear it will divert you for want of something better.

' In the country above-mentioned lives a family very remarkable for their godliness, by the same token that they always kept three or four Presbyterian divines, with as many young cubs of the schism, to keep the house in due order. From morning to night there was nothing but exhortation, and use, and application, to be heard within the walls. The cook exhorted the butler, the groom gave spiritual advice to the gardener ; nay, the kitchen-wench and turnspit boy would spoil my lady's dinner, to settle the grand point of predestination. Yet, amidst all this whining and praying, and singing of psalms, the Devil, who owed the family a grudge for making this mocking war against him, seduced my lady's praying gentlewoman to commit acts of wickedness with one of the knight's praying footmen. The zealous pair managed their affairs with so little discretion that their amour came to be discovered by some of their fellow-servants ; but godly people, you know, think themselves above scandal.

' At last, word was brought to the old lady that they were actually in bed. At first she could not believe the news, for how durst Satan be so impudent as to put his nasty cloven-foot within her threshold ? But finding it confirmed by a cloud of witnesses, she went to the scene of lewdness, taking with her a smith, and a nonconformist parson : one to break open the door in case of opposition, the other to rouse up their consciences in case of impenitence. Upon the first alarm that my lady gave them, the lovers would not answer ; but when they found the smith began to fall to work with the door in good earnest, the footman got up and opened it. The old lady could hardly forbear striking them, so much was her holy spleen provoked at the profanation of her house ; but she thundered out judgments plentifully against 'em ; and the divine that was with her did the same, but especially to the trespassing damsel, tho' his eyes gave his tongue the lie all the while he reprimanded her. In short, the footman had his livery stripped over his ears, and the poor wench was sent home to her relations, by the same token that she attempted to drown herself by the way.

' This godly family was in a strange disorder to be defiled thus with fornication, and the master of it being then in London, his lady sent him an account of this unhappy accident, withal desiring his advice to know what must be done upon this occasion. He ordered the bed upon which this wicked action had been committed to be carried out of the gates of the house, and there to be burnt. On the day when this was put in execution, the discarded footman chanced to come by as fire was setting

to the offending materials, and being told the reason of it, "My master," says he, "might have let this bonfire alone; for, to my knowledge, if he's resolved to punish in this manner every bed or chair that has been accessory to fornication, there's ne'er a bed or chair in the house can 'scape him.'"

The captain had just made an end of his story as the coach was got upon the stones. I took my leave of the company in the Haymarket, being obliged, as you know, to visit Mr. B——, by whom I find that there's no stirring for me out of town this month or two. This is a sensible mortification to me; for whereas I flattered myself that I should pass the winter with you in one of the best airs in Berkshire, I must now do penance in everlasting fog and smoke, which is my aversion of all aversions. The only relief I can propose to myself is to converse with you by way of letters as often as I can, and by that means to fancy myself at Ruscomb. So that when anything remarkable happens here, you may depend upon having an account of it from, Sir,

Your most humble and most obliged, etc.

A Letter from an Officer in the Army to a Widow, whom he
was in love with before he saw her

Tho' I never had the happiness to see you, no, not so much as in a picture, and consequently can no more tell what complexion you are of than he that lives in the remotest part of China; yet, Madam, I am fallen passionately in love with you; and this affection has taken so deep root in me that in my conscience I could die a martyr for you, with as much alacrity as thousands have done for their religion, tho' they knew as little of the truth for which they died, as I do of your ladyship.

This may surprize you, Madam, but you'll cease to wonder when I inform you what it was that not only gave birth to my passion, but has so effectually confirmed it. Last week, riding into the country about my lawful affairs, it was my fortune to see a most magnificent seat upon the road. This excited my curiosity to enquire after the owner of so beautiful a pile; and being informed it belonged to your ladyship, I began that very moment to have a strange inclination for you. But when I was farther informed that some two thousand acres of the best land in England belonged to this noble fabric, together with a fine park,

variety of fish-ponds, and such-like conveniences, I then fell up to the ears in love, and submitted to a power which I could not resist.

Thought I to myself, the owner of so many agreeable things must needs be the most charming lady in the universe. What tho' she be old, her trees are green ; what tho' she has lost all the roses in her cheeks, she has enough in her gardens ; what signifies it tho' she be barren, since her acres are fruitful. With these thoughts I lighted from my horse, and on the sudden fell so enamoured with your ladyship that I told my passion to every tree in your park ; which, by the by, are the tallest, straightest, loveliest, finest-shaped trees I ever saw ; and I have since wore out above a dozen pen-knives in engraving your name upon 'em.

I will appeal to your ladyship whether any lover ever went upon more solid motives than myself. Those that choose a mistress wholly for her beauty will infallibly find their passion to decay with that ; those that pretend to admire a woman for the qualities of her mind are guilty of a piece of pagan superstition, long since worn threadbare by Plato and his disciples ; for he that loves not a fair lady for the flesh as well as the spirit, is only fit, in my opinion, to make his court to a spectre. Whereas, Madam, you need not question the sincerity of my passion, which is built upon the same foundation as your house, grows with your trees, and will daily increase with your estate.

For all I know to the contrary, your ladyship may be the handsomest woman in the world ; but whether you are or no signifies not a farthing while you have money enough to set you off tho' you were ten times more forbidding than the present red-nosed countess of —, and ten times older than the famous countess of Desmond.¹ I am a soldier by my profession ; and as I fought for pay, so, with heaven's blessing, I design to love for pay. All your other suitors would speak the same language to you were they as honest as myself. I will tell you for your comfort, Madam, that if you pitch upon me, you'll be the first widow upon record, from the creation of the world to this present hour, that ever chose a man for telling her the truth. I am,

Your most passionate, etc.

¹ Katherine Fitzgerald, the old Countess of Desmond, was proverbial for her old age. She was reputed to have been 140 years old at the time of her death, in 1604, but it is probable that this was a mistake for 104, which age she had undoubtedly attained.

A Letter to Mr. Owen Swan, at the Black Swan Tavern in Bartholomew Lane, upon his forgetting to send Wine into the Country

FRIEND SWAN,

You promised to send me some wine, you forget your friends. I must excuse you, great wits have short memories. Pray remember me to the rakes ; tell 'em I would drink their health, if you would afford me wine, which pray send by the first opportunity, to

Your Friend and Servant, etc.

SIR,

Mr. Swan's Answer

I just now received a letter from your virtuous hands, by the same token you was pleased to make merry with a certain friend that shall be nameless who, to my knowledge, thinks of you oftener than somebody, that shall be nameless too, does of his Maker. I should thank you too, for the title you give me of a wit, but wits have a worse fault than forgetfulness ! the ill-natured world calls it poverty. Wit and poverty, you know, are as inseparable companions as war and poverty ; and this may be the true reason why the wits lie under the scandal of forgetfulness. The rakes last night were in all bodily health, and drank yours heartily, even your humble, whom (tho' no wit, nor pretender to it) the bare mention of your name does somewhat inspire thus to accost you in the poetical way.

I, Owen Swan, the most sincere and honest man	}
That e'er drew wine in quart or can,	
From Beersheba unto Dan ;	
Most humbly thank you for your sage epistle :	
Though my muse can't sing, she'll strive to whistle.	
Your virtuous name I never think of,	
But in full glass your health I drink off.	
Those virtuous gentlemen, the rakes,	}
Last night were in for ale and cakes,	
(For wine, I mean) but you'll forgive mistakes.	
The wits, dear brother ———	
Are used to pardon one another ;	
And may Old Nick your humble take,	}
And as a neighbour brews, so may he never bake,	
If he'd not drink an ocean for your sake.	

My verses limp, and why ? 'Tis meet
 They keep proportion to the feet
 Of him, who to the cellar ran
 To fill your bottles.

OWEN SWAN

To a Physician in the Country ; giving a true State of the
 Poetical War between Cheapside and Covent Garden

SIR,

We are almost barren of news ; the war betwixt the northern crowns and the poetical physicians, is the only subject at present ; Holstein and Riga, Cheapside and Covent Garden, the scene of all our coffee-house debates. What passes in our two first, the public prints will inform you ; the latter I shall endeavour to give you some account of. You are not ignorant of the civil war that is broke out amongst the subjects of Apollo, and what disorders we have lately had in Parnassus. Two brawny heroes,¹ the sons of Pæan, head the opposite factions ; both have signalized themselves extraordinarily, one in four poems, which he has printed, and t'other in a poem printed four times. The city bard takes arms to drive out wit, as an evil counsellor, from all the realms of Apollo. The Covent Garden hero rises in his defence, and maintains its services. This quarrel is so far spread that it is not like to be decided proprio Marte. Each chief has his faction ; the knight of the round table has gathered a body of mercenaries to whom, on the other side, are opposed a squadron of auxiliary volunteers. And thus, as in 1641, blue aprons and laced coats are drawn up one against another, and the rabble and gentlemen set together by the ears ; each side confident of success, that trusting to their multitudes, this to their courage and conduct.

The Pestle and Mortar men are drawn up against the Æsculapian band ; the first, who, like tailors and women, measure the goodness of every thing by the length, assert the good old cause of long bills and long poems against the *jus divinum* of efficacy and sense ; and think it infinitely more meritorious to write three or four folios without wit, than to fill a small octavo with it, and prefer the art of swelling a bill before the skill to cure a disease. The Cheapside hero, they say, devotes himself wholly to their service, and rhymes as well as prescribes to the

¹ Sir Richard Blackmore, of Cheapside, and Sir Samuel Garth are the two physician poets alluded to. They took opposite sides in the great dispute between the physicians and the apothecaries, Garth taking the side of the apothecaries. His *Dispensary*, which appeared in 1699, aroused Blackmore's ire, who launched poetical and other attacks upon his adversary.

use of their shops. However, this doughty chief, in the midst of his Cheapside triumphs, has been brought under martial discipline, and forced to run the gauntlet in Covent Garden, and switched thro' the whole posse of Parnassus, for fighting against the law of arms, with false colours. Those that favour his cause complain of the injustice and indignity of his punishment, alleging he suffers for what he never did. They, on the other hand, defend their proceedings, and affirm they know him thro' his disguise; and that coming upon 'em in masquerade, he ought to suffer as a spy or an assassin; and deserves no more quarter than he gives to his patients.

Notwithstanding this, his party have rallied once more, and the mercenaries are brought to the attack, who hope to effect that by stratagem that they despair of by plain force; since they can't reduce 'em by arms, attempt to poison them with stink-pots. At the head of those is a mendicant rhymmer, one that begs with a poem, like a pass in his hand, and with a sham brief, as a sufferer by poetic fire, has collected the charity of well-disposed persons thro' all Parnassus for above twice twelve months; and, like a true beggar, when he has tired 'em out, falls a-railing. For a bribe from his ballad-printer's not large enough to rob him of the benefit of the Act of Parliament for the relief of poor prisoners, and the promise of a dinner now and then, he has consented to libel his benefactors, and return to his old quarters, and subsist for the remainder of his life upon the basket. Thus countenanced and encouraged, he lays about him most desperately, and like one not much concerned for the success, draws his incense and his ammunition from the same house of office; friends and foes are treated alike in compliment, he paints one with the same sir-reverence that he aims to bedaub the other, and when his hand is in, like the conqueror in *Hudibras's* ovation, bestows his ordure very liberally amongst the spectators. Thus, Sir, I have given you a true account of the state of the poetical war, headed on both sides by gentlemen of your faculty; among whom, tho' there has been no bloodshed, there has been as much noise of slaughter and execution as in Holstein or Livonia. You may expect more on the same subject, for the quarrel is not like to drop, while Hopkins¹ can tell his fingers, or Wesley² subsist on mumping in metre.

I am, etc.

¹ An allusion to either Charles Hopkins or his brother John, two minor poets of the time. Brown is probably sneering at John, who had just brought out his *Milton's Paradise Lost imitated in Rhyme*.

² Samuel Wesley, father of John and Charles, was the author of much verse of indifferent quality.

An Exhortatory Letter to an Old Lady that smoked Tobacco

MADAM,

Tho' the ill-natured world censures you for smoking, yet I would advise you, Madam, not to part with so innocent a diversion. In the first place, it is healthful ; and as Galen, *de usu partium*, rightly observes, is a sovereign remedy for the tooth-ache, the constant persecutor of old ladies. Secondly, Tobacco, tho' it be an heathenish weed, is a great help to christian meditations ; which is the reason, I suppose, that recommends it to your parsons ; the generality of whom can no more write a sermon without a pipe in their mouths, than without a concordance in their hands : besides, every pipe you break may serve to put you in mind of mortality, and shew you upon what slender accidents man's life depends. I know a dissenting minister who on fast-days used to mortify upon a rump of beef, because it put him, as he said, in mind that all flesh was grass ; but I am sure much more is to be learnt from Tobacco. It may instruct you that riches, beauty, and all the glories of the world vanish like a vapour. Thirdly, It is a pretty plaything. A pipe is the same to an old woman, that a gallant is to a young one ; by the same token they may make both water at mouth. Fourthly, and lastly, it is fashionable, at least 'tis in a fair way of becoming so. Cold tea, you know, has been a long while in reputation at Court, and the gill as naturally ushers in the pipe as the sword-bearer walks before the Lord Mayor.

I am your Ladyship's humble Servant.

To Dr. Garth

Whether your letter or your prescription has made me well, I protest I cannot tell ; but thus much I can say, That as the one was the most nauseous thing I ever knew, so the other was the most entertaining. I would gladly ascribe my cure to the last ; and if so, your practice will become so universal you must keep a secretary as well as an apothecary.

The observations I have made are these ; that your prescription staid not long with me, but your letter has, especially that part of it where you told me I was not altogether out of your memory. You'll find me much altered in everything when you see me, save in my esteem

for yourself. I, that was as lank as a crane, when I left you at London, am now as plump as an ortolan. I have left off my false calves, and had yesterday a great belly laid to me. A facetious widow, who is my confident in this affair, says you ought to father the child, for he that lends a man a sword, is in some part accessory to the mischief is done with it ; however, I'll forgive you the inconvenience you've put me to. I believe you were not aware you were giving life to two people. Pray let me have a consolatory letter from you upon this new calamity ; for nothing can be so welcome, excepting rain, in this sandy country where we live. The widow saith she resolves to be sick on purpose to be acquainted with you ; but I tell her she'll relish your prescriptions better in full health ; and if at this distance you can do her no service, pray prescribe her.

Your humble Servant.

To Madam — upon sending her Sir Richard Blackmore's
Job and Habakkuk. By Mr. Tho. Brown, after Balzac's¹
manner

To show you what an universal submission is paid to beauty, an Eastern prince comes to wait on you this morning. 'Tis true, he does not appear in his Arabian magnificence, nor visits you with a splendor suitable to his rank ; but after the manner of supplicants he addresses himself to you in a penitential habit ; and you see him just as he escaped out of Sir Richard's poetical powdering-tub, which has proved more unfortunate to him than his dunghill. However, Madam, it was your command he should appear before you in this garb ; and the patriarch, to show his ancient meekness, has obeyed you. But altho' he enjoys the happiness of your company, yet either discouraged by his late unworthy treatment, or overcome by your beauty, he is not able to speak a syllable for himself. He that had eloquence enough to describe the least of your charms, he sees that the natural armour of his Leviathan is not so impenetrable as your heart, and that the weakest of your glances exceeds the strength of his famed Behemoth. Tho' he first saw the light in a country which furnishes our altars with perfumes, yet he owns they fall short of the natural sweetness of your breath, and confesses that his own Arabia was improperly called happy, since it ne'er produced anything so comely as yourself.

But, Madam, tho' your commands are not to be disputed, Job had

¹ Jean Louis Guez de Balzac (1594-1654) was a distinguished French author and courtier, and the writer of many letters which were published in a volume.

hardly ventured to appear before you in this disguise, had not a brother in affliction and fellow-sufferer come along with him to keep him in countenance. Both of them are so much altered for the worse, since they have come out of the doctor's hands, who, not content to murder the living, exercises his cruelty upon the dead, that their nearest relations, were they now alive, would hardly know them. Job complains more of his ill-usage from the city-bard than all his other afflictions, which the Devil, in conjunction with his wife, contrived to lay upon him; and Habakkuk bewails the ignoble captivity he lies under, with a deeper resentment than that of his countrymen in Chaldea. However, both of them will glory in their misfortunes, if you'll but vouchsafe to cast a pitying look upon 'em, nay, thank their unmerciful persecutor for putting them in this disadvantageous dress, if it produces so favourable an effect.

To Mons. de la — his Correspondent in Paris, writ in the
Person of a Frenchman, of what he observed in London

I had long ago discharged my promise, and sent you an account of the most remarkable things that offer themselves to a stranger's curiosity, but, London, Sir, is so gigantic a place, and the many new objects one daily meets are so apt to efface the ideas of the former, that a man may very well be allowed to pass a few months in it before he can regulate his thoughts, and reduce them into method. For your comfort, I shall not trouble you with any relations that are not to be found in our common itineraries. The discoveries I send you are either the result of my own observation, or such as I gathered in my frequent converse with the ablest virtuoso's of this famous city. In short, they very well deserve your attention, and you may depend upon the truth of them.

People may talk as they please, but I am of opinion that there is more religion stirring in London than most cities in the universe; nay, that in a great measure 'tis incorporated with their very trade. Those worthy gentlemen, the stage-coachmen, show it in their printed bills, where they never fail to conclude with an 'If God permit.' Nay, in one of their lotteries, I observed the projector endeavoured to hook in customers with a text of Scripture, and made Solomon pimp to his design, by quoting that saying of his, 'time and chance happen to all.' What is more surprising, your very beggars in the common streets use the same tone as the Presbyterian parsons. In short, London is so far

from being a profane place that some of the most eminent citizens who can afford it have two religions going at once, and will march you gravely at the head of six notched apprentices to church in the morning, and to a meeting in the afternoon.

As for the women, I'll say that for them, they are perfect heroines in their nature ; they'll see half a score kings and queens murdered upon the stage, yet show no more concern than if so many ninepins were tipped down. And then at the Old Bailey, tho' the judge gravely tells 'em, ' Look ye, ladies, we have a smutty trial coming on, where we shall be obliged to call everything by its proper name, and therefore it may be convenient for you to withdraw ' ; yet the devil a lady will flinch for the business, but they will sit out the whole trial without so much as putting on their masks, tho' the witnesses now and then talk a heathen philosophy that's enough to make even a midwife blush.

But the merriest thing of all is their pindaric poetry. Would you know what sort of versification it is ? I will tell you then. First of all, here is one huge line as long as my arm, or longer ; then there comes one, two, or three short lines, like a pigmy behind a giant ; very pretty, begar ! Then another long line, and then a short one, and another short, and another long, and so on to the end of the stanza. I was told that the English poets borrowed this fancy from the faggot-makers, for those fellows will first of all put you down a long stick, and then a short one ; and after this manner, binding the sticks together, when they have done, call it a faggot, as the authors call the other a pindaric ode.

Few towns in christendom are so apt to promote scepticism as this. There are at least half a score pretenders to Anderson's Scotch pills, and the Lord knows who has the true preparation. The same uncertainty there is about Bateman's spirit of scurvygrass. Nay, as you walk to Hoxton, one sign tells you, ' This is the true, old, ancient Farthing Pye-house ' ; and before you can walk three steps further, you meet another sign that has the impudence to tell you the very same story. Thus a stranger is wonderfully puzzled which of these two houses to go to, and not knowing how to clear the difficulty, sometimes goes to neither. They abound particularly in Holes in the Wall ; to the best of my remembrance, there are at least four in Baldwin's Gardens, and as many more about Red Lion Square ; now, I believe it would *nonplus* the ablest antiquary of them all to determine which is the right, ancient, and primitive Hole in the Wall.

I have been exceedingly surprised at the great variety of spelling in the public signs. I could instance in a hundred, but shall content myself with the word Lancashire, that has been most inhumanly used by them; you will find it written Lanekisheir in one, Lankesheare in another, and Lanckasheer in a third. I foresee that this difference of orthography in these public inscriptions, as your ale-house signs most certainly are, will give the grammarian a world of trouble two or three hundred years hence. So, for my part, I wonder that Dr. Bentivoglio¹ does not petition the Parliament that no victualler be suffered to set up a sign till it has been first carefully examined and considered by commissioners well skilled in these matters, and chosen for the purpose.

They have several Latin words in and about this town that are peculiar to England, and go current nowhere else. In one of the villages about London there is a very noble hospital, and over the refectory a Latin inscription, giving to understand that this building was erected at the charge of a gentleman that belonged to the *Societas Haberdasherorum*.² I was for a long while perplexed to know what countrymen these Haberdasheries were, or from whence they borrowed their name. Sometimes I thought 'em the remainders of the old Aborigines of the island; and sometimes a people of the Cimbricia, Chersonesus, that came over with the Saxons. I consulted Strabo, Ptolemy, Dionysius, Aser, Mela, and the old geographers, about the matter, who gave me not the least insight into 'em. Then I turned over Cluverius, Ferrarius, Du Fresne, Salmasius upon Solinus, and who not, but was no wiser than before. At last a learned English gentleman told me that these Haberdasheries were a civilized moral people enough, and only dealt in harmless manufactures, as pins, tape, inkle³, and packthread.

Some airs have been observed by naturalists to breed agues, as the hundreds in Essex; some to breed calentures, as Guinea in Africa; others to breed contagious distempers, as Barbadoes and Jamaica. Now the air of Cheapside has the peculiar quality belonging to it to breed horns. 'Tis certain (and the observation has been made ever since William the Conqueror's days) that not one married man in a hundred that dwells in that street escapes them. Nay, I have been credibly informed that a linen-draper of Cheapside bought a fine tortoise-shell

¹ Dr. Bentley; see page 222.

² This was at Robert Aske's Hospital, Hoxton, built by the Haberdashers' Company with the £30,000 left by Aske for that purpose.

³ A broad linen tape.

tobacco-box near the Exchange, and before he had worn it a full week in his pocket it was converted to perfect horn.

The merchants of London are nothing near so polite as ours in Paris. The devil a jot do they know of the *Ouvrages d'Esprit* ; whereas ours will discourse better upon books and authors than upon trade and commerce. I made a visit to one of them, and after the first compliments were past, enquired of him what books of note had lately appeared in the world. 'Oh, Sir,' says he, 'since the joining of the two companies,¹ we have had the finest Bettelees, Palempores, Bafts, and Jamwars, come over, that ever were seen.' 'Pardon me, Sir,' said I, 'these affairs are somewhat out of my knowledge——' 'Indeed, as for the Mamoodies, the Lingooes, the Culgees, and the Chinses,' continues he, 'they received some little detriment by the salt water: but——' 'You mistake me, Sir,' cries I, 'for all this while I was talking of——' 'But then for your Mulmuls, Photaes, Gurrahs, Moorees, and Rostaes, mind me what I say, Sir, I defy the whole world to match us.' And so he went on, till I was forced to break away abruptly.

Foreigners unjustly charge the Londoners with want of civility and invention. Don't they give a plain proof of their singular courtesy when curates, surgeons, operators for the teeth and toes, *Anglicè* tooth-drawers and corn-cutters, nay, farriers and sextons, go by the name of doctors? And then, who dares question the goodness of their invention, who considers that those noble curiosities, swimming girdles, pacing saddles, chalybate pancakes, engines to prevent leaking, and that great traveller Major John Choke's famous necklaces for breeding of teeth, with a numberless set of theories, were invented here? Besides, the last new religion that appeared in these parts of the world, was it not wholly contrived by the Philadelphians?

'Tis worth a stranger's while to peep into the several conventicles here, to observe how affairs are managed among them. The minister gets up into his box, talks a great deal of unintelligible stuff; the people lug out their silver ink-horns, and take it upon content; which puts me in mind of a fellow in hell that was always making of ropes, and an ass still devoured them.

Among other customs, I observed one very singular and ancient, and still kept on foot; which is to make fools of people on the first day of April. I could never inform myself what gave the first rise to so odd

¹ The Old East India Company was united to its younger rival, founded in 1698, in 1702, and much futile competition was thereby averted.

a frolic, but, methinks they might let it alone ; for since three parts in four of the people are fools every day in the year, what occasion is there to set a day apart for it ?

When a humour takes in London, they ride it to death before they can part with it. For instance, lotteries were first set up for annuities and pensions ; then they came down to books and pictures, at last they descended even to snuff and balsam, to plum-cakes and minced-pies. Again because, Æsop¹ from Tunbridge had the good fortune to please, an hundred other Æsops from Epsom, Islington, and other parts of the kingdom, were immediately trumped up, till the very name of Æsop at last grew scandalous. The same folly infected the theatre, where a beau, at his first appearance upon the stage, happening to tickle the fancies of the auditors, you could have never a play without that animal to set it off. The first beau diverted them with his huge muff, the second with his monstrous periwig, the third with buttons as big as turnips, the fourth with an extraordinary cravat, the fifth with a fantastical sword-knot ; 'twas the same original coxcomb all the while, but only a little diversified.

Having seen the famous brass monument¹ in Westminster, I went in the next place to see Dr. Oates, whom I found in one of the coffee-houses that looks into the Court of Requests. He is a most accomplished person in his way, that's certain. The turn of his face is extremely characteristic ; he has the largest chin of any clergyman in Europe ; by the same token, they tell a merry story how he cheated a two-penny barber by hiding it under his cloak. In short, his mouth stands exactly in the middle of his face, like the white in the centre of a target.

I had the curiosity to bestow an half-hour at Mr. Burgess's little mansion in Russel Court. Some ministers will make you cry, some will make you sleep ; but honest Daniel will make you laugh with his preaching. I happened to hear him once when he took occasion to prove the tendency of mankind to corruption, from their loving rotten cheese. ' Do but observe, my brethren,' says he, ' when an old Cheshire cheese is brought to the table, how readily every man sticks his knife into the blue part, a plain indication ' (and then he nodded his head) ' of the truth of original sin ! '

But of all the virtuoso's in London, commend me to the ingenious

¹ Æsop from Tunbridge was an imitator of Æsop of Eton, a rhyming cobbler who was taken up and made a fuss of by Society.

² The tomb of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, in Henry VII's Chapel.

to this effect. Of all the vices the present age is to answer for, nothing comes near it; and yet the sots make merry with marriage, which is full as ridiculous as if Dr. Chamberlen¹ should laugh at the Bank of England for paying people in paper. If marriage is expensive, keeping is certainly more, and with less pretence. 'I knew,' says he, 'a gentleman that loved gaming as he did his eyes. One night he lost a hundred and fifty guineas at the Groom-Porter's; when he came home he found his lady in the parlour, with two candles burning before her. "Lord! wife," says he, "what a strange extravagance is this; two candles lighted at a time, and house-keeping so chargeable?"' But he forgot, it seems, what his shaking of his elbows had cost him that evening. This is the case of all keepers. What our Churchmen charge the Dissenters with is actually true of them; they startle at a gnat, but they can swallow an elephant.

'Right,' says Harry —, 'keeping is the greatest solecism a man of pleasure can commit. If the gallant is true to his mistress it has all the phlegm, and if he is fond of her, all the expense of matrimony. In short, I have an equal aversion to marriage and keeping; they differ only like Holborn and Cornhill—both are streets. But, to do Sir John justice, the latter is nothing near so long as the former.'

'That is as it happens,' cries virtuous Mr. —; 'for I can shew you several persons about the town that parted fairly with their wives before the first month was over, and yet could endure to cohabit with their harlots many years. But imagination governs all these matters. For my part, I think of women as I do of books, the finest of both sorts will hardly endure a thorough examination. If they find more favour than this they may thank the courteous reader for it, who sees more in them than they deserve. I remember I took Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham last vacation down with me into the country. I read them over and what was the consequence of that, I was weary of them. You may laugh at me for a man of a vicious palate; but I can't help that. Before I came to town, I was glad to borrow Wesley's execrable poem of the parson of the parish, only for variety.'

'Though I am not wholly of your opinion,' says Mr. — to him, 'yet I agree with you that keeping is nonsense all over, and that for a reason which none of you have yet assigned. Sir Henry Wotton's

¹ Hugh Chamberlen was a London accoucheur who, in 1690, published the scheme of a Land Bank which was to issue vast numbers of notes on the landed security of the country. This would abolish taxes, poverty, and all other troubles.

definition of an ambassador, in part belongs to him ; *Legatus est vir bonus ad mentiendum foris reip. gratia* : And a keeper is a good man, to maintain a pretty woman in fine clothes, handsome lodgings, and all that, for the public benefit of the commonwealth.'

Mr. — the merchant is in our company. He has travelled abroad and seen the world. He says that a whore in the civil state is what farthings are in the business of trade, only to be used for the convenience of ready change. But that a man that makes a whore, if not his constant wife, yet his constant companion, and a government that makes farthings their only current money, will soon be convinced of the vanity of their politics. And he said Ireland was lately a sad instance of the latter.

'What vexes me most,' says —, 'is to hear these keeping-coxcombs magnify themselves upon their discretion.' 'I save charges by it,' cries one —.

'Yes,' replies his neighbour, 'they are as much savers by the bargain as one that goes down to Tunbridge or the Bath, to save his expenses in town. But since this point hath been spoken to already, I will say no more to it. Only give me leave, gentlemen, to cap the story of the two candles with another like it. A brace of country attorneys went into a tavern one morning to take a whet, and because they had not seen one another for a term or two, they drank to the tune of eleven pints. At last one of them called for a French roll. 'Why, brother,' says the other, 'are you not ashamed to inflame the reckoning?' Let the keepers apply this !

'Well, but I escape confinement by it,' says another—'I don't know that,' says Mr. N——; 'for I think a man is as much a prisoner by a gout or rheumatism of his own begetting as if the government had confined him. What signifies it a farthing to one in this case, whether the priest ties the knot or he does it himself? 'Tis true, the confinement of keeping does not last so long as that of marriage, but it devours more in a month than the other does in a year. 'Tis like falling into the hands of the Black Rod, or a Serjeant of the House, where the fees run so high that you spend more in a few weeks than would handsomely maintain you in another prison all your life. But see by what chimeras the world is managed ! Matrimony is hell in folio, because 'tis a charm that can't be dissolved when a man pleases. At the same time, those that keep can sometimes submit to a confinement full as long and severe ; yet bear it as easily because, forsooth, 'tis of their own ordering.

This puts me in mind of the famous citizen of Paris who had passed threescore long years within the city-walls, and never had the least inclination to make a step into the country. So soon as he heard that his prince had commanded him never to stir out of it, he died with the thought of being a prisoner. There are penitents in Spain who, on certain days of mortification, lash themselves as heartily as any of our Newgate rogues are whipped by the public executioner. 'Tis certain the pain and anguish are the same ; but one does it voluntarily, and the other cannot help it. What pretty salvos a fruitful imagination can find out !

Thus far, Sir John, we have given our thoughts of keeping in general, without descending to particulars ; but now we come to consider your own case more nearly. To the surprize of all your friends, you have pitched upon a daughter of the stage, upon an actress, to show your particular favours to ; and pray be pleased to hear what the company thinks of it.

Mr. — who, next to Mr. Rymer,¹ is the best historian about the town, says that this transaction of your life will be bound up with the annals of Goatam in the next age ; because to attempt to confine a she-player to one's self, is altogether of a piece with hedging in a cuckoo.

Mr. —, the poet first mentioned, proved out of the ancient records of Parnassus, that all actresses belong to those of his profession ; and that if a lay-person ventured to lay his unhallowed hands upon her, he was guilty of making an impropriation, and ought to be indicted in Apollo's spiritual court.

Mr. —, of the Temple, who, tho' he never goes to Westminster, is nevertheless an oracle of the law, asserts that your case comes within the statute of monopolies ; that you have done as bad as enclosed a common ; and that all the lovers of Magna Charta ought to break down the fence.

' 'Tis but fit it should be so,' cries another ; ' for he that pretends to confine a damsel of the theatre to his own use, who by her character is a person of an extended qualification, acts as unrighteous, at least as unnatural a part, as he that would debauch a nun. After all, such a spark rather consults his vanity than his love, and would be thought to ingross what all the young coxcombs of the town admire and covet.'

Captain — ended this serious debate. He said that whoever gave

¹ Thomas Rymer was a well-known archæologist and general author. He was historiographer to William III, 1692.

pay to a woman, or a soldier, expected they should prove faithful to him. 'Now,' continued he, 'to expect fidelity from a female that has been raised up in that hot-bed called a playhouse, is to expect honesty from an evidence. 'Tis a folly not to be excused; 'tis to bottle up air, like Shadwell's virtuoso; 'tis to wash a blackamoor; 'tis to make Dr. Oates *rectus in curia*; 'tis, in short, to grasp at more than attaining an impossibility; for 'tis impossible to secure any woman to yourself, but much less an actress.'

Thus we have sent you, Sir John, the opinion of the committee of our whole house upon this occasion. You are desired to consider of it coolly by yourself; and when you have so done, if 'tis possible, repent; otherwise do like some of our divines, when they contradict what they formerly asserted, and stand buff to it.

Tom. — would have you meet us to-morrow night at the Rose, where he intends to attack you with so many arguments against the female sex that he does not question to make you a proselyte to the bottle.

The Answer of Sir John Sands, in defence of keeping a Miss
rather than a Wife

GENTLEMEN,

I find I have a whole *posse comitatus* to encounter; but I rely so much upon the goodness of my cause that without calling in the assistance of my brother-keepers, without giving myself the trouble to repel numbers by numbers, I don't question but that I am able, in my own single person, to maintain the field against you.

You are divided, Gentlemen, like all other assemblies, in your opinions. Some of you seem to favour marriage but declare against keeping; some of you denounce war equally against both, and consequently must set up for fornication at large. I make this inference, because my charity won't suffer me to believe that any of you are such rank infidels as to discard the sex by wholesale. If I thought you had any of that complexion among you, yet I should not think it worth my while to dispute them into better sense. 'Tis an old received axiom, you know, that *contra negantem principia non est disputandum*.

As for the former gentlemen, I mean those that have some respect for marriage but are utter enemies to keeping, they would oblige me to prove that lying at an inn, where a man stays no longer than he finds

himself well-used, and the place agreeable, is half so chargeable or foolish, as staying there all one's life, let the entertainment be what it will. There are certainly degrees in confinement, and the Fleet is not altogether so pagan and uncomfortable a place as Scilly or Algiers. Oh ! but imagination governs all these matters. If, as we have frequent instances of in history, imagination can kill as effectually as a blunderbuss loaded with a dozen bullets, deliver me, I say, from the hands of that tyrant imagination.

But tho' this is answer enough to so trifling an objection, yet, Gentlemen, I will prove that there's something more than bare imagination in the case. A Miss's patent runs *durante bene placito*, and she lies eternally at the mercy of her patron. A wife has a lease of your body for the term of life, and has no such obligations upon her to keep within bounds. One, like an open town, can make no resistance, and consequently has no temptation or interest to rebel. A wife is a sort of garrison, fortified by law and Act of Parliament, which the sovereign can't dismantle when he pleases. She lies secure behind that unrighteous bulwark called a Settlement, which is made as strong as the Westminster Hall engineers can contrive it ; and though she's ever so plainly convicted of revolting from her lawful master, and holding an intelligence with the enemy, she forfeits neither life nor limb ; nay, she can challenge a subsistence as long as she lives. This, I think, shews that there's a vast difference between marriage and keeping.

But, to dismiss this point, were a wife never so sincere and never so submissive, yet there's a duty in the case. Consider what I say, Gentlemen, there's duty in the case ; in which single word there's dulness and impotence, death and desolation, and, in short, every thing that inspires horror and casts a damp upon pleasure. 'Tis as bad as the Mene Tekel on the wall, the very name carries a palsy with it. It puts people upon unlawful evasions ; it makes them think on other folks when their thoughts should be at home, and leads them to commit downright adultery in the nuptial sheets.

Even that pink of courtesy, Sir John Falstaff, in the play, who never was a niggard of his lungs, would not answer one word when the *must* was put upon him : ' Were reasons,' says that affable knight, ' as cheap as blackberries, I would not give you one upon compulsion,' which is but another word for duty. And now we are upon this chapter, Gentlemen, give me leave to copy from you, and tell you a short story. A nobleman who shall be nameless, in King Charles the Second's time,

kept a chaplain that was a rake-hell enough in all conscience. He would break windows, kick and cuff, get drunk and swear, and do all the boisterous things you can think of, as uncanonically as any of his cloth. This fellow had not lived a full month with my lord (by the same token that they kept him as hot as a glass-house all the while), but weary, it seems, of his reception, he came staggering into the room where my lord was drinking with some friends. 'Faith, my lord,' says he, 'you and I must part, before George we must.' 'Why so, Doctor, have not I used you with all civility?' 'You mistake me, my good lord, I love drunkenness as well as ever a peer of you all; but, a plague, I hate the thoughts of being forced to mount the guard every night, I hate to be confined to it. You make drunkenness a duty, my lord, and consequently a virtue, and, I would have you know, I hate all virtue.' Pray let me advise you to think of this at your leisure.

I come now to those worthy gentlemen who are against enclosures of all sorts, and fall upon the first game they can start. Not to call their judgment in question, which they never put to the expence of choosing for them, I would fain be informed why a man should be so fool-hardy as to expose himself to the *fortune de la guerre*, when there's no occasion for it? Or what mighty satisfaction is there in coming off with the loss of a leg or an arm, when he might have kept himself safe? Were there no such things as diseases in the world, and had Columbus never discovered an Indies, perhaps I might be reconciled to this sort of life; but as I am a professed disciple of Epicurus, I would, by my good will, husband every moment to the best advantage. For this reason I scorn to take up pleasure, as young prodigals do money, at 50 per cent interest; and 'tis for this very reason that I abominate drunkenness, the only pander that can make you swallow intriguing in common, because a man gives half an hour's seeming satisfaction, and two or three days' real sickness.

I am now arrived to the last part of my indictment, where you play all your small shot at me because I have thought fit to be particular with an actress. Some of you infer that such a choice has more vanity than love in it. Admit it has, yet I shall never be ashamed to act upon so honest and universal a principle. What first set up a coach and six, but vanity? My lady might shew herself to as much advantage in a chariot and two; and if my lord would condescend now and then to beat the hoof, as his predecessors did before him, it would not be the worse for his honour's health. What introduced periwigs as big as

hay-cocks, when the border, of venerable memory, would have served the turn as well ; or what justifies those gigantic grievances called commodores¹, but vanity ? In short, what furnishes luxury, and sets off magnificence ; what plunders every corner of the world, and puts us upon ransacking every element, but this very same inspirer of all our motions, for which you wisely condemn me ?

You may rail at vanity as long as you please ; but I would not give a farthing for a woman whom all the town does not desire to lie with. For this reason I would have her frequently seen by all the young fellows, and myself, that enjoys her, pointed at in the streets and envied by all that know me. This sets an edge upon a man's inclination, tho' it flagged never so much before, and makes his mistress still new and charming, because still desired by others. Indeed some of you are pleased to call the playhouse a hot-bed. If this were any reproach, so are the exchanges and the boarding-schools ; so, in short, is all London, and ten miles about it. I was in my passion going to say all the island ; and if I had said it, I think in my conscience I had not been guilty of scandal. After all, if the playhouse is a hot-bed, so much the better ; for I have a mortal aversion to coldness, and every thing that resembles it.

But to expect constancy from a she-player ! I always thought them made of the same ingredients as the rest of their sex ; and if they have not their hypocrisy to answer for, I think 'tis a sign of their discretion at least. 'Tis an article of my creed that no woman is constant but she that finds it her interest to be so. If that cannot keep my damsel within due bounds, I shall never break my heart for the matter.

And to conclude this letter, if I must be cheated, which I am afraid is the case of us all, I had rather it should be done by a Jew, from whom we expect it and whose profession it is, than by a snivelling precise villain, that has a text for doing it. Gentlemen, I am

Your most humble Servant.

From a Vintner in the City, to a young Vintner in
Covent-Garden

COUSIN JOHN,

You have done two very adventurous things of late ; you have taken a new house, and a new wife, and all in the compass of a week, not having the fear of some late Acts of Parliament before your eyes,

¹ This was the top-knot of a lady's cap, which stood up stiff and fan-shaped, like a section of a ruff.

which have made house-keeping so very chargeable. After this convincing proof of your boldness, should you take a lion by the whiskers it would not surprize me. For, Cousin, to deal plainly with you, you have set up in a very perilous time, when 'tis fall of the leaf with poor tradesmen all the year round. The taxes run high, but never was there such an ebb of money since the creation. Drunkenness, the Lord be praised, notwithstanding all that the new reformers have done to it, still makes a shift to maintain its ground. If it leaves one liquor, it takes up with another, like the sea which, what it loses in one place gains somewhere else. All the nation, to give them their due, would be drunk if they could, to forget their sorrows; but, alas! not one quarter of the nation can afford to be at the expence of it.

The situation of things being thus at this present writing, you ought to manage yourself with more than ordinary discretion, if you intend to make a figure in this transitory world.

In the first place, lay it down for a fundamental rule, never to trust, or at least as seldom as you can. But when you commit that folly, let it not be with men who are protected by their dignity or character, or (what will not be unseasonable advice to one that lives in Covent Garden) with the wits, who are protected from paying by their poverty. The less faith you have for other people, the more charity you shew for yourself; for let the parsons say what they will, I never knew a man of any profession justified by faith. Rather than venture that, cheat as much as you can, I mean in a lawful way. And when you have got an estate, then 'tis time enough to think of compounding your sins with heaven by building a hospital, according to the laudable and ancient practice of the city. If you have a mind to be saved by your faith, take my advice, do it by wholesale, but never by small parcels. In the mean time, get money and promote trade; for that (as a wise alderman long ago observed) is the law and the prophets.

Secondly, consider that the trade of a vintner is a perfect mystery (for that is the term the law bestows on it). Now, as all mysteries in the world are wholly supported by hard and unintelligible terms, so you must take care to christen your wines by some hard names, the farther fetched so much the better; and this policy will serve to recommend the most execrable stumm¹ in all your cellar. A plausible name to an indifferent wine, is what a gaudy title is to a fop, or fine

¹ Unfermented grape-juice, or must, often mixed with dead wine, to cause a new fermentation; the term is also applied to the wine thus renewed.

clothes to a woman ; it helps to conceal the defects it has, and bespeaks the world in its favour. Men naturally love to be cheated, particularly those of our own nation, for the honour of old England be it spoken ; and provided the imposition is not too bare-faced, will meet you half-way with all their hearts. I could name several of our brethren to you who now stand fair to sit in the chair of justice and sleep in their golden chains at church, that had been forced to knock off long ago, if it had not been for this artifice. It has saved the Sun from being eclipsed, the Crown from being abdicated, the Rose from decaying, the Fountain from being drawn dry, and both the Devils from being confined to utter darkness. If your own invention is so barren that it wants to be assisted, or you have not geography enough to christen your wines yourself, I advise you to buy a map of Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy, and there you will find names of places fit for your purpose, and the more uncommon they are, they will be the more taking.

Neither is this piece of policy only practised in ours, but in most other trades. A bookseller, to help the sale of a dull pamphlet, will spruce it up with a most glorious title, and tell you the edition is almost sold off when he has five hundred lying dead upon his hands. A perfumer will pretend that his essences came from Montpellier or Florence, tho' he made them at home. The glover talks of Cordova, and the mercer of Naples, till their lungs are foundered, when both their commodities were of London extraction. And what harm is there in all this ? If the people cannot be pleased otherwise we must, in our own defence, act as the Nonconformist divines do, and humour them in their folly. *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, was the saying of a Christian man who understood the world so well, that he would have made an admirable vintner, had he thought it worth his while.

Thirdly, don't forget to commend your wine for those very qualities that your customers find fault with it ; like the poets of the town, who always justify those passages in their plays for which the critics condemn them. For example, if they say 'tis sour or harsh, ' why, Gentlemen, 'tis the nature of true French wine to be so ' ; if they tell you 'tis small, you must reply that it has a concealed body ; and if they quarrel with it for being heavy and strong, you may stop their mouths by saying 'tis so much the fitter for our climate, and that a frieze coat is not false Latin in England, whatever it may be in a warmer country. At other times it will not be amiss to shift your sails and use another conduct ; as for instance : a company of well-dressed gentlemen come to your



Tom D'Urfev



Sir Richard Blackmore
(*After J. Closterman*)

TWO OF TOM BROWN'S FAVOURITE BUTTS

house, and in respect to their quality and gaudy outsides, you draw 'em the best wine in your vaults. 'Pshaw,' says one, 'what the devil have you brought us here?' 'Damn it,' cries another, 'this stuff is not fit to be served at a porter's burial.' Then you may harangue them to the following tune: 'Why, Gentlemen, this wine, an't please you, tho' it displeases you so much, has the good fortune to be liked by other palates. There's Sir John Squander, and my lord Topewell, and twenty more I could mention, senators, and men of understanding, that drink their gallons of it every night. But, to say the truth, 'tis not, between friends, true orthodox; I find your palates are extraordinary, so I will go down myself and bring you the flower of Europe, though I say it. A small parcel of it came over t'other day; it only grows in one vineyard belonging to the Monks, a plague on 'em I have forgot the place; the greatest part was bought for the king's use, against a public entertainment, and the merchant befriended me with the rest. But for God's sake, Gentlemen, speak not a word of this to any of my customers; you shall have of it for your own company as long as it lasts, but if ever this should be known to my lord, and Sir John, and the W—— country parliament men, that come to my house, I am undone for ever, therefore I hope you'll be secret.' Then fly downstairs like lightning, bring up a flask of the worst wine you have, take off the oil nicely, and present the glass to one of those judicious gentlemen.

Now observe how the scene is altered. 'A plague on't, why this will do,' says the first. 'Do?' cries the second, spirting it critically upon the floor, 'this is fit for angels, and not poor sinful mortals.' 'Why, Jack,' says the third, 'this is exactly the same wine you and I used to make merry with on the other side of the Alps.' 'An't please the lord,' cries the fourth, 'I'll get my full dose on't to-night. Master, we are obliged to you. Here, drawer, bring me up a napkin'; and then a good supper is bespoke, and drunkenness ensues. A certain brother of the quill, that does not live full an hundred miles from the Exchange, has got a brave estate by this very trick, therefore see you put it in practice. There are a thousand other stratagems to be used in our profession, but should I begin to recount but half of them here, I should make this more tedious than a pastoral letter. A little time and experience will soon bring you acquainted with them.

I have nothing now left upon my hands to do, but to answer the scruples you proposed to me in your last, which I will dispatch with all the brevity I am master of. You desire to know whether a vintner

may take advantage of people when they are in their cups, and reckon more than they have had? To which I answer in the affirmative, provided it be done in the way of trade and not for any sinister end. This case has been so adjudged many years ago in Vintners' Hall, and you may depend upon't. Don't you see how in all other trades they never scruple to make a penny of a customer's ignorance (else how could the bookseller in Paul's Churchyard, have palmed Ogilby's Fables with cuts, upon a country wench, for a Common Prayer Book, and told her that Æsop, with his beasts about him, was Adam in Paradise), and is not drunkenness, while it continues upon a man, a state of ignorance? Besides, is it not a sin, a heinous sin? And ought not we, that are in some measure accessory to it, to mortify and punish it? And does any thing more disturb the conscience of an Englishman than to make his pocket do penance? After all, if the fraud is discovered, (and 'tis ten to one whether it be or no), the master of the house is not at all affected by it. A vintner, like the king, can do no wrong. The bar, indeed, may mistake, the drawers may be sons of whores, and mis-reckon; but a master is not to be damned for the transgressions of his servants. Even general councils, with the Pope at the head of 'em, are not infallible. *Humanum est errare.* The poor woman at the bar is but just come out of the country, or the noise of the bell, or the hurry of business, distracted her. 'Gentlemen, to make you amends, I'll call for my quart; I'd not do any ill thing for the universe.' And thus the farce concludes.

In the next place, you would know how you ought to govern yourself in relation to lewd women that gentlemen bring to your house. To which I reply, that as men that have wives are commanded to live as if they had none; so, in this wicked town, a vintner that has eyes must behave himself as if he had them not, and sometimes too he must have no ears, otherwise, 'damned rogue,' and 'cuckoldly villain' would make but ill music in them. So long as all this serves for the promoting of trade, for my part, I think there's no great sin in it; this I am sure of, that if it were not for this practice, our neighbours the apothecaries and surgeons would fairly starve; and, you know, we should love our neighbours as ourselves. The worst effect it produces is in respect to our wives and daughters; it sets their mouths a-watering, and often make them wish to be in the harlot's place. I once knew a vintner's big-bellied wife, that having taken notice of a painful whore who by the sweat of her brows had earned fifteen pints of white wine one night

with fifteen several men, went ill from the bar, and nothing would serve her turn but she must be delivered in the very chair that had assisted so much fornication.

But you'll say 'tis against your conscience. Cousin John, you are a young beginner in the world, therefore follow my direction and clap a muzzle upon your conscience. When you have got twenty thousand pounds in your pocket, you may take off your muzzle, if you think fit, and leave it to itself. Then you may shut up your doors at nine, look as discreetly as the graveſt hypocrite in the city, forbid singing of catches in your house, deliver a gill of wine through the little wicket only, on the Lord's day; call the Sunday the Sabbath, strut to the parish-church at the head of half a dozen notched drawers lugging a Geneva bible between them, and take the sermon in shorthand, as many of your predecessors (when they thought they were wealthy enough to deserve damnation) have done before you. This is all, from

Your affectionate Kinsman.

To my Lady — that married an old decrepit Widower

MADAM,

You have used yourself with greater cruelty than the most barbarous tyrant durſt have done, had it been your ill fortune to come within his power. Algiers itſelf inflicts no ſuch puniſhment upon its vileſt ſlaves as you have voluntarily and freely impoſed upon yourſelf. Mezentius, ſo execrable in hiſtory for tying the living to the dead, reſerved this inhuman uſage only for his enemies; brutal as he was he never dreamed of uſing his friends in that manner, much leſs himſelf. Yet you, madam, have thought fit to praſtiſe it upon one, who, to my knowledge, deſerved a better treatment at your hands.

All the town was melancholy upon the news; but eſpecially thoſe who are in the intereſts of beauty lamented as heartily as ſome pious people do, when they hear of a Chriſtian town fallen into the hands of the infidels. And that we fear is your caſe; for if a man has no other way of ſhewing his faith but by his works, 'tis concluded by all ſides that your lot is fallen upon a perſon who is as nearly related to an infidel as an informer is to a villain.

I have lately read over ſome of the old martyrologies, where innumerable inſtances are to be found of perſons of both ſexes, who

in a fit of devotion practised strange austerities ; but none of them come up to you, even of those who, for the singular mortification they enjoined themselves, have been advanced to the kalendar by Holy Church.

We meet with frequent instances of young virgins that have leapt into the flames to make profession of their belief, and courted death in its most terrible mien, as eagerly as other women do a coronet and a title. Some have attended the sick in hospitals, and in the midst of affluence and plenty have denied themselves the conveniences of life, and mortified in sackcloth. Some, after the priest has done his office, have refused to receive the lawful tribute of matrimony ; and some have obliged themselves to a perpetual silence, which is certainly self-denial enough in a woman. Others have injured their own beauty, to preserve themselves from the courtship of their lovers, or from the lust of tyrants. But, alas ! what relation does this bear to what you have done ? Death puts a period to all our miseries ; but you have given a greater proof of your constancy, by resolving to live. You have confined yourself to a walking infirmary, and nothing but Providence can give you a discharge. You have sacrificed your youth and beauty to one that can enjoy neither, nor will suffer others to do it for him, like the modern library-keeper of St. James's ; he will neither peruse your manuscript, the fairest in the world, nor lend it to others who can make a better use of it. In short, there's never a ghost in Glanville or Aubrey,¹ if he met him in a church-yard, but would take him for his brother spectre. You and your husband, between you, really undergo two of the severest punishments which antiquity believed to be in hell. He, like Tantalus, sees everlastingly before him the fruit which he is not in a capacity of tasting. You, like Sisiphus, take an infinite deal of pains to no purpose, every night, to roll a stone which is no sooner up, but it falls down of itself, and will do so to the end of the chapter.

Tho' I need not exaggerate your own torments to you, who are so well acquainted with them ; yet, as a divine sometimes explains the effects of drunkenness to his parish, that know them as well as himself, give me leave to lay down part of the persecution you undergo, before your eyes, that through me the world may know what you endure.

The night approaches ; but the night which bountifully rewards the pains of other lovers proves but the beginning of your misery.

¹ See note ; page 127.

Even the bed, where all the married world find happiness, or at least a relaxation from their pain, is the scene where you suffer most emphatically. That old solemn piece of antiquity called your husband leads you to this place of real martyrdom but no execution, with his head muffled up in an infinity of caps ; and his lungs, lest music should be wanting to the entertainment, are sure to serenade you all night long. Thus he disturbs your repose, but has nothing about him to reward you for keeping you awake. If he has got his cargo of wine in his guts, he snores by your side as heartily as Gargantua and the monks in Rabelais do after they have rocked themselves asleep with singing the Penitential Psalms. But if, in spite of impotence and age, he attempts to disturb you with his vigour, his shot scarce reaches the walls of the fortress. Thus your fate is just the reverse of Semele, she generously expired in the arms of the thunderer, whereas your fumbler chills you with his warmest embraces ; his very flames give you an ague-fit and, like the weather we have had of late, his summer has a spice of winter in it. The mischief on't is that every day will leave him a worse practitioner ; and time, which softens other hardships, will daily make yours more insupportable.

What is it, then, that could induce your ladyship to pitch upon so rigorous a penance, which your very enemies (were it possible for you to have any) would never have imposed upon you ? Since your body can be no gainer by this wicked match, one would imagine you did it for the benefit of your soul ; but religion produces no such miracles in this age, whatever it has done formerly. 'Tis enough, now, if people stick to it while they get by the bargain ; for few, very few, even those that wear her cloth and eat her bread, will be losers by her.

'Tis, in short, the desire of unrighteous mammon, that has drawn this servitude upon you. You took this nauseous pill only for the sake of the gilding. That pale-faced metal, to purchase which our merchants ransack every corner of the world, made you take up with this leaky, battered vessel ; but with this difference, that whereas they are at liberty to shift their climate as they see fit, you have confined yourself to the latitude of 70, and have settled in a country which is eternally covered with snow, and affords no prospect of a spring. All that your humble servant can do is to wish that your tyrant's reign may be but of short continuance ; which is the daily prayer of —

LYSANDER

A Consolatory Letter to Mr. H——, on his being a Cuckold

SIR,

I am none of the best comforters in the world ; however, yours is so common and easy a case that any one may set up for a Doctor and pretend to prescribe remedies for it. You send me word you are a cuckold, and desire my advice upon the matter. Why, is this a time to complain of cuckoldom ? You ought to have reconciled yourself to that point long ago, before you ventured into the holy State, and not mortify with the thought on't now, when you can't help yourself. A soldier should consider, before he lists, how he can bear the loss of an arm or leg. If he meets with an unlucky shot, 'tis but the chance of war ; and if he comes off in a whole skin, 'tis more than he could expect, and Providence used him better than he deserved. The oracle in Rabelais, to which you are no stranger, long ago declared, That every married man either has been, or is, or will be a cuckold ; and could you ever hope to elude an oracle ? For my part, 'tis no more than what I expected to hear of you every post. You have long been jealous of your wife, and now it comes home to you ; for jealousy does as naturally ripen into cuckoldom as a caterpillar into a horned insect called a butterfly. However, you have got this by the bargain, that it has cured you, God be thanked, of your jealousy, which is one of the worst torments a man can have ; and who would not bear with a saucy companion, to get rid of the devil ? But after all, what you complain of is no disgrace ; you share it in common with the Cæsars and Pompeys, and most of the heroes of former ages, and with the N—— and M—— of this, besides an infinite number of Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Bishops, Knights, Aldermen, Deans, Archdeacons, Heads and Governors of Colleges and Halls. Who would regret to be joined in so good a company ?

But your family is dishonoured, and so, perhaps, it has been, twenty times since the Conquest. I told you before, I am no extraordinary hand at comforting. A thousand other families have been subject to the same calamity, and why you should expect to fare better than your neighbours, I don't understand. 'But if I had deserved it from my wife.' Why, so much the better still. Other people use to comfort themselves in their misfortunes by reflecting upon their innocence, and why should not you ? If your wife has a fancy to go to the devil, let her

ne'er lose her longing. Rather than that should happen, do by her as Charles the Fifth is said to do by a flying enemy, build her a bridge to go thither.

Well, but 'what would you have me to do?' You say, Job, and Plutarch, and Seneca have been so often prescribed to people in your condition that I won't offer them to you. My advice is, then, that you come to Town as soon as you can, and take a lodging in Cheapside, or near Whitehall, and there, I'll pass my word for't, you'll be thought no monster; though you unmannerly folks in the country stare at a cuckold as much as here we do at a king's evidence just after a new plot; yet London's a civil place, and we think him no prodigy here. But if your affairs won't give you leave to come to Town, my next advice is to retaliate upon your neighbours, plant cuckoldom as thick as you can in your hundred, and for that end get in with the aunts, the nurses, and midwives; but above all, secure the church, and get the clergy on your side. When your numbers are grown pretty considerable, make a descent into the next hundred, and so on till you have made the whole county of a piece. When you have effected this, you'll be above the reach of scandal, your multitudes will protect you, and then you'll live as comfortably as we do here in London. But 'what shall I do with my wife?' I have already told you. Build her a bridge, and lose no time.

I am

Your loving Cousin,

T. B.

To W. Knight, Esq., written in the time of the frost,¹ January 22

DEAR SIR,

'Tis a sign I am never weary of keeping a correspondence with you, since I can afford to do it at this terrible juncture, when the ink freezes as I write. But you must expect nothing else from me but what you would hear in every coffee-house, were you in town, and that is, to be entertained about the frost. The common people here are of opinion that the Northern monarch,² who has done us the honour of a visit, has brought his own country-weather along with him, and they confirm it with a very good instance; for they remember that when the Morocco

¹ On January 25, 1697-8, Luttrell writes in his diary, 'Yesterday a great frost broke, which had continued about 3 weeks, with great snowes: the River Thames was frozen over with it, so that in some places several persons went across it.'

² Peter the Great arrived in London on January 10.

ambassador was here we had the hottest summer that ever was known. Thus, according to these merry philosophers, every foreigner that comes to see us takes care, like Nicholas in the *Virtuoso*, to bottle up some of the air of his own climate, and retail it among us here.

It has been a general complaint that all the seasons but winter have been of late inverted. Mr. Flamsteed,¹ you know, has asserted that the sun has been out of order this good while ; and a friend of yours, who loves dearly to sit up a-nights, being asked what was the reason that he never saw him, replied that he could not endure to see sick folks. 'Tis no wonder that he can do no more in January, since for eight years he has been scarce able to maintain his summer quarters, and winter has had the impudence to bully him even in his own dog-days. Indeed, if he decays in proportion to what he has done of late, the Lord have mercy, say I, on Dr. Burnet's hypothesis² ; for he'll be no more able to cause a general conflagration than Parr was to get a bastard in the hundred and fifty-second year of his age.

But to leave off these metaphysical contemplations. If this severe season lasts many days longer it will as effectually try the orthodoxy of people's constitutions as the new Act³ concerning King James will shew who is staunch to the Government and who not. We used to say in the late reign that if popery proved to be long-lived, 'twould soon be found out who were in the interests of the Whore of Babylon. But this frost, I conceive, will make truer and juster discoveries ; for a man, if he's wickedly inclined, may play a thousand tricks with his faith and nobody be the wiser ; but the devil is in him, if such searching weather (which penetrates deeper than the Inquisition) does not extort very unlucky confessions from his carcass, especially if in his younger days he studied natural philosophy in Covent Garden. I can't tell how it fares with you in the country, but here in town, water is scarcer than its opposite element, fire.

A friend of mine happened yesterday to be in a tavern kitchen near the Custom House, and complaining of the cold. 'Lord,' says a sea-captain to him, 'this is nothing, Sir, to what I have felt ; no more as

¹ John Flamsteed [1646-1719] was the first Astronomer Royal.

² Dr. Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charterhouse, published a *Theory of the Earth*, about 1692, which occasioned much discussion.

³ Probably the Act of 1698, making it High Treason to hold intercourse orally, by writing or by message, with the exiled royal family. A date was also fixed after which none who had gone into France during the late war, or who had fought against the country, would be allowed to reside in the kingdom except by special licence.

God shall judge me, than a tooth-picker is to the main-mast of the *Britannia*. I made the north-east voyage and have been in a country, Sir, where they don't bury between Michaelmas and Lady-day. 'What,' said my friend, 'don't the people die all that time?' 'Yes, a pox on them, they die fast enough; but the ground is as hard as a flint, and they are forced in their own defence to pile up their dead folks in the belfry, as we do faggots in a wood-yard, and tie pieces of paper about their necks, for all the world, Sir, as your good housewives in the country do about their cordial bottles to know them again; and so they bury them at spring of the year.' 'Sir,' says my friend to him, 'you seem to be an honest gentleman, and I don't doubt but what you tell me is true; for I, in my time, have been a piece of a traveller, and have passed a month or two among the Samoeids, where it is so excessive cold that, as in Italy and other hot countries, they forbid the priests to preach out of the Canticles during July and August, for fear of putting some odd whimsies into the heads of the people, so here, the patriarch of Moscow forbids all the clergy, under pain of suspension, not to make the least mention of the roasting that is used in the other world, lest they should set all their congregations a-longing to be there. In short, noble captain, the parsons take as much care to conceal the doctrine of hell-fire, for the reason above-mentioned, as they do the Bible from the laity in Spain.' The captain graciously thanked my friend for his news, and so they parted.

One would be apt to imagine, 'twas in such weather as this that David penned the Psalms, where he advises people to look to their ways. The streets are so excessive slippery that a man runs through half the danger of an East India voyage, in passing only from Temple Bar to the Change in a coach; and if he ventures it on foot, he's obliged to walk with the same precaution upon the king's highway, as your fellows in Bartholomew Fair manage themselves upon the high-rope. For want of observing this direction, a country gentlewoman, t'other day, met with a sad mischance at the corner of Fetter Lane, for up flew her heels, and off came her commode, and she unluckily discovered a hideous breach in her fabric, at which two foot-soldiers ran away in a fright, and a grave citizen that passed by was exceedingly scandalized.

The physicians and surgeons, however, are no losers by this season, for what between phthisick and fever (which really makes a handsome figure in the weekly bill), and those providential blessings called broken arms and legs, both professions find as much employment as Dr. Oates

will tell you the pimps had at Whitehall in the reign of King Charles II. Our divines need not be over-nice in what they preach, for there is such everlasting barking in the churches that though the parson had the lungs of twenty trumpeters yet 'twere impossible to understand a syllable he says. Some phthisicky old gentleman leads up a cough, his next neighbour immediately takes the hint from him, a third pursues it, and so the snow-ball rolls merrily on, till at last the whole congregation joins in the chorus, and one side of the church answers the other as regularly and harmoniously as two contending nightingales in a hedge, or the vicars in the new choir at St. Paul's. The Thames is in great danger of being made a captive, and of wearing fetters, which he generously endeavours to throw off every tide, and never was so true an emblem as now, of that noble-spirited island of which he is the defence as well as ornament, which can never have chains put upon it of any continuance.

I am sorry to find by your last, that your neighbour Mr. H—— grows fat upon marriage; for I don't see how he can answer it to his conscience. Marriage is a lean, hungry, craving soil, on which he that can fatten, may raise an estate in Scotland. Ecclesiastical history tells us of a bishop that suspended one of his priests for no crime but because he had a double chin. That prelate could not be persuaded that his curate preached, and prayed, and minded the business of his parish, so long as he carried such an unapostolical badge about him. Pray acquaint your friend Mr. H—— with this adventure of the double chin, and tell him from me that neither canon, nor civil, nor common law will justify him in making a sinecure of his wife. I am

Your most humble Servant,

THO. BROWN

Some Remarks upon Marriage

Marriage being the port or haven at which most of the sons and daughters of Eve design to touch, sooner or later, 'tis no wonder that people are universally curious to know how this ticklish ceremony is performed in other countries. We find, here at home, that the first place in the Common Prayer Book that young maidens generally dip in is the service of matrimony. I once knew a raw girl that could readily make all the responses in that office, before she could answer one

question in her catechism ; which occasioned her father, who was a grave old gentleman, to wish that her sex would take as much care to prepare themselves for their latter, as for their first end ; for so it proves to most of them.

It has been frequently said that marriage and hanging go by destiny ; but, for my part, I am no Predestinarian, neither do I believe, with the rest of the world, that matches are made in heaven, any more than I believe that all oxen are bought and sold there before they come to Smithfield Market. But though I am no admirer of destiny, as I said before, yet I would not have anyone infer from thence that I believe there's no manner of resemblance between hanging and marrying. For hanging, with reverence be it spoken, as well as marrying, is performed by tying a knot which death only dissolves ; and they agree, too, in this particular (which is more suitable to the occasion of the book) that all civilized countries in the world observe different fashions in one, no less than the other.

The Roman Catholics make a sacrament of matrimony and, in consequence of that notion, consider it confers grace. The Protestant divines don't carry matters so high, but say it ought to be understood in a qualified sense ; and that marriage so far confers grace as, generally speaking, it confers repentance, which everybody knows is a step to grace.

It must be confessed on all hands that marriage is the most serious action that a man can engage in, and therefore we ought to think of it as we do of our latter end, with fear and trembling. For this reason I cannot endure to hear people pass their ill-natured jests upon so holy an ordinance. If it is a man's good fortune to meet with a good wife, he ought to date his happiness in this world from that very moment ; and if she proves not as he desires he ought to look over the catalogue of his sins and interpret it as a visitation, or at least to take it patiently. For my part, commend me to that gentleman who having married a lady of an extraordinary capacity, never complained of his fate, nor made his spouse uneasy, but honestly thanked God that now he had a hole to put his head in.

The ladies that read a book called *Marriage Ceremonies*¹ will find sufficient reason to thank Providence that they were born in so good-natured an island as ours is, where the preliminaries to marriage are nothing near so morose and severe as they are in some places of the world. To give an instance of this, our author of the *Marriage*

¹ Translated by Tom Brown from the Italian of Gaya ; published in 1704.

Ceremonies tells us (p. 51): 'Among the Sabrians (a sort of mongrel Christians, that live on the confines of Persia next Turkey) the parties meeting together at church, the minister makes the bride swear before the women that she is a virgin.' As ill an opinion as the world unjustly entertains of our females, I am very well satisfied that there are above forty thousand conscientious wives, within the bills of mortality, that would have lost all, before they would have taken so rash and ensnaring an oath. How is it possible that a woman should positively swear to an imaginary thing, which may be lost (the Lord knows how) between sleeping and waking? This I am sure of, that no husband was a jot the securer for prescribing arbitrary and unlawful oaths.

Yet, great hardship as this may seem to be, it is nothing in comparison with hardships practised in some countries, even after the nuptial ceremonies are performed. Thus we find in the said book (p. 42): 'That among the Greeks, if the women find in the bed the next day any sign of a lost virginity, they make a great feast; but when that is wanting they say nothing, the bridegroom sending back the bride to her relations and friends.' The same inhuman custom is likewise observed by the Persians, as the reader may see (p. 64), by the Moors of Morocco (p. 73), the inhabitants of the kingdom of Fez (p. 75), by those of Algiers and Tunis (p. 79), by the Spaniards, who retain this custom from the Moors (p. 22), and lastly by the Jews in Barbary. As for the latter, I don't wonder at it to find such usage among them, because they were a stiff-necked people, that was always demanding signs and tokens; nor among infidels and Mahometans. But that any Christians, that are happily freed from the Levitical bondage, should still hanker after the old superstitious leaven, is a matter of the greatest astonishment to me. I cannot but reflect with horror how many ladies in England, that now live comfortably with their husbands and are blessed with a numerous issue, had been shamefully discarded and sent home, if ever such an unrighteous fashion as this had got footing among us. It seems to argue a great deal of cruelty in the men, that they should relish no pleasure but what comes at the expence of their dearest consorts. But it is my daily prayer that Providence will protect the free-born women of England from such bloody-minded husbands.

But though the greatest part of the world are so extravagantly fond of virginity, yet we find there are some people that have other notions of things. Our said author (p. 88) acquaints us, 'That when one of Cochin marries, whosoever he is, he may not lie with his bride the

first night, but is obliged to give her to a brachman, who lies with her ; and that they believe this to be a favour and a good omen.' I hope their parishes in this country are not of a large extent, otherwise the priest has more work upon his hands than he will go through with, unless he keeps a curate or two to relieve him when marriages come in thick. The holders-forth of our conventicles affect to be thought great painstakers, and really deserve the name, for their bands will testify for them, both in the dog-days and out of the dog-days, that they sweat exceedingly. But, alas ! what is this, if considered in the same scales with the drudgery that these priests undergo in their ministry ! I have often wondered that the popish clergy, that stand up so stiffly for the divine right of first-fruits, don't troop in shoals to this kingdom, where they voluntarily pay such an extraordinary tribute to the Church.

'Tis observable that in most countries of the world this ceremony is performed by the priesthood who, if they equally assumed the power of loosing as they do to that of tying, would have more business upon their hands than they could well dispense. In Turkey married people are joined together by the Cadey, or civil magistrate, and here in England, in Oliver's time, by a justice of peace ; the reason alleged for it, then, was that none was so well qualified to marry others as he who, by his office, was empowered to lay people by the heels and put them into the stocks.

As I have already taken notice, in several countries virginity is reckoned so essential to marriage that the poor bride is inhumanly dismissed and sent home to her relations if she be found defective in that particular ; but in this author we find that all the world is not of this humour ; in Pegu, of the *Marriage Ceremonies* (p. 96), ' The king and those of the greatest quality lie not the first night with their wives, but admit others, and pay them bountifully that will give themselves the trouble.' With all due respect to our women be it spoken, I humbly conceive, that one-half at least of the married men in this kingdom, if they will speak their minds freely, must do their wives the justice to own that they saved this porters-drudgery, as a monarch (not inferior to Solomon for wisdom) rightly called it. Our neighbours of Scotland, before they came to be civilized, used to lie the first night with the bride of their vassals ; but now they have flung up such a troublesome piece of state, and make their tenants drudge for themselves.

We rail at the Church of Rome, and not without reason, for exacting implicit obedience from her sons, but, alas ! what signifies it to take a

few articles upon the credit of the priest ; but to take a wife (as our author tells us they do in Muscovy, and other places) without seeing her once, or knowing what defects she may have, is somewhat hard upon the subject. Heaven be praised that here in England we are not forced to buy a pig in a poke ; nay, there are some married men in the world that were as intimately acquainted with their wives before marriage as ever they were after. See now what it is to live under a free government, and to have Magna Charta on one's side.

To conclude these reflections, it is my hearty advice that all unmarried persons would choose themselves proper spouses at the first opportunity, in order to recruit those numbers that have been destroyed in the wars, and not suffer their talents to be buried in a napkin, for which they must severely answer one day. And as for those that are married, the best way they can take, I presume, is to live as easy as they can ; and following the good counsel of Hobson the carrier,¹ so to manage themselves as not to tire before their journey's end.

A Consolatory Letter to Mr. H——, being a farther Consolation
on his Cuckoldom, etc.

SIR,

I find by your answer that my advice had not that good effect upon you which I expected. You still complain of your unhappiness, and disturb yourself and your friends with chimeras of your own creating. If I thought complaining would make you a farthing the better, I would out-weep a church-spout, and out-lament a widow that has buried three husbands and now laments for a fourth. Or if I thought you wanted any spiritual cordials, I would send you a cart-load of sermons, to teach you that patience which the preachers of them could never practise. But you are a *malade imaginaire*, and Molière would sooner bring you to yourself than a divine. In short, think no more of the viper that stung you, and you are well.

You talk much of what people do in Spain upon these occasions ; but what have you and I to do with them ? Are we to regulate our eating by the sots of Lapland, or to go naked in complaisance to the savages under the line ? Had you lived in Spain, perhaps I had preached revenge to you ; and out of great concern for your person, advised you

¹ The well-known Cambridge carrier.

to venture the gallows because, forsooth, your wife, with the sweat of her brows, had earned damnation. But since you live in a country where the people are wiser than to be enslaved by such foolish notions, pray suffer yourself to be governed by the maxims of it. I tell you once more, cuckoldom is no scandal in our nation; and if you were the first and ancientest—in England, I could say no more to you. If it is the rarity that makes the monster, you'll never come within the number of them. 'Tis only the married men who are not cuckolds that, properly speaking, are the monsters here; as in Guinea, 'tis not those that have huge lips and flat noses, but those that have them otherwise, are really the deformed.

The old Romans, who may be supposed to have had as just sentiments of honour as the nicest Dons of Castile, were guided by wiser maxims. In case of infidelity, the wife was sent home with infamy to her virtuous relations; but no manner of disgrace reflected upon the husband. Pompey, the conqueror of so many kings, Cicero, the father of eloquence, and Cæsar, the master of the universe, had all of them wives that proved as arrant recreants as yours: yet we don't find that they thought themselves a farthing the worse for it, or that they railed at their stars, or flew into such extravagancies as you do. Cicero in particular, that has written so many consolatory treatises to relieve a man under all the misfortunes and accidents of human life, as banishment, poverty, the loss of friends, old age, disgrace, and the like, yet never thought it worth his while to part with one single drop of comfort out of his philosophical *Aqua Vitæ* bottle to cure the heart-burning of a cuckold. And, Jack, shall it ever be said, to the infamy of old England, that heathens, uncircumcised heathens, could practise that patience which you that, God be thanked, live under a meeker dispensation, cannot reconcile yourself to?

You'll tell me, perhaps, that the Romans bore this with the greater resignation because they could make themselves amends out of the sex, and marry another wife as soon as they had dismissed the former. On the other hand, I think 'tis happy for you that you live in a Christian country where they won't let you cut your fingers the second time with a knife, as long as the instrument that wounded you last is in being. There's a fable in *Æsop* that fits your case exactly; therefore pray listen to it with due attention and reverence. A shepherd kept a flock of sheep near the sea, and observing it to be wonderful calm for a long time, had an itch upon him to turn merchant-adventurer; that is to say, in plain

English, a gentleman liking the outside of the fair sex well enough, picks out one to his purpose and resolves to marry. So he converts his sheep and other moveables into a purse of money, buys a parcel of dates, and puts to sea ; that is to say, furnishes him a house, provides a fine suit of clothes, goes to Duke's Place and marries. A tempest ruffles him cruelly there (this tempest, Jack, by the by, is cuckoldom), so that he was forced to throw his dates over-board, to lighten his ship ; that is to say, his wife was so damned a thorn in his side that he was forced to drink her to death, to get rid of her. And thus, with much ado, escapes to shore and returns to the old place, to follow his old profession ; that is, breaks up house-keeping and lives privately, as he did before. A few days after, finding old Father Ocean to look merrily about the gills, that is, some of the sex smile and simper, as if they had a design to hook him into matrimony again ; 'a plague take you,' says he, 'for a dissembler. What, your chops water for more dates, I warrant ; but I'll see you hanged before you shall have any.' I don't question, Jack, but that there are twenty and twenty women in our neighbourhood that long to be fingering your dates ; but if you'll follow the shepherd's example, they shall all lose their longing.

Well, we have got over this troublesome point ; and now nothing vexes you but that your wife should run away with a soldier (a confounded ensign I think you call him), and an ugly fellow too. But this is the most fantastical complaint that ever was heard. It puts me in mind of an Irishman in the Civil Wars who, when he was going to be hanged, set nothing to heart but that he must be trussed up in a halter, and not in a withe. If your house was robbed, I suppose it would be all a case to you whether it was a beau or chimney-sweeper that did you the honour to rifle you, and in your present misfortune, what relief would it be to you that a blue garter planted your horns, any more than a blue apron, the deuce take me if I can see. But you, I find, are somewhat of Bessus's humour in the play, who comforted himself after a good kicking, that his honour had not suffered, because in the first place 'twas a lord that kicked him, and secondly, 'twas done with a Spanish-leather slipper. In your next letter I expect to find you lamenting because the fact was done under a hedge, or upon a bare floor, and not with the usual accommodations in bed. Once more, 'the fellow was ugly.' Why, so much the better still, the cockatrice of your bosom will have the less to say for herself another day, and that ought to be no little comfort, Jack, to one in your case. Besides, it justifies the old

saying, that subjects, and wives, when they revolt from their lawful sovereigns, seldom choose for a better.

As for her pitching upon a soldier to be her gallant, I don't wonder at it. The gentlemen in red, and their brethren in black, have for several ages been in possession of the sex ; the latter, upon the account of their secrecy, which may be the reason, perhaps, why they wear the rose, the badge of silence, in their hats ; and the other upon the score of the mighty performances which the women expect from them. The ladies imagine them all to be heroes ; and as the laity formerly believed that black conferred grace and Greek, so they vainly think that red gives the wearers of it courage and vigour above their neighbours. If we may believe antiquity, Vulcan had a broader back than Mars, and was the stronger made of the two ; yet the latter, with the powerful charms of the embroidered coat and Steenkirk cravat, so won the Goddess's heart that she was easily tempted to cuckold the poor blacksmith. In short, women are like mackerel, bait but a hook with a piece of red cloth, and you infallibly take them.

But to return to the chapter of ugliness, from which we have digressed. I told you before, 'twould make it the worse for your wife at the Resurrection ; but upon second thoughts, I don't know but she may have a great deal to say for herself. You are a handsome fellow, Jack, I own it ; but perhaps you have convinced her by sorrowful experience that, as the proverb has it, all is not gold that glitters. Who can tell but your wife has read natural philosophy enough to know that where the ground was the roughest, the most unpromising surface, there the richest mines lie below.

After all, whether it is so or not, variety is a mighty matter ; and much may be said on so fertile a head. People love to alter their hands, though it is not always for the better ; a clear instance of this we find in Plautus's *Amphytrio*. Jupiter, who by the high post he stood possessed of, one would think, should have no gross palate, lies with Alcmene the very night before she was delivered of two chopping infants. The lady, for her part, was complaisant, that's certain ; but women, generally speaking, are not so refractory as camels are, that when they have got their burden rise up and will carry no more ; so this is no great wonder. But what the deuce should bewitch a lover that had the whole universe before him, to make his son Mercury pimp for him for the space of twenty-four hours by the clock, to put himself to the expence of a miracle, to make the moon and the rest of the stars do double duty, to

keep back the sun, and make an universal disorder in nature, and all to carry on a foolish intrigue with a big-bellied woman ! 'Tis agreed by all the Dutch commentators, that he would never have done so much for Juno, his lawful spouse, in one of her most engaging moments, with all the advantages of dress and art to recommend her, much less under such embarrassing circumstances. What then may we imagine to be the reason of it ? Why, that partly variety and partly itch of making a cuckold, engaged him in this expedition. But all this while, I forget that I am pleading for your wife, like the bishop that was employed to write against Luther, and turned one of his party.

Thus I have briefly run over all your scruples, and endeavoured to make you *rectus in curia* ; but before I conclude, give me leave to tell you a short story. A gentleman of my acquaintance had a tenant that rented about some forty shillings a year of him. The hut he lived in was a sad, wretched hole, made up of a few feeble poles, covered with mud, dung, and straw ; 'twas not to be mentioned in the same year with a crow's-nest, either for the materials, the convenience, or architecture of it. The least puff of wind ruffled it more severely than a hurricane does a ship in the Indies. The discharge of a gun at a quarter of a mile's distance would give it a tertian ague for a fortnight. As for the furniture, it was all of a piece with the building, half a score wooden spoons, with a platter of the same metal, a broken-backed chair, and what they called a bed, by a bolder catachresis than is to be found in all Mr. Cleveland.¹ It was not so much as furnished with a suit of Grub Street tapistry ; I mean, a set of protestant ballads, or the devil tempting a London 'prentice, or the tanner's advice to his children, or the royal family on horseback, to keep the poor walls in countenance. The fellow's whole substance was a bee-hive, half a score cabbages, and an apple-tree in the yard ; on the success of which he depended ; a tit that sharpened for his livelihood on the common, but as lean as a projector's footman ; a cow, whose milk was meat and drink, and her tail an almanack for the family ; with a cock strutting at the head of a progeny ; and a brace of pigs educated within doors, and served with as much care as the heir-apparent to the cottage. His music, when he came home, was to hear a litter of young dirty children squalling on one side of him, and the above-mentioned *Messieurs de Porcraugnac* grunting on the other, and his

¹ John Cleveland, the cavalier poet, whose prose and verse were very popular in his time. His works were reissued in 1677.

rank two-handed spouse (that never had a drop of water touch her face since the parson sprinkled her at the font, by the same token even then it made her cry out) endeavouring to keep the king's majesty's peace between them.

Yet amidst all this poverty and filthiness the fellow looked merry and in good humour, snored as contentedly at church as the best of his neighbours, in an old Sunday coat that had outlived six generations ; still whistled at his work ; and what is more, without any of the parish to assist him, once a year got his wife with child. So his landlord asked him what shift he made to keep himself so cheerful and merry ? ' Why, master,' says he, ' when I think of such fine folks as your worship, that ride in your coaches, and eat and drink of the best, without doing any thing for it, why then, an't please you, I can't forbear cursing my old father for begetting me under such a starving planet. But when I consider how few are in your case, and how many millions in the same condition with myself, if not in a worse, why then I set my hand to my plough, and jog on as merrily as I can.' Jack, this story needs no application. Do but think of the millions you have on your side, enough to confound the Turk and Pope, nay, to carry the whole world before you, if you knew your own strength ; do but think how many noblemen and courtiers you have to lead the van, how many cits to bring up the main body, how many soldiers to fight, lawyers to plead, physicians to prescribe, and divines to pray for you, and I dare engage you'll sleep heartily upon't, and persecute me with no more of your whining letters ; who am

Your humble Servant,

THO. BROWN

Postscript

A physician of my acquaintance, that has heard of your misfortune, called upon me this morning, just as I had ended my letter ; and lest my advice should fail of making a good impression upon you, was so kind to send you the following prescription. If these precepts won't cure you, we must proceed to topics ; and one of the best remedies I know is what follows. ' When your discontented soul labours with a little brow-anguish, take a child's coral, with a whistle and bells to it, moisten it with fasting spittle, and rub your forehead with it *ter in die horis medicis*. It will make your brow-antlers cut easy ; for some cuckolds are as froward under the breeding of horns, as some children are under the breeding of teeth.' Once more adieu !

A Letter to the Reverend Mr. — in Essex, Grazier,
Physician, and Parson

I have had a mind to write to thee this long while, but the misfortune on't is that a man does not know how to accost thee, without being at the pains to consult the Heralds' Office. Geryon, of triple-headed memory, gave his subjects, I suppose, the same trouble. When they came to deliver a petition to him, they found themselves as much embarrassed which of his heads to address, as I find myself at present under which of your three capacities I am first to consider you. In short, I am told you have got three strings to your bow, that you are a parson, a grazier, and a physician. Now, which of these is your top profession, I mean, that which brings you in the most money, the Lord knows. However, hoping the best still of the church, this comes to tell you, reverend Sir, that I am glad at your good fortune, and wish you all the prosperity you can desire.

All your friends here in town are extremely pleased at your grafting the grazier upon the clergyman. You have reduced things, they say, to their primitive condition, and joined two trades, as the world makes them now, that lived peaceably together long before the Flood. The old patriarchs, you know, were both priests and graziers, and had an equal jurisdiction over their two-legged and four-legged congregations. When Paganism got footing in the world, the case was somewhat altered; then sacrifices came in play, and the priests and graziers turned butchers; which noble employment, some malicious people will tell you, their successors have kept up under another dispensation.

But as for your joining the physician to the divine, they are not so well satisfied. Some wondered why you would take up a profession that lies under the imputation of being in the hands of atheists. But, gentlemen,' said I, 'don't trouble yourselves for that matter; for let a parson tack a hundred other professions to his own, yet I'll engage that, like oil among other liquors, the clergyman will float uppermost.' Besides, who knows but it was your ill-fortune to live amongst such a refractory, perverse people that would not knock off in any reasonable time, but lived long on purpose to spite their relations, and defraud the church of its perquisites! The ropes grew mouldy, and the bells were in danger of forgetting their notes for want of exercise; and the grass

in your church-yard, for want of being corrected by the spade, grew so scandalously and enormously high that the archdeacon complained of it at the visitation. Then the poor sexton, God help him ! finding no employment from the dead, was in a fair way to be starved among the living ; and had as little to do as a pimp at Newmarket, when the Court is not there. Then he and you ; oh ! I beg your pardon, Doctor ; then you and he, under the melancholy yew-tree that faces the church-porch, all alone, like Mr. Dryden's two turtles in the siege of Granada, cooed and murmured to each other's moan, and made as mournful a concert between you, as two seamen's widows in a brandy-shop near the Navy-Office. Husbands complained of their wives, and wives of their husbands for sticking so unmercifully long to one another ; and what is a dreadful thing to consider, there had like to have been a general insurrection of all the young fellows against their most unnatural fathers for the same account. To prevent these and a thousand other inconveniencies, I think it was very discreetly done of you to set up for a physician ; and now I don't question but the bells toll merrily, the ropes are made tractable with using, the church-yard looks like a place of business, and your sexton can afford to treat himself with a capon at supper.

As I was reading Caligula's life the other morning, you came into my head, I protest, and I could not forbear wishing that it had been your good luck to live under his auspicious reign. That emperor, who was not partial to his own species but heartily encouraged merit wherever he found it, whether in man or beast, generously bestowed a fat parsonage upon his horse Incitatus whom, by the by, he designed to make Lord Mayor of Rome the next year, but granted him, I suppose, a dispensation to officiate by a curate, because the poor brute had a natural impediment in his speech. So I was thinking with myself, if this noble-spirited prince could present his horse to a rich living, what preferment would he have refused to a gentleman of your ability had you lived in Rome at that time ? But you have forestalled all these wishes in your friends, by the wise course you have taken to get money ; for the devil's in't if three gainful trades in confederacy cannot make a shift to keep the French wolf of poverty from the door.

Some people, indeed, think you come within the canon about pluralities, but that is a jest ; they may as well call a double chin a plurality, and then the Lord have mercy upon the wicked, and give a bear and fiddle that scandalous name, which would touch the copyhold of half the curates in Wales. I would fain know why the incumbent,

where the benefice won't keep body and soul together, should not be suffered to make himself amends in some other employment, as your mercers in a country village, who sell every thing from broad cloth and satin down to tape and pack-thread. Besides, all the world knows that the Reformation stript the Church of confession, and several other advantageous points which kept the laity in good order. Now what could better supply the absence of these things than the profession you have taken up, since we find the world is so wickedly given that they have a greater regard for their transitory bodies than for their souls? So now, if any of your parishioners are obstinate, don't threaten them with the ecclesiastical court, but ply them with pills; don't excommunicate them, but give them physic; for that will sooner send them to the devil than the censure of the Church.

I, that am at so great a distance from you, please myself now and then with the thoughts that I behold you in your own dominions, with as busy a face as a country attorney standing at his door with a brace of pens in his hair. Sometimes I see you in the pulpit, knocking down sin like an ox; sometimes handling of bullocks in the market, and from thence sent for to feel the pulse of a farmer's plump daughter *in ordine ad spiritualia*. Then out comes the clyster-pipe; and when that is administered, the prayer-book is lugged piping-hot out of the same pocket to beg a blessing upon't. The harmony of authors, too, in your library must needs be admirable; Culpepper's *Midwife*, and Dr. Sherlock *Upon Death*; Harvey *de Lue Venerea*, and Burgess of *Original Sin*; Colehatch of *Acids*, and Twisse of the *Gospel Sweets*; the Dispensatory, and the Concordance; a Father, and a Urinal-monger.

But what pleases me most is to hear that you are grown the gravest person in all the country. Whatever you do, keep your gravity, and that will keep you. Some people, I know, will call it dullness; and, to say the truth, dullness and gravity, like the two Sosia's in the play,¹ resemble one another so much that 'tis almost impossible to distinguish them; but no matter for that, still hold to the text of gravity; for the topping men in all professions are protected by their gravity, as the towns in Holland are by the mud and dirt about them.

Having been told of several of your cures, I wish we had you here in Town to shew a piece of your skill upon an old acquaintance of yours,

¹ *Amphitryon, or the Two Sosias*, by Dryden, was produced at Drury Lane in 1690. The parts of the two Sosias were played by Nokes and Leigh, who made great capital of the situation where Mercury (Leigh) becomes the counterpart of the genuine Sosia, Amphitryon's servant.

who is troubled with a dead palsy on one side, which I am afraid he will never recover of, till death or you come to his relief ; I mean poor Harry S—, who has lately married the widow D—. For my part, I can never see him but I think of the^a embalmer in Herodotus, that committed fornication with a dead body. St. Francis, that was forced to run into a heap of snow to correct the insolences of nature, would have turned as cold and motionless as Lot's wife, at the very sight of her. A generous well-bodied calenture, such as they have under the line, may perhaps put her blood into motion ; but a common ordinary fever can no more warm her than you can roast a sirloin of beef by a farthing candle. By this you may guess what a wretched condition your friend is in. If there is any thing in your art that can give this gentlewoman a civil lift into the other world (for really she is too good for this) you are desired to communicate it ; and, besides a good round gratuity, Harry promises you shall preach her funeral sermon. So that after you have destroyed her with your pills, you may likewise murder her with your oratory. I am

Your humble Servant,

THO. BROWN

A Letter to Madam —, kept by a Jew in Covent Garden

At my coming to Town, I was surprized to hear two things : That the duke of Savoy had quitted the Confederates and gone over to the French ; and (what startled me more) that Mrs. Lucy had thrown off her old Christian acquaintance and revolted to the Jews. Faith, child, I could never have imagined that you, of all women in the world, would ever have chosen a gallant out of that religion which clips and diminishes the current coin of love, or could ever be brought to like those people that lived two thousand years on types and figures. But, perhaps, you fancied the nation for the sake of Samson's brawny memory. If you did, you are like to lose your longing ; for you may as well look for some of the race of the two giants at Guildhall in Cheapside, as for any of Samson's progeny in Duke's Place. Some of your friends allege, in your justification, that you were wholly directed by interest in this choice, and troth I can't blame you. Our statesmen and senators, our divines, merchants, and lawyers, all act upon that principle ; and why a poor frail woman should not be allowed the same privileges, I cannot

see. So then, I find, 'tis neither circumcision nor uncircumcision that avails any thing with you, but money, which belongs to all religions ; and you only put in practice what your kind keeper's ancestors did formerly in the wilderness, that is, you fall down before the golden calf which, the Rabbis say, was some excuse for their idolatry.

Upon this footing, I'll allow you to grant some favours to your Old Testament spark, so long as his pot of manna continues full, and you find him, like the land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey. However, in the mean time, consider how his predecessors served the Egyptians, and let it not disturb your pious conscience to use him in the same manner. For your comfort, all our casuists agree that it is no more sin to cheat a Jew than to over-reach a Scot, or to put false dice upon a stock-jobber.

And now, old friend of mine, to tell thee the truth, I have a great inclination upon me to be wonderfully loving to thee, and I'll tell thee the reason. If thou hadst kept still within the pale of the Church, I believe you and I knew one another so intimately well before that I should have lain under no great temptation to trespass with thee. But since thou hast admitted an interloper into thy bosom, I have a wonderful longing to beat up his quarters, and am resolved to cuckold this Eleazar, this Eben-Ezra, this son of circumcision, only to shew my zeal to Christianity. Therefore meet me, dear Lucy, this very evening in the pit ; for I long to know, first, how thou madest a shift to pass the Levitical muster with him ; and, secondly and lastly, to be informed whether Aaron's bells make better music than ours.

Adieu

A Letter from a Gentleman in Holland to his Friend in
England

You may imagine I lead none of the most comfortable lives here, when I tell you that I am quartered in a little pimping village on the frontier of Flanders, where I have no men to converse, and no women to intrigue with. To begin with the former, I am a perfect Barbarian to them, and so I believe I should be, if I lived amongst them till Doomsday. For all I know, they may wish me at the devil, and curse me when I fancy they are at their compliments. However, this is no more temptation to me to learn their croaking language than I should have if I were married, to imitate the jealous Italian in *Poggius*, who gelt himself on

purpose to know whether his wife was true to his bed. Their liquor is so abominable that there's no enduring it ; rather than do penance in such vile stuff two of my soldiers are forced to fill their guts with water every day, and then stand upon their heads a quarter of an hour together, to make themselves giddy, which gives them some feeble representation of drunkenness. In short, I am grown rusty for want of exercise, and pass away my time as uneasily as a poor carp, that has been used to range in a river, does in a little cistern of water at a fishmonger's by Temple Bar.

However, I could make a shift to bear the brutality of men, if the other sex made me amends ; but i'faith they are cold to such a degree that neither love nor wine can thaw them. I must needs own I have the same quarrel with the generality of your women in London, as the clergy have to the laity, that is to say they know too much ; but a plague on't, the females here have the contrary fault, and are such phlegmatic, stupid creatures that a man must live the age of a patriarch among them to teach them to fetch and carry. In short, you may sooner teach a Laplander algebra. Though the virtuosi may be mistaken in their universal character, yet I thought love had an universal language, which was understood from pole to pole, and that he kept an exchange in all corners of the earth, where the two sexes might barter their commodities ; but here, it seems, this traffic is not practised, tho' they trade in every thing else. By signs, and other motions, I can make a shift to tell them what I would eat and drink ; but I cannot, with all that my eyes can speak, with all that my fingers can express, make the women understand my meaning so as to relieve my more pressing necessities. Looking once with a languishing, ridiculous air, as people in love used to do, my landlord's daughter thought I was ill, and a physician was sent for (so I guessed him to be, by the clyster-pipe hanging by his side), but I had the grace to refuse the civilities he designed me. To try her yet farther, I put a pledge into her hands, which the women in all other parts of the globe are willing enough to exchange, and know the value of ; but she looked upon it as unconcerned as a Cheapside cit does at a cuckold, and returned it me back ; and yet the wench was plump and handsome, was past twenty, and seemed to be made of the same good-natured materials with the women in England.

'Tis a common saying, but untrue, that no nation is so barbarous but that love and religion have got footing in it. If we may believe our modern travellers, the Hottentots have no religion ; and I have found

by sorrowful experience that the Dutch women have no taste of love. Whether this proceeds from their natural coldness, which produces the same effects here that grace does in other places, or whether their business, to which they are no less bred than the men, proves too prevalent for all amorous impressions, I can't tell ; but this is certain, that as a modern author expresses himself, we find, among these Pagan people, *un certain usage de pruderie quasi generalement établie, je ne scai quelle vieille tradition de continence, qui passe de mère en fille comme une espèce de religion*. In short, if love be a deity, there are no such damned atheists in the world as in this strange climate. 'Tis true, in other places those of the fair sex may be too profuse in their offerings ; but, as the divines rightly observe, superstition is better than profaneness. Those few here that pretend to own his power, pay their oblations to him with as ill a will, as a breaking tradesman pays his taxes to the government. It does not come from any generous principle within, the heart has no share in the sacrifice ; and the soul, which in other countries loves to assist, and go along with the body upon these occasions, is as unconcerned here as a tradesman's rake-hell 'prentice at a Quakers' meeting.

Not but that there are whores and married women too in this country (which may seem to destroy what I have said before) ; but they know no more what gallantry means than they understand Arabic ; and the former are such rampant, mercenary devils, that they would even lick old Lucifer's cloven feet for a single guilder. In short, there's not one honest Rahab to be found among them, to justify the profession ; and love has ne'er a court in all the seven provinces, where a man can be heard *in forma pauperis* ; which is a sad thing for us poor soldiers, that are not overstocked with the Ready. And then, as I have already told you, those that pass for maids are such insensible things that one may succeed much sooner in his pretensions elsewhere than he can here make himself understood. Or, to express myself in the language of Westminster Hall, one may get his cause tried, enter upon the premises, and levy a fine elsewhere, before he can put in his plea here, let him use all the art he can. The young fellows are made of the same unthinking clay ; they sometimes talk of the flames of love, but 'tis just as we do, at this distance, of the siege of Troy, which nothing concerns us. 'Tis next to an article of faith with them that no evacuation is so refreshing as a belch ; that nothing warms but brandy ; and that nothing is worth a man's courting but money.

Guess, then, what a dismal penance I have undergone in this wicked place ; but now, Heaven be praised, my persecution is like to be at an end ; for next week we are ordered to join the army at Nivelles, where I hope to meet good store of champagne, and to make myself amends out of the female recruits that are arrived from England. Come battle and murder, bloodshed and desolation, fire and faggot ; in fine, any thing but Dutch women, and the curse of sobriety. Thus prays

Your most obliged Servant

To his Mistress, that showed his Letters to his Rival

Your barbarous and unjust usage of me has had this good effect, though I am not at all obliged to you for it, to make me a very good Christian. I was in a fair way to commit idolatry, and to pay my adoration in a wrong place ; so far had a gay outside imposed upon me ! But, Madam, you have absolutely cured me of this superstitious blindness ; and now I can plainly discover the fiend, where I imagined a little before that nothing but a goddess inhabited.

Since my eyes have been thus opened, I can look upon the fairest of your sex without finding the least emotion in my heart ; and the most beautiful woman of heaven's making affects me no more than one of Sir Godfrey's.¹ Nay, in some respect, the copy may be said to exceed the original ; it has as fair and charming an outside, but nothing of that vanity and impertinence, nothing of that hypocrisy, malice, and dissimulation, which make up the composition of the other.

I dare appeal to yourself, who are none of the most impartial judges in the world, whether I ever said, or did, or writ, one misbecoming thing to you. Passion, perhaps, which intoxicates no less than wine, might betray one to some excesses ; but still they were to your advantage, on which score you were obliged, if not to forgive them, yet at least to bury them in silence. I never approached you but with a sacred awe, and always represented a divinity to myself, whenever I took pen in hand to acquaint you with the sentiments of my soul. If my incense was not of the first sort (for I am humble enough to believe that you might have received much better from a thousand other hands), yet the sincerity of him that offered it ought to have covered him from your

¹ An allusion to Sir Godfrey Kneller, the portrait painter.

displeasure. Tho' you dislike my flame, yet in common charity you might have suffered it to expire in its own urn. If you were resolved to punish it for aspiring so high, one single frown would have extinguished it, or at least secured you from being troubled with it any longer. But to divert yourself and my rival at the expense of an unhappy lover, who was then bleeding for you ; to publish his infirmities, only occasioned by the violence of his passion ; oh ! thou downright devil !—I should say woman—it was cruel to the last degree, and such usage that the worst of princes never treated the worst of subjects with. But, heaven be praised, it awakened every resentment about me, and, in spite of my weakness, gave me courage enough to tear you from my heart, which you had so unjustly usurped.

But I forgot, Madam, that you made me a Christian ; so, to shew that I am still in perfect charity with you, I hope, and that without any reserve, to see you married to my rival. Since your vanity takes such delight to be addressed, the very next day after the priest has joined your hands, may you receive more letters from your pretended or real admirers than are sent to a secretary of state after the first discovery of a plot ! May you shew them to your husband, in hopes he will challenge one of the sparks, and fall in your quarrel ! May they have that effect, as to fly-blow him in the jealous side of his head ! But may he never think you worth the while to venture the cutting of a finger, in the defence of your honour ! Still may the sparks persecute you with their billets ! And still may he think them to be of your own contriving, and treat you accordingly ! In short, may he and you live long, exceeding long, together ! and may Providence so influence all his actions, as to make him an instrument of doing justice to you, and to the

Much injured ——

From a Beau, dissuading his brother Beau to go to Flanders

All the chocolate-houses at this end of the town are exceedingly surprised at the inhuman resolution thou hast taken of passing this campaign in Flanders, and talk of going into mourning for thee. Nay, would'st thou believe it, those brawny insensibles, the chair-men, take it to heart and threaten to renounce flip and all fours, since thou hast decreed to leave England. Prithee, Tam, what have the ladies done that thou should'st be so cruel to them ? Or, rather, what unwieldy

sins hast thou committed to be so barbarous to thy self? For my part, I look upon thee to be bewitched, for I cannot otherwise account for thy madness. Thou hast no religion to fight for, that's certain; and there are liberty and property fools enough in the nation, without thee to help to increase their numbers.

Lord! what will the degeneracy of this age come to? That a gentleman that understands dressing to perfection, and has spent so many hours at Locket's and the Blue Posts to cultivate his palate, should ever be such a sot as in cool blood, and of his own true accord, to visit that hellish country where the burgomasters and the boors conspire between them to infect the very air with their belches. Rot my diaphragm, if the nasty word has not polluted my ink, so that I'm forced to put some orange-water into the standish,¹ to correct the unsavoury smell. Really, Tam, to think of the miseries thou must endure this summer is as bad as going up the Monument; it has made me giddy, confound me, and my head turns round like a weather-cock. In the first place, to lie in a damned sneaking tent, where you can scarce turn yourself round, with no curtains to your bed: nay, not so much as a looking-glass in its lowest signification. Then no other powder to scent your periwig but the dust of the plains and gunpowder, and to stink worse of the latter than Cheapside did formerly on a Lord Mayor's Day; upon those unrighteous things called marches, no such convenience as a chair to be got. For your comfort, Tam, you must walk through thick and thin with no waiter behind you to clean your shoes, among a herd of shirtless rascals that stink worse than polecats. Oh! let me think no more of them. Besides, it is a million to one that walking thus in the sun will dignify your face with some pimples. Horrid and hideous! the very thought of a pimple has so discomposed me, that feeling something itch in my forehead—— I must beg your pardon, Tam,—if being under the apprehensions of such a disaster, I now and then make bold to consult that faithful oracle my glass:—heaven be praised, 'tis not so bad with me;—and yet what the devil means that little spot of red?—'Tis well 'tis no worse, I may thank my sotting for this.—Dem it, to drink a whole pint of claret at a sitting! Hell and furies! how it increases!—I would not have a pimple, Tam, for the Indies.—But 'tis gone after all, and I find my suspicions were in vain.

To come now, Tam, to the field of battle; those ill-bred whoreson

¹ A stand for inks, pens, etc.

things called bullets are no respecters of persons. A pox on them, they observe no distinction between a fine gentleman and a dragoon. Perhaps it would not grieve a man to lose his life upon a good occasion ! (I speak this by way of supposition only) but to survive the untimely fate of one's beloved wig, to see one's embroidered coat mangled and hacked, is enough to break the heart of Hercules, if he were alive, and had a true sense of things. To dissuade you, if it is possible, from embarking in this pernicious affair, let me conjure you as a friend to reflect upon Sir John Foppington's case. About two months ago he put on a milk-white suit, designing to shew himself in it that evening in the park ; and to do Sir John justice, he never exerted the brightness of his imagination so much as he did upon the trimming of it. Coming by Catherine Street, a saucy impudent chimney-sweeper daubed his coat. I wonder, Tam, by the by, that Parliament never made a Five-Mile Act to banish such profane villains out of all corporations, as once they did the dissenting ministers. But so it happened as I tell you, and poor Sir John immediately went home, and took his bed upon't. He had all the agonies of a despairing sinner.—'Come, knight,' says I, 'there's no harm, I hope ; prithe take courage, and get up.'—'Good heavens ! my coat,' cried he.—'Why, there's no danger, but it will recover, and do well.'—'Oh, that confounded chimney-sweeper !'—'Providence sent him to visit you for your sins, Sir John.'—'But what ill have I done to draw such a judgment upon me ?'—'The ways of heaven, Sir John, are dark and mysterious'—'Jack, I never committed murder nor sacrilege in my life, why then should'—so he run on for above six hours. All this while we endeavoured to soften his calamity to him, by reminding him of the inconstancy of human affairs. We refreshed his memory with stories of kings deposed and famous monarchies subverted ; but 'twas all in vain. He could not be persuaded to live 'till the scourer had taken his oath before a justice of peace that the coat was not a farthing the worse. Nay, this was not enough, the tailor was sent for to confirm the scourer's deposition ; and the woman of the house, who saw him put it on in the morning, must swear, as she hopes to be saved, that it was not in the least injured.

If this melancholy instance, Tam, is not enough to deter you from your wicked resolution, and you have no bowels of compassion for the issue of your own fancy, meaning your clothes, pray retire for a moment or two to your closet ; lay your hand upon your heart, and ask it coolly

and soberly how it would relish that most extraordinary accomplishment, a wooden leg? Think what a decent figure you'll make in a lady's chamber with so fine a qualification. Good lard, a wooden leg? 'Tis almost as charming as the devil's cloven^a foot! A lover made of flesh and blood above, and of timber below, what an odd composition is that! The minotaur in the fable, who was half man and half beast, was a cherub to him. Or, Tam, if this does not mortify you, pray consider that there are certain impudent things in an army called guns, that without asking any questions, will demolish a man's nose, or run away with one of his arms, or carry off half his teeth and underjaw; and yet there lies no action against them for it. Such blessings as these are to be had in Flanders, with due care and application; and, Tam, you may see several heroes about the town who purchased them at no little expence of time and blood at Steenkirk and Landen. But, Tam, if you have any guts in your brains, you'll never long to make one of the number.

Having mentioned the loss of arms, teeth and legs, without which, Tam, we can neither make our reverences with a good air, nor talk agreeably to the ladies, nor perform our parts at a ball; if this won't fright you, 'twould be impertinent to put you in mind that you have another thing still to lose, and that is your life. For, alas! Tam, what is life worth when we have lost the only thing that maketh the trifle dear to us? As for me, confound my *Glandula Pinealis*, if I am not of Will Essence's opinion, the greatest genius that Covent Garden ever produced for exquisite dressing, who used to say, for his part he knew not what a man's head was good for but to hang his hat or his periwig on; and that if it were put to his choice, he would as soon lose that as any other part about him; that the chief end of man was to dress well, and death itself was not so formidable as a *dishabille*. But whither does this subject hurry me? Or how came that sour monosyllable death in our pen's way? Faith, Tam, I dare trust my thought no longer with so melancholy a theme. So hoping you'll be so kind to your self as to consider more of this matter, I am

Votre très humble Serviteur

The Shoulder-knot cabal meets to-morrow night near St. James's to do a singular act of justice, and to think of ways and means how to restore those long-neglected ornaments. Your company is expected there.

To a young Lawyer that dabbled in poetry

SIR,

Your friends in the country understanding, to their grief, that you are infected with verse-making, by the same token that the spots of Parnassus have broke out upon you in several love sonnets, and a pindaric ode upon the peace, have desired me whom they knew to labour under the same distemper formerly, to attempt your cure, with the same prospect, I suppose, as the people of Spain and Italy employ the priests to exorcise the devil because they are best acquainted with him. Take it, therefore, for an undoubted truth that law and poetry are as incompatible as war and plenty, and that the lawyer and poet can no more inhabit the same person than a beau and chimney-sweeper. The law proposeth interest for its end, and that consideration makes its thistles palatable; but you'll find yourself damnably mistaken if you think to advance yourself by the muses. After you have spent your whole age in their service, you must not expect to have your arrears paid so much as in malt-tickets or exchequer notes. They'll put you off to one Mrs. Tattle, alias Fame, the veriest coquet that ever was; and that prating gossip will sham you with an immortality-ticket, forsooth, which is not to become due to you 'till you are laid asleep in a church-yard; and neither you nor your heirs will be a farthing the better for it. What is worse, the nine sisters above-mentioned will not only disappoint your expectations as to a reward, but will engross all your favours, and suffer no rivals to interfere with them. Like the East India women, they'll expect you should prove constant, and bestow no marks of benevolence elsewhere, otherwise prepare to be poisoned by them, and made incapable of any thing else; and nothing, you know, is so furious as the revenge of a discarded mistress.

If you design to touch at the most advantageous port in the land of poetry, called the theatre, consider how visible the dangers, and how unsuitable the returns are. To please the ladies, you must take care to lard the dialogue with store of luscious stuff, which the righteous call bawdy; to please our reformers, you must have none; otherwise gruff Jeremy¹ will be upon your bones. In short, a poet has as hard a task on't as a passive obedience divine that preaches before the Commons on the 30th of January.² Then, to sit with an aching heart for three

¹ Jeremy Collier, see note, page 33.

² The anniversary of Charles I's execution.

long hours behind the scenes, within an inch of damnation all the while, though you should come off never so victorious: can you imagine the succeeding pleasure can make you amends for so much pain and anguish? But you fancy the Indies are lodged in Drury Lane, and that the Spanish Plate-Fleet is not to be compared to a good third day. To undeceive you, then, the theatre is not so over-stocked with ungodly mammon as you may believe. Rabelais somewhere saith that the very shadow of an abbey steeple is enough to get a woman with child; and I can tell you, for your comfort, that the shadow of the theatre is starving, and the air of it as naturally produces poverty as that of the hundreds in Essex begets agues. There was a woollen-drapeer in the Strand, that unhappily dreamed but of a candle-snuffer of the house, who is at least four removes from a poet, and the poor fellow broke within a week after.

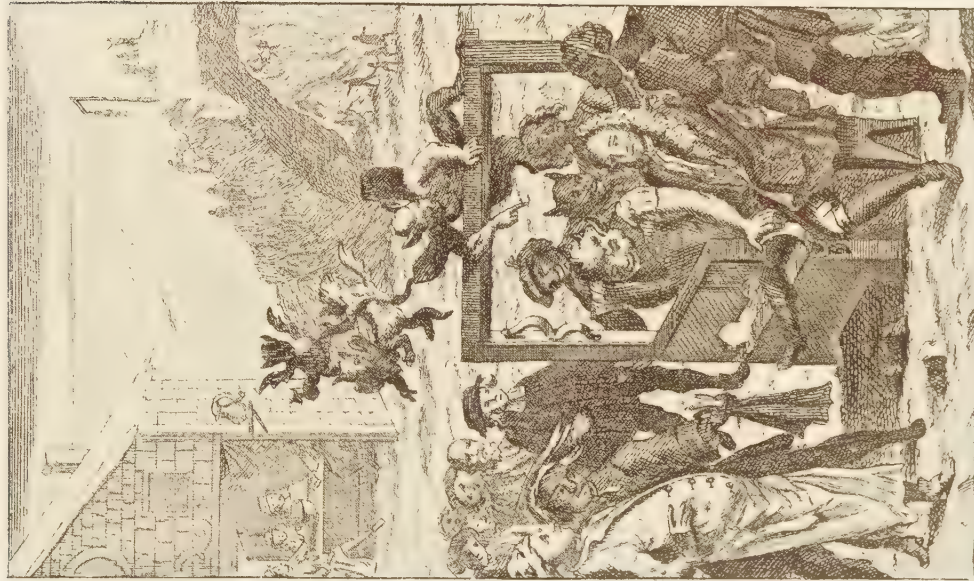
So then, if you have the fear of interest before your eyes, stick close to the law and let poetry go to the devil. Ovid will be an everlasting testimony of this truth to all ages of the world. His father, like a wise old gentleman, designed him for the Bar; but the giddy fop flung up that profession and set up for a wit; but observe, I beseech you, what he got by the exchange. By some of his foolish verses he drew the emperor's displeasure upon himself, who sent him a-grazing, to teach him more manners; and so he lived a miserable fugitive, *in partibus infidelium*, where he had leisure enough to curse the versifying planet which betrayed him to these extremities. One or two, perhaps, in the compass of six thousand years have made their fortunes by it; but is this any encouragement for you to betake yourself to Apollo's high road? What man of ordinary sense would hazard his all in a lottery, in hopes of meeting a prize, where he has forty thousand to one odds against him. Besides, business and poetry agree as ill together as faith and reason; which two latter, as has been judiciously observed, can never be brought to set their horses together. Those poor rogues, that do Apollo's drudgery, like the servants that belong to Dr. Ch——n's¹ land-office, must even take their labour for their pains; for Apollo and the doctor pay no wages; and they agree in this, too, that paper passes with both for ready money.

On the other hand, the law has all the baits you can think of to take you. Crowds of clients to dance attendance at your chamber every morning; wealth perpetually flowing in upon you, and all this attained with a few qualifications; nothing but a strong pair of bellows, called

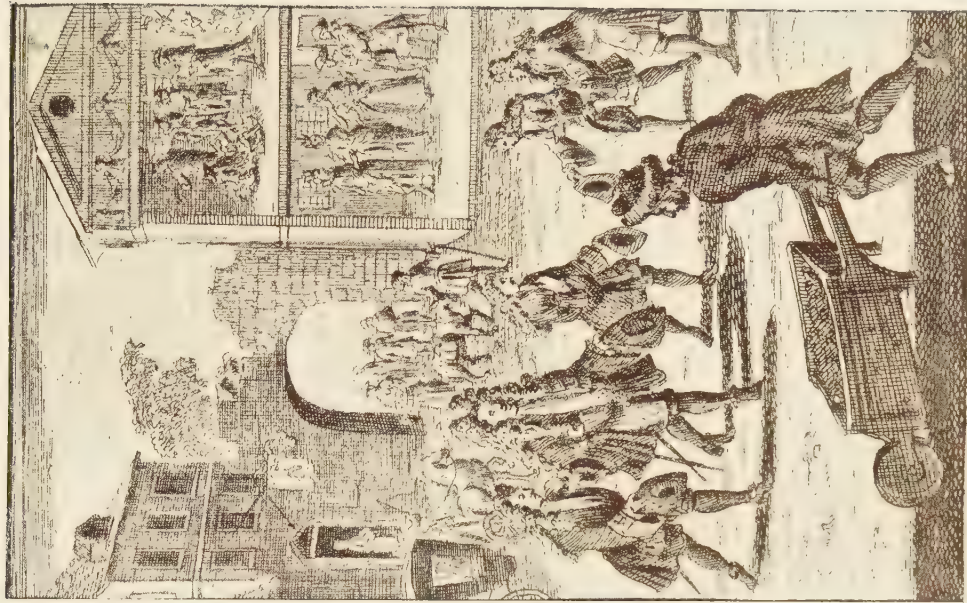
¹ Dr. Chamberlen; see note, page 168.

lungs, and a forehead of the Corinthian order, are required. So that if you abandon so rich a soil to starve upon a barren common, the very stones in Westminster Hall, like the blood of the recorder's horses, will rise up in judgment against you. After all, if you are not master of philosophy enough to set yourself at liberty, and cannot entirely shake off the rhyming disease, let me advise you, as a friend, to trespass that way in private; let not your mistress, nor so much as your bottle companion, know any thing of the matter, but when the writing fit is upon you, do it with as much prudent circumspection as discreet thieves when they are going to commit a burglary. Otherwise you must lie under the scandal of being thought a disaffected man to Coke and Littleton; and if that should arrive to my Lord Chief Justice's ears, good night to your practice. This is all that I have at present to say upon this head, who am

Your most humble, &c.



Bully Dawson being placed in the bilboes



Diogenes, George Fox and James Nayler in the infernal Pall Mall

LIFE AND AMUSEMENTS IN BRANDINOPOLIS

(From *Tom Brown's Works*)

LETTERS FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING

PART I

[*It will be seen from the superscriptions that a few of the following letters were written by friends of Brown, but these contributions show plain signs of having been touched up by him.*]

A Letter of News from Mr. Joseph Haines,¹ of Merry Memory,
to his Friends at Will's Coffee House in Covent Garden²

GENTLEMEN,

I had done myself the honour to write to you long ago, but wanted a convenience of sending my letter ; for you must not imagine 'tis as easy a matter for us on this side the river Styx to maintain a correspondence with you in the upper world, as it is to send a packet from London to Rotterdam, or from Paris to Madrid. But upon the news of a fresh war ready to break out in your part of the world (which, by the by, makes us keep holiday here in hell), Pluto thought fit to dispatch an extraordinary messenger to see how your parliament, upon whose resolutions the fate of Europe seems wholly to depend, will behave themselves in this critical conjuncture. I tipped the fellow a George to

¹ Joseph Haines, who died in 1701, was a man of considerable parts. Educated at Queen's College, Oxford, he became Latin secretary to Sir Joseph Williamson, and accompanied him on various political missions abroad. He returned to Cambridge, and when there joined a company of strolling players at Stirbitch Fair. His skill in dancing and excellent buffoonery soon procured him an engagement at Drury Lane. Dryden wrote the part of Benito, in *Assignation*, expressly for him ; he created Sparkish, in *The Country Wife*, and Lord Plausible, in *The Plain Dealer*. During one of his visits to the Continent he acquired the sobriquet of Count Haines, by which he was frequently known in London. During the reign of James II he turned Roman Catholic, and told Sunderland that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him, saying, 'Arise, Joe !' 'You lie, you rogue,' said the Earl ; 'if it had really been the Virgin, she would have said Joseph, if it had only been out of respect for her husband !'

² This most celebrated of London coffee-houses stood at the corner of Bow Street and Russell Street. Patronized by Dryden, it was the great resort of the wits of his time—indeed, it was sometimes called the Wits' Coffee-house. The old poet sat on the first floor, by the fireside in winter and at the corner of the balcony in summer.

carry this letter for me, and leave it with the master at Will's in his way to Westminster.

I am not insensible, gentlemen, that Homer, Virgil, Dante, Don Quevedo, and many more before me, have given an account of these subterranean dominions ; for which reason it may look like affectation or vanity in me to meddle with a subject so often handled. But if new travels into Italy, Spain, and Germany, are daily read with approbation, because new matters of enquiry and observation perpetually arise, I don't see why the present state of the Plutonian kingdoms may not be acceptable, there having been as great changes and alterations in these infernal regions as in any other part of the universe whatever.

When I shook hands with your upper hemisphere, I stumbled into a dark, uncouth, dismal lane, which, if it be lawful to compare great things with small, somewhat resembles that dusky dark cut under the mountains called the grotto of Puzzoli in the way to Naples. I was in so great a consternation, that I don't remember exactly how long it was, but this I remember full well, that there were a world of ditches on both sides of the wall, adorned and furnished with harpies, gorgons, centaurs, chimeras, and such like pretty curiosities, which could not but give a man a world of titillation as he travelled on the road. The three-headed Geryon, put me in mind of the Master of the Temple's¹ three intellectual minds, and when I saw Briareus with his hundred arms and heads, out of my zeal to King William and his government, I could not but wish that we had had so well qualified a person for secretary of state ever since the Revolution ; for having so many heads and hands to employ, he might easily have managed all affairs domestic and foreign, and been both dictator and clerk to himself. Which besides the advantage of keeping secret all orders and instructions (and that you know, gentlemen, is of no small importance in politics), would have saved his majesty no inconsiderable sum in his civil list.

Being arrived at the end of this doleful and execrable lane, I came into a large, open, barren plain, thro' which runs a river, whose water was as black as my hat. Coming to the banks of this wonderful river, an old evil-looking wrinkled fellow in a tattered boat, which did not seem to be worth a groat, making towards the shore, beckoned, and held out his right hand to me. Knowing nothing of his business or character, I could not imagine what he meant by doing so ; but upon

¹ William Sherlock, Master of the Temple, engaged in a controversy with Dr. South on the nature of the Trinity, and was accused by his opponent of Tritheism.

second thoughts, thinking he had a mind to have his fortune told, 'You must understand, old gentleman,' says I to him, 'that there are three principal lines in a man's hand, the first of which is called by the learned Ludovicus Vives, secretary to Tamerlain the Magnificent, the *linea biotica*, line of life; the second, the *linea hepatica*, or liver line; the third and last, the *linea intercalaris*, so called by Sebastian Munster and Erra Pater, because it crosses the two aforesaid lines in an equicrural parabola.' 'Hold your impertinent stuff,' says the old ferryman, 'erra me no erra paters, but speak to the point, and give me my fare if you design to come over.' By this I perceived my mistake, and knew him to be Charon. So I dived into my pockets, but alas! I found all the birds were flown, if ever any had been there, which you may believe, gentlemen, was no small mortification to me. 'Get you gone for a rascally scoundrel,' says Charon, 'as you are some son of a whore of a fiddler, or player, I warrant you. Go and take up your quarters with these penniless rogues that are sunning themselves on yonder hillock.'

To see how a man may be mistaken by a fair outside! When I came up to 'em, I found them a parcel of jolly well-looking fellows, who, one would have thought were wealthy enough to have signed for sheriffs. I counted, let me see, six princes of the empire that were younger brothers, ten French counts, fourteen knights of Malta, twelve Welsh gentlemen, sixteen Scotch lairds, with abundance of chymists, projectors, insurers, noblemen's creditors, and the like; that were all wind-bound for want of the ready rhino. Two days we continued in this doleful condition; and as Dr. Sherlock says of himself, in relation to the 13th chapter of the Romans, 'here I stuck, and had stuck till the last conflagration, if it had not been for Bishop Overall's Convocation-book'; e'en so here we might have tarried world without end, if an honest teller of the Exchequer, and a clerk of the pay-office, had not come to our relief; who understanding our case, cried out, 'Come along, gentlemen, we have money enough to defray twenty such trifles as this. God be praised, we had the good luck to die before the parliament looked into our accounts.' With that they gave Charon a broad piece each of 'em, so our whole caravan, consisting of about seventy persons in all, that had not a farthing in the world to bless themselves, ferried over to the other side of the river.

As we were crossing the stream, Charon told us how an Irish captain would have tricked him. 'He came strutting down to the river-side,' says he, 'as fine as a prince, in a long scarlet cloak, all bedaubed

with silver lace, but had not a penny about him. "Dear joy", cries he to me, "I came away in a little haste from the other world, and left my breeches behind me, but I'll make thee amends by Chreest and St. Patrick, for I'll refresh thy ancient nostrils with some of Hippolito's¹ best snuff, which cost me a week ago, a crown an ounce." I told the Hibernian, that old birds were not to be taken with chaff, nor Charon to be bantered out of his due with a little dust of sot-weed; and giving him a reprimand with my stretcher over the noddle, bid him go about his business like a coxcomb as he was. The wretch sauntered about the banks for a month, but at last, pretending to be a Frenchman, got this summer over gratis, among the duke of Orlean's retinue. But what was the most surprising piece of news I ever heard, Charon assured us, upon his veracity, that the late king of Spain² was forced to lie by a full fortnight, for want of money to carry him over; for Cardinal Portocarrero had been so busy in forging his will that he had forgot to leave the poor monarch a farthing in his pocket; and that at last, one of his own grandees, coming by that way, was so complaisant as to defray his prince's passage; 'and well he might,' says our surly ferryman, 'for in five years time he had cheated him of two millions.'

We were no sooner landed on the other side of the river, but some of us filed off to the right, and others to the left, as their business called them. For my part, I made the best of my way to the famous City of Brandinopolis, seated on the River Phlegethon, as being a place of the greatest commerce and resort in all king Pluto's dominions. Who should I meet upon the road but my old friend and acquaintance Mr. Nokes,³ the comedian, who received me with all imaginable love and affection? 'Mr. Haines,' says he, 'I am glad with all my heart to see you in Hell; upon my salvation, we have expected you here this great

¹ Hippolito was a coffee-house keeper and a tobacconist in Covent Garden, and his shop was much frequented by beaux.

² Charles II of Spain, last of his family, was weak in mind and body; he was only forty at the time of his death. Towards the end of his reign there was a popular suspicion that he was bewitched, and such elaborate steps were taken to exorcise him that he really became distracted. Uncertain how to leave the succession to the throne he was badgered by Portocarrero, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, to make his will in favour of Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV of France.

³ James Nokes was a comedian of early Restoration days, who attracted the attention of Charles II by his acting of the Duke of Norfolk in *Henry VIII*. He was famous for his impersonation of the Nurse in two plays—Otway's *Caius Marius* and Nevil Payne's *Fatal Jealousy*. Cibber says of him that 'he scarce ever made his appearance in a play but he was received with involuntary applause; not of hands only, but by a general laughter which the very sight of him provoked.' He died about 1692.

while, and I question not but our royal master will give you a reception befitting a person of your extraordinary merit.' 'Mr. Nokes,' said I, 'Your most obedient servant, you are pleased to compliment, but I know no other merit I have, but that of being honoured with your friendship.' 'But, my dear Joe,' cries he, 'how go affairs in Covent Garden? Does cuckoldom flourish, and fornication maintain its ground still against the Reformers?¹ and the playhouse in Drury Lane, is it as much frequented as it used to be?' I had no sooner given him a satisfactory answer to these questions, but we found ourselves in the suburbs; so my friend Nokes, with that gaiety and openness which became him so well at the playhouse, 'Joe,' says he, 'I'll give thee thy welcome to Hell.' With that he carried me to a little blind coffee-house, in the middle of a dirty alley, but certainly one of the worst furnished tenements I ever beheld. There was nothing to be seen but a few broken pipes, two or three foundered chairs, and bare naked walls, with not so much as a superannuated almanac or tattered ballad to keep them in countenance; so that I could not but fancy myself in some of love's little tabernacles about Wild Street, or Drury Lane.

'Come, Mr. Haines, and what are you disposed to drink?' 'What you please, Sir.' 'Here, madam, give the gentleman a glass of Geneva.' As soon as I had whipped it down, my friend Nokes plucking me by the sleeve and whispering me in the ear, 'Prithee Joe,' says he, 'who dost think that lady at the bar is?' I considered her very attentively, by the same token she was three times as ugly as my lady Frightall, countess of — and three times as thick and bulky as Mrs. Pix² the poetess, and very fairly told him I knew her not. 'Why, then, I shall surprize you. This is the famous Semiramis.' 'The devil she is,' answered I. 'What, is this the celebrated and renowned queen of Babylon, she that built those stupendous walls and pensile gardens, of which ancient historians tell us so many miracles; that victorious heroine, who eclipsed the triumphs of her illustrious husband; that added Æthiopia to her empire; and was the wonder as well as the ornament of her sex? Is it possible she should fall so low as to be forced to sell Geneva, and such ungodly liquors for a subsistence?' 'Tis e'en so,' says Mr. Nokes, 'and this may serve as a lesson of

¹ In 1696 a society was started 'For the Reformation of Manners in the Cities of London and Westminster.' Its object was to remedy the lax enforcement of the Law, and it employed agents to prosecute in flagrant cases.

² Mary Pix, wife of a City tailor, wrote exceedingly dull plays and novels. She acquired notoriety by her great obesity and fondness of wine. She died about 1720.

instruction to you, that when once death has laid his icy paws upon us all other distinctions of fortune and quality immediately vanish.'

These words were no sooner out of his mouth but in came a formal old gentleman, and, plucking a large wooden box from under his cloak, 'Will you have any fine snuff, gentlemen, here is the finest snuff in the universe, gentlemen; a never-failing remedy, gentlemen, against the megrims and head-ache.' 'And who do you take this worthy person to be?' says Mr. Nokes. 'But that I am in this lower world,' cried I; 'I durst swear it is the very individual quaker that sells his herb-snuff at the Rainbow coffee-house.' 'Damnably mistaken,' says Mr. Nokes, 'before George, this is no less a man than the great Cyrus, the first founder of the Persian monarchy.' I was going to bless myself at this discovery, when a jolly red-nosed woman in a straw hat popped into the room, and in a shrill treble cried out, 'Any buckles, combs, or scissors, gentlemen, and tooth-picks, bottle-screws, or tweezers, silver buttons or tobacco-stoppers, gentlemen.' 'Well now, my worthy friend, Mr. Haines, who do you think this to be?' 'The Lord knows,' replied I, 'for here are such unaccountable choppings and changings among you that the Devil can't tell what to make of 'em.' 'Why, then, in short, this is the virtuous Thalestris, queen of the Amazons, the same identical princess that beat the hoof so many hundred leagues to get Alexander the Great to administer his royal nipple to her. But, Joe, since I find thee so affected at these alterations that have happened to persons who lived so many hundred years ago, I am resolved to shew thee some of a more modern date, and particularly of such as either thou wast acquainted with in the other world, or at least hast often heard mentioned in company.' So calling for the other glass of Geneva, he left a tester at the bar, and Semiramis, to shew her courtly breeding, dropped us abundance of curtesies, and paid us as much respect at our coming out, as your twopenny French barbers in Soho do to a gentleman that gives them a brace of odd halfpence above the original contract in their sign.

We walked thro' half a dozen streets without meeting any thing worthy of observation. At last my friend Nokes, pointing to a little edifice which exactly resembles Dr. Burgess's conventicle in Russel Court; says he, 'Your old acquaintance Tony Leigh,¹ who turned Presbyterian parson upon his coming into these quarters, holds forth

¹ Anthony Leigh was one of the leading comedians from 1672 until his death, twenty years later.

most notably here every Sunday ; Jacob Hall¹ and Jevon are his clerks, and chant it admirably. Mother Stratford,² the duchess of Mazarin, my lord Warwick, and Sir Fleetwood, are his constant hearers ; and to Tony's everlasting honour be it spoken, he delivers his fire and brimstone with so good a grace, splits his text so judiciously, turns up the whites of his eyes so theologically, cuffs his cushion so orthodoxly, and twirls his band-strings so primitively, that Pluto has lately made him one of his chaplains in ordinary.'

From this we crossed another street, which one may properly enough call the Bow Street or Pall Mall of Brandinopolis. No saucy tradesman or mechanic dares presume to live here, but 'tis wholly inhabited by fine gaudy fluttering sparks, and fine airy ladies, who in no respect are inferior to yours in Covent Garden. When the sky is serene, and not a breath of wind stirring, you may see whole covies of them displaying their finery in the street ; but at other times you never see 'em out of a chair, for fear of discomposing their commodos or periwigs.

We had not gone twenty paces before we met three flaming beaux of the first magnitude, the like of whom we never saw at the Vourthoot at the Hague, the Tuilleries at Paris, or the Mall in St. James's Park. They were all three in black (for you must know we are in deep mourning here for the death of my lady Prosperine's favourite monkey), but he in the middle had neither face nor shape to qualify him for a gallant ; for he had a phiz as forbidding as Beau Whitaker and was as thick about the waist as the fat squab porter at the Griffin tavern in Fuller's Rents, yet he made a most magnificent figure. His periwig was large enough to have loaded a camel, and he had bestowed upon it at least a bushel of powder, I warrant you. His sword-knot dangled upon the ground, and his steenkirk³ that was most agreeably discoloured with snuff from top to bottom, reached down to his waist. He carried his hat under his left arm, walked with hands in the waistband of his breeches, and his cane, that hung negligently down in a string from his

¹ A famous Bartholomew Fair rope-dancer who, according to what Mrs. Knipp told Pepys, was in intimate favour with Lady Castlemaine. Thomas Jevon, comedian and playwright, wrote the long-popular *The Devil of a Wife*. It was played at Bartholomew Fair.

² The first of these was a notorious procuress ; Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, was a beautiful profligate who became one of Charles II's mistresses and was with him when he was overtaken by mortal illness at Whitehall. Lord Warwick and Sir Fleetwood Sheppard were courtiers. There is an imaginary letter from the last on page 347.

³ A cravat made of fine lace, loosely knotted, with long hanging ends, one of which was sometimes passed through a buttonhole.

right arm, trailed most harmoniously against the pebbles, while the master of it, tripping it nicely upon his toes, was humming to himself,

Oh ye happy, happy groves.
Witness of your tender loves.

Having given you this description of him I need not trouble myself to enlarge upon the dress of his two companions who, tho' they fell much short of his inimitable original in point of garniture and dress, yet were singular enough to have drawn the eyes of men, women and children after 'em in any part of Europe. As I observed this sight with a great deal of admiration, Mr. Nokes very gravely asked me who I took the middlemost person to be. Upon my telling him I had never seen him before, nor knew a syllable of him or his private history; 'Why,' says Mr. Nokes, 'this is Diogenes, the famous cynic philosopher, and his two companions are George Fox and James Nayler¹ the quakers.' 'Diogenes,' replied I to him, 'Why he was one of the arrantest slovens in all Greece, and a professed enemy to laundresses, for he never parted with his shirt till his shirt parted with him.' 'No matter for that,' says Mr. Nokes, 'the case is altered now with him, for he has the vanity and affectation of twenty Sir Courtly Nice's blended together; he dispatches a courier to Lisbon every month to bring him a cargo of lemons to wash his hands with; he sends to Montpellier for Hungary water; Turin furnishes him with Rosa Solis; Nismes with Eau de Conelle, and Paris with Ratifia to settle his maw in the morning. Nothing will go down with him but ortolans, snipes, and woodcocks; and Matson, that some years ago lived at the Rummer in Queen Street, is the administrator of his kitchen.' 'This,' said I to him, 'is the most fantastic change I have seen since my passing the Styx; for who the plague would have believed that that ancient quaker Diogenes, and those modern cynics, Fox and Nayler, should degenerate so much from their primitive institution, as to set up for fops?'

When we came up to 'em, Diogenes gave us a most gracious bow, but those two everlasting complimenters, his friends, I was afraid would have murdered me with their civilities; for which reason I disengaged

¹ George Fox was the founder of the Society of Friends, who were nicknamed Quakers in 1650; James Nayler, a quartermaster in Lambert's Horse, joined the Society in 1651 and soon became a fanatic. He travelled all over the country stirring up strife, got into trouble at Bristol and was sent to London, where he was found guilty of 'horrid blasphemy' and sentenced to be pilloried, his tongue to be pierced with a hot iron, his forehead branded with a 'B,' and he himself to be whipped through Bristol before being imprisoned in Bridewell. He was released in 1659, and died the following year.

myself from 'em something abruptly. By the same token I overheard James Nayler call me *bougre insulare* and *tramontane*, for my ill manners.

When the coast was clear of 'em, says I to Mr. Nokes, 'Every thing is so turned topsy-turvy here with you, that I can hardly resolve myself whether I walk upon my head or my feet.' 'Right, Mr. Haines,' says he, 'but time is precious; so let's mend our pace if you please, that we may see all the curiosities of this renowned city before 'tis dark.'

The next street we came into, we saw a tall thin-gutted mortal driving a wheel-barrow of pears before him, and crying in a hoarse tone, 'Pears twenty a penny.' Looking him earnestly in the face, I knew him to be Beau Heveningham,¹ but I found he was shy, and so took no further notice of him. 'Not ten doors from hence,' says Mr. Nokes, 'lives poor Norton, that shot himself.' I asked him in what quality? he answered me, as a sub-operator to a disperser of darkness, anglicè, a journeyman to a tallow-chandler. I would willingly have made him a short visit, but was intercepted in my design by a brace of fellows that were linked to their good behaviour, like a pair of Spanish galley-slaves; tho' they agreed little together, for one of 'em lugged one way, and his brother the other. I soon knew them to be Dick Baldwin,² the Whig bookseller, and Mason, the non-swearing parson, whom, as I was afterwards informed, Judge Minos had ordered to be yoked thus, to be a mutual plague and punishment to one another. Both of them made up to us as hard as they could drive. 'Well, Sir,' says the Levite, 'what comfortable news do you bring from St. Germain's? Our old friend Lewis le Grand is well I hope.' 'Damn Lewis le Grand, and all his adherents,' cries Dick Baldwin. 'Pray, Sir, what racy touches of scandal have been published of late by my worthy friends Sam. Johnson,³ Mr. Touchin, and honest Mr. Atwood; and the gallows that groaned so long for Robin Hog,⁴ the messenger, when is it

¹ Heveningham and Norton were famous men-about-town; the latter committed suicide in 1697. See also page 317.

² Richard Baldwin was a printer who was constantly getting into trouble for printing seditious and libellous pamphlets; Mason was one of the many clergy who suffered from a mistaken idea of loyalty.

³ Samuel Johnson was a Whig divine who wrote *Julian the Apostate*, 1682, a bitter attack on James, Duke of York. When the Duke came to the throne his vengeance fell on Johnson, who was degraded, pilloried, fined and whipped. He was restored to his position by William III. John Tutchin was a Whig pamphleteer who took part in Monmouth's rebellion. He attacked William III in a poem called *The Foreigners*, and was constantly in difficulties with the authorities.

⁴ Robin Stephens, commonly called Robin Hog, was hated by the booksellers as a spy, being Messenger of the Press, in which capacity he sought out unlicensed printing presses and tracked down illicit publications.

like to lose its longing? Have no fresh batteries attacked the Court lately from honest Mr. Darby's¹ in Bartholomew Close? And, prithee, what new piracies from the Quakers'² at the Pump in Little Britain? What new whales, devils, ghosts, murders, from Wilkins in the Friars? But above all, dear Sir, of what kidney are the present sheriffs; and particularly my Lord Mayor, how stands he affected?'

'Why, Dick,' says I to him, fearing to be stunned with more interrogatories; 'tho' most of the folks I have seen here are changed either for the better or the worse, yet I find thou art the true, primitive, busy, pragmatistical, prating, muttering Dick Baldwin still, and will be so to the end of the chapter. In the name of the three furies, what should make thee trouble thyself about sheriffs and Lord Mayors? But thou art of the same foolish belief, I find, with thy brother coxcombs at North's coffee-house, who think all the fate of Christendom depends upon the choice of a Lord Mayor; whereas to talk of things familiarly and as we ought to do, what is this two-legged animal ycleped a lord-mayor but a certain temporary machine of the city's setting up, who on certain appointed days is obliged to ride on horseback to please the Cheapside wives, who must scuffle his way thro' so many furlongs of custard, who is only terrible to delinquent bankers, oyster-women, and scavengers; and has no other privilege above his brethren, that I know of, but that of taking a comfortable nap in his gold chain at Paul's or Salter's Hall; to either of which places his conscience, that is, his interest carries him.'

Surly Dick was going to say something in defence of the city magistrate, but my brother Nokes and I prevented him by calling to the next hackney coachman whom, to my great surprize, I found to be the famous Dr. Busby³ of Westminster School, who now, instead of flogging boys, was content to act in an humbler sphere, and exercise his lashing talent upon horses. We ordered him to set us down at Bedlam, where my friend Nokes assured me we should find diversion enough; and the first person we met in this celebrated mansion, was the famous Queen Dido of Carthage, supported by the ingenious Mrs. Behn⁴ on

¹ John Darby was another publisher of seditious matter.

² The Quakers had a secret press where, amongst other seditious literature, they published the Declaration of James II, in 1693. There were several secret printing presses carried on in the sanctuary of the Whitefriars Alsatia.

³ Dr. Richard Busby was Master of Westminster School from 1640 until 1695, and was famous for the severity of his discipline.

⁴ Mrs. Aphra Behn, who died in 1689, was something of an adventuress and a most prolific writer.

the one side, and the learned Christina, Queen of Sweden, on the other. 'Gentlemen,' cried she, 'I conjure you by that respect which is due to truth, and by that complaisance which is owing to us of the fair sex, to believe none of those idle lies that Virgil hath told of me. That impudent versifier has given out that I murdered myself for the sake of his pious Trojan, the hero of his romance; whereas I declare to you, gentlemen, as I hope to be saved, that I never saw the face of that fugitive scoundrel in my life, but died in my bed with as much decency and resignation as any woman in the parish. But what touches my honour most of all, is that most horrid calumny of my being all alone with Æneas in the cave.' Upon this I humbly remonstrated to her majesty, that altho' Virgil had taken the liberty to leave her and his pious Trojan in a grotto together, yet he nowhere insinuated that anything criminal had passed between them. 'How,' says Mrs. Behn, in a fury, 'was it not scandal enough in all conscience, to say that a man and woman were in a dark blind cavern by themselves? What tho' there was no such convenience as a bed or a couch in the room, nay, not so much as a broken-backed chair, yet I desire you to tell me, sweet Mr. Haines, what other business can a man and a woman have in the dark together, but——.' 'Aye,' cries the queen of Sweden, 'what other business can a man and woman have in the dark, but, as the fellow says in the *Moor of Venice*, to make the beast with two backs? Not to pick straws I hope, or to tell tales of a tub.' 'Under favour, ladies,' replied I, 'tis possible, I should think, for a grave sober man and a woman of discretion to pass a few hours alone, without carrying matters so far home as you insinuate.' 'What, in the dark?' cries Queen Dido, 'that's mine a—— in a band-box. Let people's inclinations be never so modest and virtuous, yet this cursed darkness puts the devil and all of wickedness into their heads. The man will be pushing on his side, that's certain; and as for the woman, I'll swear for her, that when nobody can see her blush she will be consenting. In fine, tho' the soul be never so well fortified to hold out a siege, yet the body, as soon as love's artillery begins to play upon it, will soon beat a parley and make a separate treaty for itself.'

Thus her Punic majesty ran on, and the Lord knows when her royal clack would have done striking, if a female messenger had not come to her in the nick of time, and whispered her in the ear to go to the famous Lucretia's crying out, who, it seems, was got with child upon a hay-cock, by Æsop the fabulist. As soon as Queen Dido and her two prattling companions were gone out of the room, 'Mr. Nokes,'

says I, 'you have without question seen Æsop very often, therefore pray let me beg the favour of you to tell me whether he is such a deformed ill-favoured wight as the historians represent him ; for you must know we have a modern critic¹ of singular humanity, near St. James's, that has been pleased, in some late dissertations upon Phalaris's epistles, to maintain that he was a well-shaped, handsome gentleman ; and for the proof of this, insists much upon Æsop's intriguing with his fellow-slave, the beautiful Rhodope.' 'No, no,' replies Mr. Nokes, 'Æsop is just such a crumpled hump-shouldered dog, for all the world, as you see him before Ogilby's translation of his fables ; and let the above-mentioned grammarian, I think they call him, Dr. Bentivolio, say what he will to the contrary, 'tis even so as I tell you. And now we are upon the chapter of Dr. Bentivolio ; about a month ago I happened to make merry over a bowl of punch with Phalaris the Sicilian tyrant, who swore by all that was good and sacred that he would trounce the unmannerly slave for robbing him of those epistles which have gone unquestioned under his name for so many ages : 'but the time is coming,' said he, 'when I shall make this impudent pedant cry *peccavi* for the unworthy treatment he has given me. I have my brazen bull, heaven be praised, ready for him, and as soon as he comes into these quarters, will shut him up in it and roast him with his own dull volumes, and those of his dearly beloved friends the Dutch commentators.'

By this time we were got to the upper end of the room. Says Mr. Nokes to me, 'I will shew you a most surprising sight. You must know this place, like Noah's ark, contains beasts of all sorts and sizes ; some have their brains turned by politics, who, except some three or four that are suffered to go abroad with a keeper, are locked up in a large apartment upstairs. These puppies rave eternally about liberty and property, and the *jura populi*, and are so damned mischievous, that it is dangerous to venture near them. England sends more of this sort to Bedlam, than all the countries of Europe besides. Others again have their intellects fly-blown by love, by the same token that most of the poor wretches that are in this doleful predicament come out of France, Spain, Italy, and such hot climates. Now and then, indeed, we have a silly apprentice or so, who takes a leap from London Bridge into the Thames, or decently hangs himself in a garret, in his mistress's

¹ This was Richard Bentley, thinly disguised by Brown as Bentivolio, whose *Dissertation on Phalaris* (1697) proved conclusively that the letters were written by a sophist or rhetorician some centuries after the death of Phalaris.

garters, but these accidents happen but seldom. Besides, since fornication has made so great a progress among us, love is observed not to operate so powerfully in England as it formerly did, when there was no relief against him but matrimony. Some, again, have their *pia mater* addled by religion, but neither are the sots of this species so numerous in Britain, or elsewhere, as they were in the days of yore; for the priests of most religions have played their game so awkwardly, that not one man in a thousand will trust them with shuffling of the cards. But of all the various sorts of mad-men that come hither, the rhymers or versifiers far exceed the rest in number. Most of these fellows in the other world were mayors, or aldermen, or deputies of wards, that knew nothing but the rising and falling of stocks, squeezing young heirs, and cheating their customers; but now the tables are turned, for they eat and drink, nay, sleep and dream in rhyme, and have a distich to discharge at you upon every occasion.'

With that he opened the wicket of the uppermost door, and bid me peep in. 'Tis impossible to describe to you the surprize I was in to see so many of my city acquaintance there, whom I should sooner have suspected of burglary or sacrilege than of tacking a pair of rhymes together; but it seems this is a judgment upon these wretches for the aversion they have to the muses when they are living. The walls were lined with verses from top to bottom, and happy was the wretch that could get a bit of charcoal to express the happiness of his fancy upon the poor plaster.

The first man I saw was Sir John Peak,¹ formerly Lord Mayor of London, who bluntly came up to the door, and asked me what was rhyme to Crambo? Immediately Sir Thomas Pilkington popped over his shoulder, 'And pray friend,' says he, 'for I perceive you are newly come from the other world, how go the affairs of Parnassus? What new madrigals, epithalamiums, sonnets, epigrams, and satires, have you brought with you? What pretty conceits had Mr. Settle,² in his last London triumphs? What plays have taken of late? Mrs. Bracegirdle, doth she live still unmarried? And pray, Sir, how do Mr. Betterton's lungs hold out? But now I think on't, I have a delicious

¹ Peak was Lord Mayor in 1686, Pilkington in 1689 and 1690. Both were staunch defenders of the City's liberties against James II, Pilkington having spent four years in gaol rather than pay damages of £100,000, which he had been fined for *scandalum magnatum* when James was yet but Duke of York.

² Elkanah Settle was a writer of bombastic plays, drolls and catchpenny pieces for the booth players at Bartholomew Fair. In 1691 he became City Poet.

copy of verses to shew you, upon the divine Melesinda's frying of pan-cakes ; only stay a minute, while I step yonder to fetch them.' He had no sooner turned his back, but I plucked to the wicket, and gave him the slip ; for certainly of all the plagues in hell or t'other side of it, nothing comes up to that of a confounded repeater.

Leaving these versifying insects to themselves, we walked up a pair of stairs into the upper room, one end of which was the quarter for distracted lovers, as the other was for the lunatic republicans. I just cast my eyes into Cupid's Bear-Garden and observed that the walls were all adorned with mysterious hieroglyphics of love, as hearts transfixed, and abundance of odd-fashioned battering rams, such as young lovers use to trace upon the ceiling of a coffee-house with the smoke of a candle.

Some half a score of 'em were making to the door, but having seen enough of these impertinents in the other world, I had no great inclination to suffer a new persecution from 'em in this. So my friend and I turned up to the apartment where the republicans were locked up, who made such a hurricane and noise, as if a legion of devils had been broke loose among them. Harrington,¹ I remember, was the most unruly of the whole pack. 'Thanks to my friends in London,' says he, 'I hear my *Oceana* is lately reprinted and furbished with a new dedication to those judicious and worthy gentlemen, my Lord Mayor and court of aldermen, by Mr. Toland.' 'You need not value yourself so much upon that,' says Algernon Sidney, 'for my works were published there long before yours.' 'And so were mine,' cries Milton, 'at the expence of some worthy patriots that were not afraid to publish them under a monarchical government.' 'But what think you of my memoirs,' cries Ludlow, 'for if you talk of histories, there's a history for you which for sincerity and truth, never saw its fellow since the Creation.'

Upon this the uproar began afresh, so thinking it high time to withdraw, I jogged my friend Nokes by the elbow, and as we went downstairs told him that Pluto was certainly in the right on't, to lock up these hot-headed mutineers by themselves, and allow them neither pen, ink, fire, nor candle ; for should he give them leave to propagate their seditious doctrines, he would only find himself King of Erebus by the courtesy of his loving subjects.

¹ Harrington's works were edited, in 1700, by John Toland, a deist whose *Christianity not Mystical* (1696) was burned by the Irish House of Commons and censured by the English Houses of Convocation.

Just as we were going out of this famous edifice says Mr. Nokes, 'I have an odd piece of news to tell you, which is, that altho' we have here men of all countries, more or less, yet there never was one Irishman in it.' 'How comes that about, I beseech you?' said I to him. 'Why,' replies he, 'madness always supposes a loss of reason; but the deuce is in't, if a man can lose that which he never possessed in his life.' 'Oh your humble servant,' answered I, 'tis well none of our swaggering Dear Joys in Covent Garden hear you talk so, for if they did, ten to one but they would cut your throat for this reflection upon the intellects of their country, and send you to the Devil for the honour of St. Patrick.'

When we came out into the open air again, and had taken half a dozen turns in the neighbouring fields, 'Mr. Nokes,' says I, 'tis my misfortune to come into this place without a farthing of money in my pocket, and Alecto confound me if I know what course to take for my maintenance, therefore I would desire you to put me in a way.' 'Have no care for that,' says Mr. Nokes. 'His infernal majesty is very kind and obliging to us players, and because we act so many different parts in the other world, as kings, princes, bishops, privy-counsellors, beaux, cits, sailors, and the like, gives us leave to follow what profession we have most a fancy to. For my part, I keep a nicknackatory, or toy-shop, as I formerly did over against the Exchange, and turn a sweet penny by it, for our gallants here throw away their money after a furious rate. Now Joe, I think thou canst not do better than to set up for a High-German fortune-teller; thou knowest all the cant and roguery of that practice to perfection, and besides hast the best phiz in the world to carry on such an affair. As for money to furnish thee an house and set up a convenient equipage, to buy thee a pair of globes, a magic looking-glass, and all other accoutrements of that nature, thou shalt command as much as thou hast occasion for.'

I was going to thank my friend for so courteous an offer when who should pop upon us on a sudden but his Polish majesty's physician in ordinary, the late famous Dr. Connor¹ of Bow Street, but in so wretched a pickle, so tattered a condition, that I could hardly know him. 'How comes this about, noble doctor,' said I to him, 'what is fortune unkind, and do the planets frown upon merit? I remember you were going to

¹ Dr. Bernard Connor, who died in 1698, took his degree at Rheims in 1691, and was appointed physician to King John Sobieski, of Poland. He began to practise in London in 1695, and later lectured on medicine at Oxford and Cambridge. His *Evangelium Medici* appeared the year before he died.

set up your coach, and marry the widow Bently in Russel Street, just before your last distemper hurried you out of the world. Is it possible the learned author of *Evangelium Medici* should want bread? or, doctor, did you leave all your Hibernian confidence behind you? I thought a true Irishman could have made his fortune in any part of the universe.'

' Ille nihil, nec me quærentem vana moratur ;
Sed graviter gemitus imo de pectore ducens.'

' Mr. Haines,' says he, ' to say no worse of him, Pluto is very ungrateful to the gentlemen of our faculty ; and were he not a crowned head, I would not stick to call him a Poltroon. I am sure no body of men cultivate his interest with more industry and success than we physicians. What would his dominions be but a bare wilderness and solitude if we did not daily take care to stock them with fresh colonies? This I can say for myself, that I did not let him lose one patient that fell into my hands ; nay, rather than he should want customers, I practised upon myself. But after the received maxim of most princes, I find he loves the treason and hates the traitor ; so that no people are put to harder shifts in hell than the sons of Galen. Would you believe it, Mr. Haines, the immortal Dr. Willis¹ is content to be a flayer of dead horses ; the famous Hervey is turned higgler, and you may see him ride every morning to market upon a pannier of eggs ; Mayern is glad to be pimp to noblemen's *valets de chambre* ; old Glisson sells vinegar upon a lean scraggy tit ; Moreton is returned to his old occupation, and preaches in a little conventicle you can hardly swing a cat round in ; Lower sells penny prayer-books all the week, and curls an Amen in a meeting-house on Sundays ; Needham, in conjunction with Captain Dawson, is bully to a bordello ; and the celebrated Sydenham empties close-stools. As for myself, I am sometimes a small retainer to a billiard-table and sometimes, when the master of it is sick, earn a penny by a whimsy-board. I lie with a linkman upon a flock bed in a

¹ Thomas Willis practised in London from 1666 ; he was a very learned physician and made a special study of diabetes. Sir Theodore Mayerne came to London from France in 1611 and was physician to Charles I ; he died in 1655. Francis Glisson was the author of a treatise on rickets, which is still authoritative ; he died in 1677. Richard Morton was one of the ministers ejected by the Act of Uniformity ; he was created M.D. in 1670, and was later appointed physician to William III. Richard Lower was assistant to Willis and an eminent physiologist. Walter Needham was a learned anatomist and physician to the Charterhouse. For Bully Dawson, see note on page 371. Most eminent of all these physicians was Thomas Sydenham, whose methods of studying diseases revolutionized medical science ; he died in 1689.

garret, and have not seen a clean shirt upon my back since I came into this cursed country.'

'By my troth,' said I, 'I am sorry to hear matters go so scurvily with you; but pluck up a good heart, for when the times are at worst they must certainly mend. But, pray doctor, before you go any further, satisfy me what church you died a member of, for we had the devil and all to do about you when you were gone. The parson of St. Giles's stood out stiffly that you died a sound Protestant, but all your countrymen swore thou didst troop off like a good Catholic.' 'Why, really Joe,' cried the doctor, 'to deal plainly with you, I don't know well what religion I died in; but if I died in any, as physicians you know seldom do, it was, as I take it, that of the Church of England. I remember, indeed, when I grew light-headed, and the bed, room, and everything began to turn round with me, that a foster-brother of mine, an Irish priest, offered me the civility of Extreme Unction, and I, that knew I had a long journey to go, thought it would not be amiss to have my boots well liquored beforehand, tho' after all, for any good it did me, he might as well have rubbed my posteriors with a brick-bat. This is all I remember of the matter? But what signifies it to the business we are talking of? In short, Joe, if thou could'st put me in a way to live, I should be exceedingly beholden to thee.' 'Doctor,' cried I, 'if you will come to me a week hence, something may be done; for I intend to build me a stage in one of the largest Piazzas of this city, take me a fine house, and set up my old trade of fortune-telling; and as I shall have occasion now and then for some understrapper to draw teeth for me, or to be my toad-eater upon the stage, if you will accept of so mean an employment, besides my old clothes, which will be something, I'll give you meat, drink, washing, and lodging, and four marks *per annum*.'

I am sensible, gentlemen, that I have tired your patience with a long tedious letter, but not knowing when I should find so convenient an opportunity to send another, I resolved to give you in this a full account of all the memorable things that fell within the compass of my observation during my short residence in this country. At present, thanks to my kind stars, I live very comfortably; I keep my brace of geldings, and half a dozen servants; my house is as well furnished as most in this populous city; and to tell you what prodigious numbers of persons of all ages, sexes and conditions flock daily to me to have their fortunes told would hardly find belief with you. If the celestial phenomena deceive me not, and there is any truth in the conjunction in Mercury

and Luna, I shall in a short time rout all the pretenders to Astrology who combine to ruin my reputation and practice, but this opposition has rather increased my friends at Court than lessened them. I am promised to be *maître des langues* to the young Prince of Acheron (so we call the heir aparent to these subterranean dominions) and Proserpine's *camariera major* assured me t'other morning, I should have the honour of teaching the beautiful Princess Fuscamarilla, his sister, to dance. Once more, gentlemen, I beg your excuse for this prolix epistle, and hoping you will order one of your fraternity to send me the news of your upper world, I remain,

Your most obliged,

Dec. 21, 1701.

and most obedient Servant,

JO. HAINES

An Answer to Mr. Joseph Haines, High German Astrologer,
at the Sign of the Urinal and Cassiopea's Chair, in
Brandinopolis, upon Phlegethon

WORTHY SIR,

We received your letter, dated Dec. 21, 1701, and read it yesterday in a full assembly at Will's. The whole company liked it exceedingly, and return you their thanks for the ample and satisfactory account you have given them of Pluto's dominions, from which we have had little or no news, since the famous Don Quevedo had the curiosity to travel thither.

Whereas you desire us, by way of exchange, to furnish you with some of the most memorable transactions that have lately fallen out in this part of the globe ; we willingly comply with your proposal, and are proud of any opportunity to shew Mr. Haines how much we respect and value him.

Imprimis, Will's coffee-house, Mr. Haines, is much in the same condition as when you left it ; and, as a worthy gentleman has lately distributed them into their proper classes, we have four sorts of persons that resort hither. First, such as are beaux, and no wits, and these, are easy to be known by their full periwigs and empty skulls ; secondly, such as are wits and no beaux, and these, not to talk of their out-sides, are distinguished by censuring the ill taste of the age, and railing at one another ; thirdly, such as are neither wits nor beaux, I mean your grave

plodding politicians that come to us every night piping hot from the Parliament House, and finish treaties that were never thought of, and end wars before they are begun ; and fourthly, such as are both wits and beaux, to whose persons, as well as merits, you can be no stranger.

In the next place, the Playhouse stands exactly where it did. Mr. Rich¹ finds some trouble in managing his mutinous subjects, but 'tis no more than what princes must expect to find in a mixed monarchy, as we take the Playhouse to be. The actors jog on after the old merry rate, and the women drink and intrigue. Mr. Clinch of Barnet, with his pack of dogs and organ, comes now and then to their relief ; and your friend Mr. Jevon would hang himself, to see how much the famous Mr. Harvey exceeds him in the ladder-dance.

We have had an inundation of plays lately, and one of them, by a great miracle, made shift to hold out a full fortnight. The generality are either troubled with convulsion-fits, and die the first day of representation, or by mere dint of acting, hold out to the third (which is like a consumptive man's living by cordials), or else die a violent death, and are interred with the solemnity of catcalls. A merry virtuoso, who makes one of the congregation *de propagando ingenio*, designs to publish a weekly bill for the use of the two theatres, in imitation of that published by the parish clerks, and faithfully to set down what distemper every new play dies of.

If the author of a play strains hard for wit and it drivels drop by drop from him, he says it is troubled with the strangury ; if it is vicious in the design and performance, and dull throughout, he intends to give it out in his bill, that it died by a knock in the cradle ; if it miscarries for want of fine scenes and due acting, why, then he says, 'tis starved at nurse ; if it expires the first or second day, he reckons it among the abortive ; and lastly, if it is damned for the feebleness of its satire, he says it dies in breeding of teeth.

As our wit, generally speaking, is debauched, so our wine, the parent of it, is sophisticated all over the town ; and as we never had more plays in the two houses, and more wine in the city than at present, so we were never encumbered with worse of the two sorts than now. As for the latter, we sell that for claret which has not a drop of the juice of the grape in it, but is downright cider. The corruption does not stop short here, but our cider, instead of apples, is made of turnips. Who knows

¹ Christopher Rich was manager of Drury Lane Theatre from 1688 until his death in 1714. His avarice and overbearing behaviour caused constant friction with his actors.

where the cheat will conclude? Perhaps the next generation will debauch our very turnips.

'Tis well, Mr. Haines, you died when you did, for that unhappy place where you have so often exerted your talent, I mean Smithfield, has fallen under the city magistrates' displeasure ;¹ so that now *St. George and the Dragon*, the *Trojan horse*, and *Bateman's ghost*, the *Prodigal Son*, and *Jephtha's Daughter* : in short, all the drolls of glorious memory, are routed, defeated, and sent to grass, without any hopes of a reprieve.

Next to plays ; we have been overrun, in these times of public ferment and distraction, with certain wicked things called pamphlets ; and some scribblers that shall be nameless, have writ *pro* and *con* upon the same subject, at least six times since last spring.

Both nations are at bay, and like two bull-dogs, snarl at one another, yet have not thought fit, as yet, to come to actual blows. What the event will be, we cannot prophesy at this distance, but every little corporation in the kingdom has laid Lewis le Grand upon his back, and as good as called him perjured knave and villain. However, 'tis the hardest case in the world if we miscarry ; our Grub Street pamphleteers advise the shires and boroughs what sort of members to choose ; the shires and boroughs advise their representatives what course to steer in parliament ; and the senators, no doubt on't, will advise his majesty what ministers to rely on, and how to behave himself in this present conjuncture. Thus, advice, you see, like malt-tickets, circulates plentifully about the kingdom ; so that if we fail in our designs, after all, the wicked can never say 'twas for want of advice. We forgot to tell you, Mr. Haines, that since you left this upper world your life has been written by a brother player,² who pretends he received all his memoirs from your own mouth, a little before you made a leap into the dark ; and really you are beholden to the fellow, for he makes you a Master of Arts at the university, tho' you never took a degree there. That, and a thousand stories of other people, he has fathered upon you, and the truth on't is, the adventures of thy life, if truly set down, are so romantic, that few besides thy acquaintance would be able to distinguish between the history and the fable. But let not this disturb the serenity of your

¹ Every now and again the City Fathers awoke to the disorderliness of Bartholomew Fair and instituted drastic reforms. The various shows here mentioned were popular plays and drolls.

² This is *The Life of the Famous Comedian Jo Haynes*, London, 1701, of unknown authorship.

soul, Mr. Haines, for after this rate the lives of all illustrious persons, whether ancient or modern, have been written. This, Mr. Haines, is all we have to communicate to you at present, so we conclude, with subscribing ourselves,

Your most humble Servants,

From WILL's in
Covent Garden,
Jan. 10, 1701.

SEBASTIAN FREEMAN,
Registrarius, Nomine Societatis

Scarron¹ to Lewis le Grand

All the conversation of this lower world, at present, runs upon you ; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houses, but what his Gallic Majesty is more or less concerned in. 'Tis agreed on by all our virtuosos that since the days of Dioclesian no prince has been so great a benefactor to Hell as yourself ; and, master of eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris, I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under foot the treaty of Ryswick, and opening a new scene of war in your great climacteric, at which age most of the princes before you were such recreants as to think of making up their scores with Heaven, and leaving their neighbours in peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid precedents, and rather than Pluto should want men to people his dominions, are willing to spare him half a million of your own subjects, and that at a juncture too, when you are not overstocked with them.

This has gained you universal applause in these regions ; the three Furies sing your praises in every street ; Bellona swears there's never a prince in Christendom worth hanging besides yourself ; and Charon bustles for you in all companies. He desired me, about a week ago, to present his most humble respects to you ; adding, that if it had not been for your majesty, he, with his wife and children, must long ago have been quartered upon the parish ; for which reason he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold Styx next his conscience.

Indeed, I have a double title to write to you ; in the first place, as

¹ Paul Scarron (1610-60) was a French poet and dramatist. In mid-life he became distorted and crippled ; eight years before his death he married the beautiful Françoise d'Aubigné, afterwards famous as Madame de Maintenon, mistress of Louis XIV. Scarron was a prolific writer ; his works were translated into English by Tom Brown, who is never tired of vilifying his widow.

one of your dutiful, tho' unworthy subjects, who formerly tasted of your liberality ; and secondly, as you have done me the honour to take my late wife not only into your private embraces, but private councils. Poor soul ! I little thought she would fall to your majesty's share when I took my last farewell of her, or that a prince that had his choice of so many thousands, would accept of my sorry leavings. And therefore, I must confess, I am apt to be a little vain, as often as I reflect that the greatest monarch in the universe and I are brother-starlings, and that the eldest son of the church, and the little Scarron have fished in the same hole. Some saucy fellows have had the impudence to tell me to my face that Madam Maintenon¹ (for so, out of respect to your majesty, I must call her) is your lawful wife, and that you were clandestinely married to her. I took them up roundly, as they deserved, and told them, I was sure it was a damned lie ; 'for,' said I to them, 'if my master was married to her, as you pretend, she had broke his heart long ago, as well as she did mine ; from whence I positively concluded, that she might be your mistress, but was none of your wife.'

Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a public-house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the Milanese, and the intended siege of Mantua, the whole company fell a-talking of your majesty, and what glorious exploits you had performed in your time. 'Why, gentlemen,' says an ill-looking rascal, who proved to be Herostratus, 'for Pluto's sake let not the Grand Monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time, too. 'Twas I who out of *gaité de cœur*, and to perpetuate my name, fired the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure which was two hundred years a-building : therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share.' 'Why, thou diminutive, inconsiderable wretch,' said I to him in a great passion ; 'thou worthless, idle logger-head, thou pigmy in sin, thou Tom Thumb in iniquity, how dares such a puny insect as thou art, have the impudence to enter the lists with Lewis le Grand ? Thou valuest thy self upon firing a church, but how ? When the mistress of

¹ Madame de Maintenon first entered the royal household as governess to Louis's illegitimate children. On the death of his queen, Marie Therese, the King married Madame Scarron, as she then was, though she was never recognised as his wife. She used her great influence for the King's good, purged the Court of much of its evil, and was a beneficent power in France. On Louis's death she retired to the girls' college she had founded at St. Cyr, and there ended her days, in 1719.

However, to give the Devil his due, I will say it before thy face and behind thy back, that if thou hadst reigned as many years as my gracious master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have governed thy conscience, thou mightest, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of.'

Having put my Roman emperor to silence, I looked about me, and saw a pack of grammarians (for so I guessed them to be by their impertinence and noise) disputing very fiercely at the next table. The matter in debate was, which was the most heroic age; and one of them, who valued himself very much upon his reading, maintained, that the heroic age, properly so-called, began with the Theban, and ended with the Trojan war, in which compass of time, that glorious constellation of heroes, Hercules, Jason, Theseus, Tidaëus, with Agamemnon, Ajax, Achilles, Hector, Troilus, and Diomedes flourished; men that had all signalized themselves by their personal gallantry and valour. His next neighbour argued very fiercely for the age wherein Alexander founded the Grecian monarchy, and saw so many noble generals and commanders about him. The third was as obstreperous for that of Julius Cæsar, and managed his argument with so much heat that I expected every minute that these puppies would have gone to loggerheads in good earnest.

'To put an end to your controversy, gentlemen,' said I to them, 'you may talk till your lungs are foundered, but this I positively assert, that the present age we live in is the most heroic age, and that my master, Lewis le Grand, is the greatest hero of it.'

'Hark you me, Sir, how do you make that appear?' cried the whole pack of them, opening upon me all at once. 'By your leave, Gentlemen,' answered I, 'two to one is odds at foot-ball; but having a hero's cause to defend, I find myself possessed with a hero's vigour and resolution, and don't doubt but I shall bring you over to my party. That age, therefore, is the most heroic which is the boldest and bravest. The ancients, I grant you, whored and got drunk, and cut throats as well as we do; but, gentlemen, they did not sin upon the same foot as we, nor had so many wicked discouragements to deter them. We whore when we know 'tis ten to one but we get a clap for our pains; whereas our forefathers, before the siege of Naples, had no such blessing to apprehend. We drink and murder one another in cold blood, at the same time believing that we must be rewarded with damnation; but your old heroes had no notion at all, or at least an imperfect one, of a

future state. So 'tis a plain case, you see, that the heroism lies on our side. To apply this, then, to my royal master ; he has filled all Christendom with blood and confusion ; he has broke through the most solemn treaties sworn at the altar ; he has destroyed and undone infinite numbers of poor wretches ; and all this for his own glory and ambition, when he's assured that Hell gapes every moment for him. Now tell me whether your Jasons, your Agamemnons, or Alexanders, durst have ventured so heroically ; or whether your pitiful emperors of Germany, your mechanical kings of England and Sweden, or your lousy States of Holland, have courage enough to write after so illustrious a copy ?'

Thus, Sir, you may see with what zeal I appear in your majesty's behalf, and that I omit no opportunity of magnifying your great exploits to the utmost of my poor abilities. At the same time, I must freely own to you that I have met with some rough-hewn, saucy rascals, that have stopped me in my full career, when I have been expatiating upon your praises, and have so dumb-founded me with their villainous objections, that I could not tell how to reply to them. Some few days ago it was my fortune to affirm, in a full assembly, that since the days of Charlemagne, France was never blessed with so renowned, so victorious, and so puissant a prince as your majesty. 'You lame, gouty coxcomb,' says a saucy butter-box of a Dutchman to me, 'don't give yourself these airs in our company. Lewis, the greatest prince that France ever had ! Why, I tell thee, he has no more title to that crown than I have to the Great Mogul's ; and Lewis the thirteenth was no more his father than the Pope of Rome is thine.' I blessed myself to hear the fellow deliver this with so serious a mien. Then a countryman of his took up the cudgels ; ' 'Tis true,' says he, 'your mighty monarch has no right to the throne he possesses ; the late king had no hand in the begetting of him,¹ but a lusty proper young fellow, one le Grand by name, and an apothecary by profession, was employed by Cardinal Mazarin, who had prepared the queen's conscience for the taking of such a dose, to strike an heir for France out of her majesty's body. By the same token this scarlet agent of hell got him fairly poisoned as soon as he had done the work, for fear of telling tales.' 'If you ever read Virgil's life, written by Donatus,' cries a third to me, 'you'll find that Augustus having rewarded that famous poet with a parcel of loaves for some little services

¹ This old scandal, very widely believed at the time, had its origin in the fact that Louis XIII and Anne of Austria had been married twenty years before their only child was born.

done him, had the curiosity once to enquire of him who he thought was his father? To this question of the emperor, Virgil fairly answered that he believed him to be a baker's son, because he still paid him in a baker's manufacture, viz. Bread. And thus, were there no other proofs to confirm it, yet any one would swear that Lewis le Grand is an apothecary's son, because he has acted all his life-time the part of an apothecary.

'*Imprimis*. He has given so many strong purges to his own kingdom, that he has emptied it of half its people and money. *Item*. He applied caustics to Genoa and Brussels, when he bombarded both those cities. *Item*. He gave a damned clyster to the Hollanders with a witness, when he fell upon the rear of their provinces, in the year '72. *Item*. He lulled King Charles the Second asleep with female opiates. *Item*. He forced Pope Innocent the Eleventh to swallow the unpalatable draught of the Franchises. *Item*. He administred a restorative cordial to Mahometanism, when he entered into an alliance with the Grand Turk against the emperor. *Item*. He would have tempted the Prince of Orange with the gilded pill of sovereignty, but his little cousin was wiser than to take it. And lastly, if he had restored King James to his crown again he would have brought the people of England a most conscientious apothecary's bill for his waiting and attending. In short, shake this mighty monarch in a bag, turn him this way, and that way, and t'other way, *sursum, deorsum, quaquaversum*, I'll engage you'll find him nothing but a mere apothecary; and I hope the emperor and king of England will play the apothecary too, in their turn, and make him vomit up all those provinces and kingdoms he has so unrighteously usurped. Prince Eugene of Savoy has worked him pretty well this last summer, and 'tis an infallible prognostic, that he's reduced to the last extremities, when his spiritual physicians apply pigeons to the soles of his feet; I mean prayers and masses, and advise him to reconcile himself to that Heaven he has so often affronted with his most execrable perjuries.'

'Tis impossible for me to tell your majesty what a surprize I was in to hear this graceless Netherlander blaspheme your glorious name after this insufferable rate. But to see how one persecution treads upon the heels of another! I was hardly recovered out of my astonishment, when a son of a whore of a German, advancing towards me, was pleased to explain himself as follows:

'You keep a pother and noise here about your mighty monarch,' says he to me, 'but what has this mighty monarch, and be damned to

you, done to merit any body's good word? I say, what one generous, noble exploit has he been guilty of in his whole reign, long as it is, to deserve so much incense and flattery, so many statues and triumphal arches, which a pack of mercenary, nauseous, fulsome slaves have bestowed upon him? For my part,' continues he, 'when I first heard his historians and poets, his priests and courtiers, talk such wonderful things of him, I fancied that another Cyrus or Alexander had appeared upon the stage; but when I observed him more narrowly, and by a truer light, I found this immortal man, as his inscriptions vainly style him, to be a little, tricking, pilfering *Fripon*, that watched the critical minute for stealing towns, as nicely as your rogues of an inferior sphere do that of nimming cloaks. And tho' he had the fairest opportunity of erecting a new Western monarchy that ever any prince could boast of, since the declension of the Roman Empire; yet to his eternal disgrace be it said, no man could have made a worse use of all those wonderful advantages, that fortune and the stupid security of his neighbours conspired to put into his hands. To convince you of the truth of this, let us only consider what posture the affairs of France were in at his accession to that crown, and several years after, as likewise how all the neighbouring princes and states about him stood affected. To begin, then, with the former, he found himself master of the best-disciplined troops in the universe, commanded by the most experienced generals that any one age had produced, and spirited by a long train of victories, over a careless, desponding, lazy enemy. All the great men of his kingdom were so depressed and humbled by the fortunate artifices of Richelieu and Mazarin, that they were not capable of giving him any uneasiness at home; the sole power of raising money was entirely in his own hands, and his Parliaments were so far from giving a check to his daily encroachments upon their liberties, that they were made the most effectual instruments of his tyranny. In short, his clergy were as much devoted, and the whole body of his people as subservient to him, as a prince could wish.

'As for his neighbours, he who was best able of any to put a stop to his growing greatness, I mean the king of England, either favoured his designs clandestinely, or was so enervated by his pleasures that provided he could enjoy an inglorious effeminacy at home, he seemed not to lay much to heart what became of the rest of Christendom. The Emperor was composing anthems for his chapel at Vienna, when he should have appeared at the head of his troops on the Rhine; the

princes of Germany were either divided from the common interest by the underhand management of France, or not at all concerned at the impending storm that threatened them; the Hollanders were within an ace of losing their liberty by the preposterous care they took to secure it, I mean, by divesting of all power in their government that family which, as it had formerly erected their republic, was now the only one that could help to protect it.

'The little states and principalities of Italy looked on at a distance, not daring to declare themselves in so critical a conjuncture, when the two keys of their country, Pignerol and Casal, hung at the girdle of France. In short, the dispeopled monarchy of Spain was governed by a soft unactive prince, equally unfit for the cabinet and the field; his counsellors, who managed all under him, taking no care to lay up magazines, and put their towns in a posture of defence, but wholly relying for that upon their neighbours, like some inconsiderate spend-thrift thrown into a jail by his creditors, who smokes and drinks, and talks merrily all the while, but never advances one step to make his circumstances easy to him, leaving the burthen of that affair to his friends and relations, whom perhaps he never obliged so far in his prosperity, as to deserve it from their hands.

'Here, now,' says he, 'was the fairest opportunity that ever presented itself for a prince of gallantry and resolution, for a Tamerlane and a Scanderbeg, to have done something eminently signal in his generation. And if in the last century a little king of Sweden, with a handful of men, could force his way from the Baltic to the Rhine, and fill all Germany with terror and consternation, what might we not have expected from a powerful king of France, in the flower of his youth, and at the head of two hundred thousand effective men, especially when there was no visible power to oppose him? But this wonderful monarch of yours, instead of carrying his arms beyond the Danube, and performing any one worthy action for his historians to record in the annals of his reign, has humbly contented himself, now and then, in the beginning of the year, when he knew his neighbours were unprepared for such a visit, to invest some little market-town in Flanders, with his invincible troops; and when a parcel of silly implicit fools had done the business for him; then, forsooth, he must appear at the head of his Court harlots and minstrels, and make a magnificent entry thro' the breach. And after this ridiculous piece of pageantry is over, he will return again to Versailles, with the same equipage, order new medals, operas, and

sonnets to be made upon the occasion ; and what ought by no means to be omitted, our most trusty and well-beloved counsellor and cousin, the archbishop of Paris, must immediately have a letter sent him, to repair forthwith, at the head of his ecclesiastic myrmidons, to Nôtre Dame, and there to thank God for the success of an infamous robbery, which an honest moral pagan would have blushed at. So that when the next fit of his *fistula in ano* shall send this immortal town-stealer, this divine village-lifter, this heroic pilferer of poor hamlets and their dependencies, down to these subterranean dominions, don't imagine that he'll be allowed to keep company with the Pharamonds and Charlemagnes of France, the Edwards and Henries of England, the Williams of the Nassovian family, or the Alexanders and Cæsars of Greece and Rome. No, should he have the impudence to shew his head among that illustrious assembly, they would soon order their footmen to drub him into better manners.'

'Neither,' cries a surly Englishman, clapping his sides, and interrupting him, 'must he expect the favour to appear even among our holiday heroes and custard-stormers of Cheapside, those merry burlesques of the art military in Finsbury Fields,¹ who, poor creatures ! never meant the destruction of any mortal thing but transitory roast-beef and capon. No, friend,' says he, 'Lewis le Grand must expect to take up his habitation in the most infamous quarter of Hell, among a parcel of house-breakers and shop-lifters, rogues burnt in the cheek for petty larceny and burglary, brethren of the moon, gentlemen of the horn-thumb, pillagers of the hedges and henroosts, conveyors of silver spoons and camlet cloaks, and such like enterprising heroes, whose famous actions are faithfully registered in our sessions-papers and dying-speeches, transmitted to posterity by the Ordinary of Newgate ; a much more impartial historian than your Pelissons and Boileaus. However, as I was informed last week by an understrapper at Court ; Pluto, in consideration of the singular services your royal master has done him, will allow him a brace of fiddlers to scrape and sing to him wherever he goes, since he takes such a delight to hear his own praises.'

'I must confess,' says another leering rogue, countryman of his, 'that since the Grand Monarch we have been speaking of, who has all along done more by his bribing and tricking than by the conduct of his generals or the bravery of his troops ; who has played at fast and loose with his neighbours ever since he came to the crown, who has surprized

¹ A gibe at the evolutions of the Artillery Company and the Train Bands.

abundance of towns in his time, and at the next treaty been forced to spue up those very places he ordered *Te Deum* to be sung for a few months before ; I must confess,' says he, ' that since in conjunction with a damned mercenary priest, he has forged a will for his brother-in-law of Spain, and placed his grandson upon that throne, I should think the rest of Christendom in a very bad condition indeed, if he should be suffered to go on quietly with his show a few years more. For all I know, he might bid fair to set up a new empire in the west, which he has been aiming at so long. But if the last advice from the other world don't deceive us : if the parliament of England goes on as unanimously as they have begun, to support their prince in so pious and necessary a war ; in short, if the emperor, the Dutch, and the other allies, act with that vigour and resolution it becomes them upon this pressing occasion, I make no question to see this mighty hero plundered like the jay in the fable, of all the fine plumes he has borrowed, and reduced to so low an ebb that he shall not find it in his power, tho' he has never so much in his will, to disturb the peace of the Christian world any more.

' And this,' continues he, ' is as favourable an opportunity as we could desire, to strip him of all his usurpations ; for, heaven be praised, Spain at present is a burthen to him, and by grasping at too much, he's in a fair way to lose every farthing. Besides, this late forgery of the will has plucked off his old mask, and shews that 'tis an universal monarchy he intends, and not the repose of Europe, which has been so fortunate a sham to him in all his other treaties ; so that the devil's in the allies now, if they don't see thro' those thin pretences he so often dazzled them with formerly ; or lay down their arms, till they have made this French bustard, who is all feathers, and no substance, as bare and naked as a skeleton ; and effectually spoil his new trade of making wills for other people.

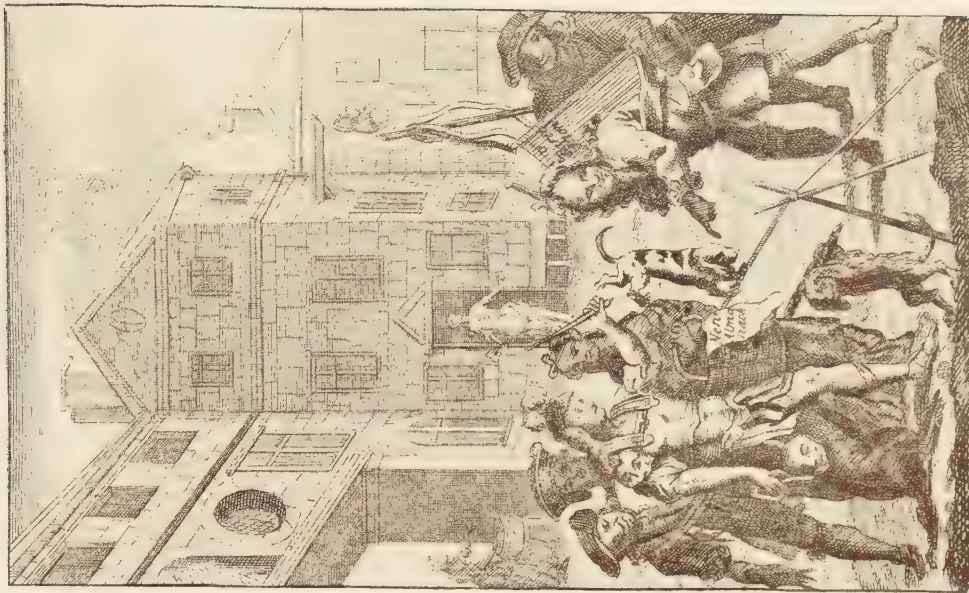
' And this they may easily bring about,' continues he, ' if they lay hold on the present opportunity, for as I observed to you before, he has taken more business upon his hands than he'll ever be able to manage, and by grasping at too much is in the direct road to lose all. For my part, I never think of him but he puts me in mind of a silly foolish fellow I knew once in London, who was a common knife-grinder about the streets, and having in this humble occupation gathered a few straggling pence, must needs take a great house in Fleet Street, and set up for a sword-cutler. But before quarter-day came, finding the rent too bulky for him, he very fairly rubbed off with all his effects, and left



An Astrologer giving advice to the credulous, surrounded by the mysteries of his art

FOLLIES IN LONDON AND BRANDINOPOLIS

(From Tom Brown's Works)



Mark Anthony teaching dogs to dance, accompanied by Oliver Cromwell, as a rat-catcher

his landlord the key under the door. Without pretending to the spirit of Nostradamus, or Lilly, this I foresee, will be the fate of Lewis le Grand ; therefore when you write next to your glorious monarch, pray give my respects to him, and bid him remember the sad destiny of the poor knife-grinder of London.'

Thus you see, Sir, how I am daily plagued and harassed by a parcel of brawny impudent rascals, and all for espousing your quarrel, and crying up the justice of your arms. For Pluto's sake let me conjure your majesty to lay your commands upon Boileau, Racine, or any of your panegyrists, to instruct me how I may stop for the future the mouths of these impertinent babblers who make Hell ten times more insupportable than otherwise it would be, and threaten to toss me in a blanket the next time I come unprovided for your defence into their company. In the meantime, humbly desiring your majesty to present my love to the *quondam* wife of my bosom, I mean the virtuous Madam Maintenon, who, in conjunction with your most Christian majesty, now governs all France ; and put her in mind of sending me a dozen of new shirts by the next packet. I remain,

Your Majesty's
most obedient, and most obliged
Subject and Servant,

SCARRON

Hannibal to the victorious Prince Eugene of Savoy

'Twas with infinite satisfaction that I received the news of the happy success of your arms in Italy. My worthy friend Scipio (for so I may justly call him, since we have dropped our old animosities, and now live amicably together) is eternally talking of your conduct and bravery. Nay, Alexander the Great, who can hardly bear any competitor in the point of glory, has freely confessed that your gallantry in passing the Po and Adige, in the face of so powerful an enemy, falls not short of what he himself formerly shewed upon the banks of the Granicus. For my part, I have a thousand obligations to you. My march over the Alps, upon which I may deservedly value myself, was looked upon here to be fabulous, till your late expedition over those rugged mountains confirmed the belief of it. Thus neither hills nor rivers can stop the progress of your victories, and 'tis you who have found out the lucky

secret how to baffle the circumspect gravity of the Spaniards, and repress the furious impetuosity of the French.

His Gallic majesty, who minds keeping his word as little as that mercenary republic of tradesmen whom it was my misfortune to serve, will find to his cost, that all the laurels he has been so long a plundering will at last fall to your excellency's share ; and that he has been labouring forty years together to no other purpose than to enrich you with the spoils of his former triumphs.

Go on, therefore, in the same glorious track as you have begun, and be assured that the good wishes of all the great and illustrious persons now resident in this lower world attend you in all your enterprises. As nothing can be a greater pleasure to virtuous men, than to see villains rewarded according to their deserts ; so true heroes never rejoice more than when they see a sham-conqueror, and vain-glorious bully, such as Lewis XIV plundered of all his unjust acquisitions, and reduced to his primitive state of nothing.

Were there free communication between our territories and yours, Cyrus, Miltiades, Cæsar, and a thousand other generals would be proud to offer you their service the next campaign ; but 'tis your happiness that you want not their assistance ; your own personal bravery, joined to that of your troops, and the justice of your cause, being sufficient to carry you thro' all your undertakings.

Farewell

Pindar of Thebes to Tom Durfey

However it happened so, I can't tell, but I could never get a sight of thy famous Pindaric¹ upon the late Queen Mary, 'till about a month ago. Most of the company would needs have me declare open war against thee that very minute, for profaning my name with such execrable doggerel. Stesichorus railed at thee worse than the man of the Horse-shoe tavern in Drury Lane ; Alcæus, I believe, will hardly be his own man again this fortnight, so much concerned he is to find thee crowding thy self among the Lyric poets ; nay, Sappho the patient, laid about her like a fury, and called thee a thousand pimping stuttering ballad-singers.

¹ Tom D'Urfey (1653-1723) was the object of Brown's special hatred and scorn. 'Thou cur, half French, half English breed,' he apostrophizes him in a poem. He was the author of innumerable poems and songs (collected in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*), plays and stray pieces, including sundry loyal odes to Charles II and James II.

As for me, far from taking any thing amiss at thy hands, I am mightily pleased with the honour thou hast done me, and besides, must own thou hast been the cheapest, kindest physician to me I ever met with ; for whenever my circumstances sit uneasy upon me (and for thy comfort, Tom, we poets have our plagues in this world, as well as we had in yours), when my landlord persecutes me for rent, my sempstress for linen, my tailor for clothes, or my vintner for a long score behind the bar, I immediately read but half a dozen lines of thy admirable ode, and sleep as heartily as the monks in Rabelais, after singing a verse or two of the seven penitential psalms.

All I am afraid of is that when the virtues of it are known, somebody or other will be perpetually borrowing it of me, either to help him to a nap, or cure him of the spleen, for I find 'tis an excellent specific for both. Therefore I must desire thee to order trusty Sam to send me as many of them as have escaped the pastry-cook, and I will remit him his money by the next opportunity. If Augustus Cæsar thought a Roman gentleman's pillow worth the buying, who slept soundly every night amidst all his debts, can a man blame me for bestowing a few transitory pence upon thy poem, which is the best opiate in the universe ?

In short, friend Tom, I love and admire thee for the freedom thou hast taken with me ; and this I will say in commendation, that thou hast in this respect done more than even Alexander the Great durst do. That mighty conqueror, upon the taking of Thebes, spared all of my family, nay, the very house I lived in ; but thou, who hast a genius superior to him, hast not spared me even in what I value most, my versification and good name ; for which Apollo in due time reward thee.

Farewell

King James II to Lewis XIV. By Mr. Boyer

DEAR ROYAL BROTHER AND COUSIN,

Tho' I have traversed the vast abyss that lies betwixt us and am now at some hundred millions of leagues distant from you, yet do I still remember the promise I made you before my departure, to send you an account of my journey hither. Know, then, that all the stories you hear of the mansions of the dead are flim-flams, invented by the crafty, to terrify and manage the weak. Here's no such thing as Hell or Purgatory ; no lake of fire and brimstone ; no cloven-footed devils ; no

land of darkness. This place is wonderfully well lighted by a never decaying effulgence, which flows from the Almighty ; and the pleasures we dead enjoy, and the torments we endure, consist in a full and clear view of our past actions, whether good or bad, and in being in such company as is allotted us.

For my part, I am continually tormented with the thoughts of having lost three goodly kingdoms by my infatuation and bigotry ; and to aggravate my pain, I am quartered with my royal father Charles I, my honest well-meaning brother Charles II, and the subtle Machiavel. The first reproaches me ever and anon with my not having made better use of his dreadful example ; the second, with having despised his wholesome advice ; and the third, with having misapplied his maxims, thro' the wrong suggestions of my father confessor. Oh ! that I had as little religion as yourself, or as some of my ministers and my predecessors ; then might I have reigned with honour, and in plenty over a nation which is ever loyal and faithful to a prince who is tender of their laws and liberties ; and peacefully resigned my crown to my lawfully begotten son. Whereas, thro' the delusions of priest-craft, and the fond insinuations of a bigotted wife, I endeavoured to establish the superstitions of Popery, and the fatal maxims of a despotic, dispensing power, upon the ruins of the Protestant Religion, and of the fundamental laws of a free people, which at last concluded with my abdication and exile.

I am sorry you have deviated from your wonted custom of breaking your word, and that you have punctually observed the promise you made me on my dying bed, of acknowledging my dear son as king of Great Britain ; for I fear my *quondam* subjects, who love to contradict you in every thing, will from thence take occasion to abjure him for ever ; whereas had you disowned him, they would perhaps have acknowledged him in mere spite.

Cardinal Richelieu, who visits me often, still professes a great deal of zeal and affection for your government, but is extremely concerned at the wrong measures you take to arrive at universal monarchy. He has desired me to advise you to keep the old method he chalked out for you, which is, to trust more to your gold than to your arms. I cannot but think he is in the right on't, considering the wonderful success the first has lately had with the Archbishop of Cologne, and some other of the German and Italian princes, and the small progress your armies have made in the Milanese. But the wholesomeness of his advice is yet

better justified by your dealings with the English, whom, you know, you have always found more easily bribed than bullied. Therefore, as you treasure the grandeur of your monarchy, and the interest of my dear son, instead of raising new forces and fitting out fleets, be sure to send a cart-load of your new-coined Lewis d'ors into England, in order to divide the nation, and set the Whigs and Tories together by the ears.

But take care you trust your money in the hands of a person that knows how to distribute it to more advantage than either Count T——d or P——n¹ who, as I am told, have lavished away your favours all at once upon insatiable cormorants, and extravagant gamesters and spend-thrifts. 'Tis true, by their assistance, and the unwearied diligence of my loyal Jacobites, you have made a shift to get the old ministry discarded, and to retard the Grand Alliance ; but let me tell you, unless you see them afresh, they will certainly leave you in the lurch at the next sessions ; for ingratitude and corruption do always go together. Therefore, to keep these mercenary rogues to their behaviour and in perpetual dependance, you must feed them with small portions, as weekly, or monthly allowances. Above all, bid your agents take heed how they deal with a certain indefatigable writer, who, as long as your gold has lasted, has been very useful to our cause, and boldly defeated the dangerous counsels of your implacable enemies the Whigs ; but who, upon the first withdrawing of your bounty, will infallibly turn cat in pan, and write for the House of Austria.

I could give you more instructions in relation to England, but not knowing whether they would be taken in good part, I forbear them for the present. Pray comfort my dear spouse with a royal kiss, and tell her I wait her coming with impatience. Bid my beloved son not despair of ascending my throne, that is, provided he shakes off the fetters of the Romish superstition. Let him not despond upon account of my unfaithful servant Fuller's evidence² against his legitimacy, for the depositions of my nobility, which are still upon record in Chancery, will easily defeat that perjured fellow's pretended proof, with all honest considering men. And as for the numerous addresses, which I hear are daily presented to my successor against him, he may find as many in

¹ Tallard and Poussin, French ambassadors to England.

² William Fuller, an arch-impostor in league with Titus Oates, but at one time professing devotion to James II, was the principal 'revealer' of the Warming-pan Plot of 1696, and five years later published another version of the story, with alleged letters from Mary of Modena and depositions to prove that she had not been brought to bed of a son.

my strong box, which were presented to me in his favour, both before and after his birth.

The last courier brought us news of a pretended miracle wrought by my body at the Benedictines' church; I earnestly desire you to disabuse the world, and keep the imposture from getting ground: for how is it possible I should cure eye-fistulas, now I am dead, that could not ease myself of a troublesome corn in my toe when living? My service to all our friends and acquaintance; be assured that all the Lethean waters shall never wash away from my memory in the other world the great services I have received at your hands; nor the inviolable affection, which makes me subscribe myself,

Dear Royal Brother and Cousin,
Your most obliged Friend,

JAMES REX

Lewis XIV's Answer to King James II. By the same Hand

MOST BELOVED ROYAL BROTHER AND COUSIN,

Yours I received this morning, and no sooner cast my eyes upon the superscription, but I guessed it to be written by one of my fellow kings, by the scrawl and ill-spelling. I am glad your account of the other world agrees so well with the thoughts I always entertained about it; for, between friends, I never believed the stories the priests tell us of Hell and Purgatory. Ambition has ever been my religion; and my grandeur the only deity to which I have paid my adoration. If I have persecuted the Protestants of my kingdom, 'twas not because I thought their persuasions worse than the Romish, but because I looked upon them as a sort of dangerous, antimonarchical people; who, as they had fixed the crown upon my head, so they might as easily take it off, to serve their own party; and because by that means I secured the Jesuits, who must be owned the best supporters of arbitrary power. Nay, to tell you the truth, my design in making you, by my emissaries, a stickler for Popery, was only to create jealousies betwixt you and your people, so that ye might stand in need of my assistance, and be tributary to my power.

I am sorry you are in the company of the three persons you mention. To get rid of their teasing and reproaching conversation, I advise you to propose a match at whist, and if, by casting knaves, you can but get

Machiavel on your side, I am sure you will get the better of the other two. Since you mention my owning the prince, your son, as king of Great Britain, I must needs tell you that neither he nor you have reason to be beholden to me for it ; for what I did was not to keep my promise to you, but only to serve my own ends. I considered that an alliance being made between the English, the Emperor, and the Dutch, in order to reduce my exorbitant power, a war must inevitably follow.

Now, I suppose that after two or three years' fighting, my finances will be pretty near exhausted, and that I shall be forced to condescend to give peace to Europe, as I did four years ago. The Emperor, I reckon, will be brought to sign and seal upon reasonable terms, and be content with having some small share in the Spanish monarchy, as will the Dutch also, with a barrier in Flanders. These two less considerable enemies being quieted, how shall I pacify those I fear most, I mean the English ? Why, by turning your dear son out of my kingdom, as I formerly did you and your brother. Not that I will wholly abandon him neither : no, you may rest assured that I will re-espouse his quarrel as soon as I shall find an opportunity to make him instrumental to the advancement of my greatness.

I am obliged to Cardinal Richelieu for the concern he shews for the honour of France, and will not fail to make use of his advice, as far as my running cash will let me. But I am somewhat puzzled how to manage matters in England at the next sessions ; for my agent P——n,¹ by taking his leave in a public tavern, of three of our best friends, has rendered them suspected to the nation, and consequently useless to me. I wish you could direct me to some trusty Jacobite in England to distribute my bribes ; for I find my own subjects unqualified for that office, and easily deluded by the sharp, mercenary English. However, I will not so much depend upon my Lewis d'ors, as to disband my armies, and lay up my fleets, as you and Cardinal Richelieu seem to counsel me to do.

I suppose you have no other intelligence but the *London Gazette*, else you would not entertain so despicable an opinion of my arms in Italy. I send you here enclosed a collection of the *Gazettes* printed this year in my good city of Paris, whereby you will find, upon a right computation, that the Germans have lost ten men to one of the

¹ Great talk was occasioned by Poussin supping at the Blue Posts tavern—a noted Jacobite resort—with three virulent Tory M.P.s, Tredenham, Hammond and Davenant. This association with the national enemy threw obloquy upon the whole Tory party and was made great capital of by the Whigs.

Confederates. Pray fail not to send me by the next post all the instructions you can think of in relation to England: for tho' you made more false steps in this world than any of your predecessors, yet I find by your letter, you have wonderfully improved your politics by the conversation of Machiavel and Richelieu.

I have communicated your letter to your dear spouse and beloved son, who cannot be persuaded to believe it came from you; not thinking it possible that so religious a man, whilst living, should turn libertine after his death. I cannot, with safety, comply with your desire of disabusing the world concerning the miraculous cure pretended to be wrought by your body at the Benedictines' church. Such pious frauds are the main prop of the Popish religion; as that is of my sovereign authority. Your son may hope to be one day seated on your throne, not by turning Protestant (to which he is entirely averse, and which I shall be sure to prevent), but by the superiority of my arms, and the extensiveness of my power, after I shall have fixed my son on the throne of Spain. Madam Maintenon desires to be remembered to you; she writes by this post to Mr. Scarron, her former husband, to desire him to wait on you, and endeavour to divert your melancholy thoughts, by reading to you the third part of his comical romance, which we are informed he has lately written, for the entertainment of the dead. I remain as faithfully as ever,

Dear Royal Brother and Cousin,
Your affectionate Friend,

LEWIS REX

From Julian,¹ late Secretary to the Muses, to Will. Pierre of
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Play-house. By the same Hand

Pandæmonium, the 8th of the month of Belzebub.

WORTHY AND RIGHT WELL-BELOVED,

That you may not wonder at an address from hell, or be scandalized at the correspondence, I must let you know first, that by the uncertainty of the road, and the forgetfulness of my old acquaintance, all my former

¹ Robert Julian, styled Secretary to the Muses, was a ballad-maker and the author of several ribald libels. In 1687 he was tried for publishing a scurrilous ballad to the tune of 'Old Simon the King,' and was sentenced to stand in the pillory at Charing Cross and at Bow Street. William Pierre (or Peer) was an actor and property-man at Drury Lane.

letters have either miscarried, or have been neglected by my correspondents, who, tho' they were fond enough of my scandal, nay, courted my favours when living, now I am past gratifying their vices, like true men, they think no more of me. The conscious tub tavern can witness, and my Bury Street apartment testify the solicitations I have had, for the first copy of a new lampoon, from the greatest lords of the court ; tho' their own folly and their wives were the subject.

My person was so sacred that the terrible scan. mag.¹ had no terrors for me, whose business was so public and so useful, in publishing the faults of the great and the fair ; for in my books the lord was shewn a knave or fool, tho' his power defended the former, and his pride would not see the latter. The antiquated coquet was told of her age and ugliness, tho' her vanity placed her in the first row in the king's box at the play-house, and in the view of the congregation of St. James's church. The precise countess that would be scandalized at a *double entendre* was shewn betwixt a pair of sheets with a well-made footman, in spite of her quality and conjugal vow. The formal statesman that set up for wisdom and honesty, was exposed as a dull tool, and yet a knave, losing at play his own revenue and the bribes incident to his post, besides enjoying the infamy of a poor and fruitless knavery without any concern. I showed the demure lady, that would scarce sip off the glass in company, carousing her bottles in private, of cool Nantz, too, to correct the crudities of her last night's debauch. In short, in my books were seen men and women as they were, not as they would seem ; stripped of their hypocrisy, spoiled of the fig-leaves of their quality. A knave was called a knave, a fool a fool, a jilt a jilt, and a whore a whore. And the love of scandal and native malice that men and women have to one another, made me in such request when alive, that I was admitted to the lord's closet, when a man of letters and merit would be thrust out of doors. And I was as familiar with the ladies as their lap-dogs ; for to them I did often good services, under a pretence of a lampoon, conveying a billet-doux ; and so whilst I exposed their past vices, I prompted matter for the next lampoon.

After all these services, believe me, Sir, I was no sooner dead, than forgotten : I have writ many letters to the bribed courtiers, of their fore-runner's arrival in these parts, but not one word of answer. I sent word to my lord Squeezall that his good friend Sir Parcimony Spareall was newly arrived, and clapped into the bilboes for a fool as well as a

¹ Abbreviation of *scandalum magnatum*, defamation of the highest personages in the realm.

knave, that starved himself to supply the prodigality of his heirs. But he despises good counsel I hear, and starves both himself and his children, to raise them portions. I writ another letter to my lady Manishim, that virtuous Mrs. Vizor was brought in here, and made shroving fritters for the hackney devils, for her unnatural lusts; but Sue Frousy that came hither the other day, assures me that she either received not my letter, or at least took no notice of it; for that she went on in her old road, and had brought her vice almost into fashion; and that the vices of the town boded an eternal breach betwixt the sexes, while each confined itself to the same sex, and so threatened a cessation of commerce in propagation betwixt them.

In short, Sir, I have tired myself with advices to my *quondam* acquaintance, and that should take away your surprise at my sending to you, who must be honest, because you are so poor, and a man of merit because you were never promoted; for your world of the theatre, is the true picture of the greater world, where honesty and merit starve, while knavery and impudence get favour from all men. For you, Sir, if I mistake not, are one of the most ancient of his majesty's servants, under the denomination of a player, and yet cannot advance above the delivering of a scurvy message, which the strutting leaders of your house would do much more awkwardly, and by consequence 'tis the partiality of them, or the town, that have kept you in this low post all this while. This persuades me that from you I may hope a true and sincere account of things, and how matters are now carried above; for lying, hypocrisy, and compliment so take up all that taste of fortune's favour, that there is scarce any credit to be given to their narrations; for either out of favour or malice, they give a false face to histories, and misrepresent mankind to that abominable degree that the best history is not much better than a probable romance: and Quintus Curtius, and Calprenede, are distinguished more by their language than sincerity.

Thus much, by shewing the motive of my writing to you, to take away your surprise; tho', before I pass, to remove the shame of such a correspondence, I must tell you that your station qualifying you for a right information of the scandal of the town, I hope you will not fail to answer my expectation. Behind your scenes come all the young wits, and all the young and old beaux, both animals of malice, and would no more conceal any woman's frailty, or any man's folly, than they will own any man's sense, or any woman's honesty.

I know that Hell lies under some disadvantages, in the opinion even of those who are industrious enough to secure themselves a retreat here. They play the devil among you, and yet are ashamed of their master, and rail at his abode, as much as if they had no right to the inheritance. The miser, whose daily toils and nightly cares and study is how to oppress the poor, cheat or over-reach his neighbour, to betray the trusts his hypocrisy procured ; and, in short, to break all the positive laws of morality, cries out, ' Oh diabolical ! ' at a poor harmless double meaning in a play, and blesses himself that he is not one of the ungodly ; rails at Hell and the Devil all the while he is riding post to them. The holy sister, that sacrifices in the righteousness of her spirit the reputation of some of her acquaintance or other every day ; that cuckolds her husband with one of the elect in the fear of the Lord ; rails at the whore of Babylon, and lawn-sleeves, as the diabolical invention of Lucifer, tho' she is laying up provisions here for a long abode in these shades of reverend Satan, whom she all her life declaims against so much. The lawyer that has watched whole nights, and bawled away whole days in bad causes, for good gold ; that never cared how crazy his client's title was, if his bags were full ; that has made a hundred conveyances with flaws, to beget law-suits, and litigious broils ; when he's with the Devil, has the detestation of Hell and the Devil in his mouth, all the while that the love of them fills his whole heart ; and so thro' the rest of our false brothers, whose mouths belie their minds, and fix an infamy on what they most pursue.

This is what may make you ashamed of my correspondence, but when you will reflect on what good company we keep here, you will think it more an honour than disgrace ; for our company here is chiefly composed of princes, great lords, modern statesmen, courtiers, lawyers, judges, doctors of divinity, and doctors of the civil-law, beaux, ladies of beauty and quality, wits of title, men of noisy honour, gifted brothers, boasters of the spirits supplied them from hence : in short, all that make most noise against us ; which will, I hope, satisfy you so far, as to make me happy in a speedy answer ; which will oblige,

Your very Humble and

Infernal Servant,

JULIAN

WILL. Pierre's Answer. By the same hand

Behind the Scenes, Lincolns-Inn-Fields,

November 5, 1701.

WORTHY SIR, OF VENERABLE MEMORY,

Yours I received, and have been so far from being surprized at, or ashamed of your correspondence, that the first I desired, and the latter was transported with. My mind has been long burdened, and I wanted such a correspondence to disclose my grievances to, for there is no man on earth that would give me the hearing, for Popery makes a man of the best parts a jest, and every fool with a feather in his cap, can overlook a man of merit in rags. Wit from one out at heels, sounds like nonsense in the ears of a gay fop, that knows no other furniture of a head but a full wig; and he that would split himself with the half jest of a lord he would flatter, is deaf to the best thing from the mouth of a poor fellow he can't get by. These considerations, Sir, have made me proud of this occasion of replying to your obliging letter, in the manner you desire. For as scandal was your occupation here above, you, like vintners and bawds, living on the sins of the times; so a short impartial account of the present state of iniquity and folly cannot be disagreeable to you.

Poetry was the vehicle that conveyed all your scandal to the town, and I being conversant with the skirts of that art, my scandal must dwell chiefly thereabouts; not omitting that scantling of general scandal of the town, that is come to my knowledge. For you must know, since your death, lampoon has felt a very sensible decay, and seldom is there any attempt at it, and when there is, 'tis very heavy and dull, cursed verse, or worse prose: so gone is the brisk spirit of verse, that used to watch the follies and vices of the men and women of figure, that they could not start new ones faster than lampoons exposed them. This deficiency of satire is not from a scarcity of vice, which abounds more than ever, or follies more numerous than in your time, but from a mere impotence of malice, which tho' as general as ever, confines itself to discourse; and railing is its utmost effort, defaming over one bottle, those they caress over another. Every man abuses his friend behind his back, and no man ever takes notice of it, but does the same thing in his turn. And for sincerity, women have as much: the women grow

greater hypocrites than ever, lewder in their chamber practice, and more formal in public; they rail at the vices they indulge: they forsake public diversions, as plays, etc., to gain the reputation of virtue, to give a greater loose to the domestic diversions of a bottle and gallant; and hypocrisy heightens their pleasures.

The mode now is not as of old, in all amorous encounters, every man to his woman; but like nuns in a cloister, every female has her *privado* of her own sex; and the honestest part of men must either fall in with the modish vice or live chastly; to both which I find a great many extremely averse. A terrible enemy has arisen to the stage, an abdicated divine,¹ who when he had escaped the pillory, for sedition and reforming the state, set up for the reformation of the stage. The event was admirable, fanatics presented the nonjuror, and misers and extortioners gave him bountiful rewards; one grave citizen, that had found his character too often on the stage, famous for the ruin of some hundreds of poor under-tradesmen's families, laid out threescore pounds in the book, to distribute among the saints, that are zealous for God and mammon at the same time: bullies and republicans quarrelled for the passive obedience spark; grave divines extolled his wit, and atheists his religion; the fanatics his honesty, the hypocrite his zeal, and the ladies were of his side, because he was for submitting to force.

There is yet a greater mischief befallen the stage; here are societies set up for reformation of manners²; troops of informers, who are maintained by perjury, serve God for gain, and ferret out whores for subsistence. This noble society consists of divines of both churches, fanatics as well as orthodox saints and sinners, knights of the post, and knights of the elbow, and they are not more unanimous against immorality in their information, than for it in their practice; they avoid no sins in themselves, and will suffer none in any one else. The fanatics, that never preached up morality in their pulpits, or knew it in their dealings, would seem to promote it in the ungodly. The churchmen, that would enjoy the pleasure of sinners, and the reputation of saints, are for punishing whoring and drinking in all but themselves. In short, the motive that carries the Popish apostles to the richer continents, makes these gentlemen so busy in our reformation, namely money.

Nay, reformation is grown a staple commodity, and the dealers in it are to be made into a corporation, and their peculiar privileges are to be perjury without punishment, and lying with impunity. The whores

¹ Dr. Collier; see note, page 33. ² See note, page 215.

have a tax laid on them towards their maintenance, in which they share with Captain W——¹ and the justices of the peace ; for New-Prison knows them all in their turns, and twenty or thirty shillings gives them a license for whoring, till next pay-day ; so that the effect of the punishment only raises the price of the sin, and the vices of the nation maintain the informers. Drinking, swearing and whoring are the manufactures they deal in ; for should they stretch their zeal to cozening, cheating, usury, extortion, oppression, defamation, secret adulteries, fornication, and a thousand other of these more crying immoralities, the city would rise against these invaders of their liberties, and the cuckolds one and all, for their own and their wives' sakes, rise against the reformers.

These worthy gentlemen, for promoting the interest of the Crown-Office, and some such honest place, pick harmless words out of plays, to indict the players and squeeze twenty pound a week of them, if they can, for their exposing pride, vanity, hypocrisy, usury, oppression, cheating, and other darling vices of the master reformers, who owe them a grudge, not to be appeased without considerable offerings ; for money in these cases wipes off all defects.

There are other matters of smaller importance I shall refer to in my next, as who kisses who in our dominions ; that hypocrisy has infected the stage, too, where whores with great bellies would thrust themselves off for virgins, and bully the audience out of their sight and understanding ; where maids can talk bawdy for wit, and footmen pass for gentlemen ; fools sit as judges on wit, and the ignorant on men of learning ; where the motto is *Vivitur Ingenio*, the dull rogues have the management and the profits ; where farce is a darling, and good sense and good writing not understood. And this brings to my mind a thing I lately heard from a false smatterer in poetry behind the scenes, and which if you see Ben Jonson, I desire you to communicate to him. 'A new author,' says one, 'that has wrote a taking play, is writing a treatise of Comedy, in which he mauls the learned rogues, the writers, to some purpose. He shews what a coxcomb Aristotle was, and what a company of senseless pedants the Scaligers, Rapins, Vossii, etc., are ; proves that no good play can be regular, and that all rules are as ridiculous as useless. He tells us, Aristotle knew nothing of poetry (for he knew nothing of his fragments so extolled by Scaliger), and that common sense and nature was not the same in Athens as in Drury-Lane ; that uniformity and coherence were green-sleeves and pudding-pies, and

¹ Captain Wicks was the master of Clerkenwell New Prison.

that irregularity and nonsense were the chief perfections of the drama. That the *Silent Woman*,¹ by consequence was before the *Trip to the Jubilee*, and the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, better than the *Orphan*; that *hiccius doctius* was Arabic, and that *Bonnyclabber* is the black broth of the Lacedæmonians; and thus he runs on with paradoxes as new as unintelligible. But this noble treatise being yet in embryo, you may expect a farther account of it in the next, from,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

WILL. PIERRE

Antiochus to Lewis XIV. By Mr. Henry Baker

DEAR BROTHER,

You will be surprized, I know, to receive this letter from a stranger; and of all the damned, perhaps, I am the only man from whom you least of all expect any news; because I have always passed for so impious and cruel a Prince, and my name has given people such horrid ideas of me, that they think me insensible of pity, as having never practised any in my life-time.

When I sat upon the throne of Syria, having no more religion than your Most Christian Majesty, I stifled all the dictates of my conscience, pillaged the temple of the Jews, caroused with their blood, and running from one crime to another, drew infinite desolations everywhere after me. But after I had exercised my tyranny on the innocent posterity of several great kings, and left a thousand monuments of my barbarity, I found to my sorrow, that I was mortal, and obliged to submit to that fate whose attacks feeble nature cannot resist. I then fell into an abyss, which is enlightened only by those flames which will for ever roast such monsters as we; and where I was loaded, with heavier irons than any I had plagued poor mortals with above.

To welcome me into this place of horror, and refresh me after my voyage, I was plunged into a bath of fire and brimstone, cupped by a

¹ *The Silent Woman* was produced in 1661 at Drury Lane, where Pepys took his wife to see it (Jan. 7, 1661); *The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee*, by Farquhar, was produced at the end of 1699, also at Drury Lane; *The Ambitious Stepmother*, by Rowe, appeared at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1700, with Betterton, Barry and Bracegirdle in the cast; Otway's *Orphan* at Dorset Garden Theatre in 1680—Mrs. Bracegirdle, not yet ten years old, acted a page in it to perfection.

Master-devil, rubbed, scrubbed, etc., by a parcel of smoking, grinning hobgoblins, and afterwards presented with a musical entertainment of groans, howling, and gnashing of teeth.

I soon began to play my part in this hideous concert, where despair beat the measure ; and because my pains were infinitely greater than those of others, I immediately asked the reason of my torments, and was told it was for having hindered the peopling of Hell, by the multitude of martyrs my long persecutions had made, and of which you cannot be ignorant, if you delight in useful reading. Since I have been in this empire of sorrow (where I found the Pharaohs, Ahabs, Jezebels, Athaliahs, Nebuchadnezzars, etc., and where I have seen arrive the Neroes, Diocletians, Decii, Philips of Austria, Charles of Valois, whose names would fill a volume), the recruits of Loyola arrive every day in search of their captain, but in some confusion, for fear of meeting Clement and Ravillac, who never cease cursing them.

Your apartment, Most Christian hero, has been some fifty years a-rearing, but now they redouble their care, your coming being daily expected ; I give you timely notice of it, that you may take your measures accordingly. Perhaps you will be offended at this familiarity, and tell me no man can deserve hell for fighting against heretics, under the command of an infallible general ; but if you knew the present state of those mitred leaders, it would not a little terrify you. Lucifer has turned them into several shapes, and peopled his back-yard with them ; the place 'tis true, is not so delightful as your Menagerie and Trianon at Versailles, but much excels it in variety and number of monsters. Your cell is in the same yard, that you may be near your good friends, who advised you to make the habitation of the shades a desert ; for which the prince of darkness hates you mortally, and designs you something worse than a fistula, or the bull of Phalaris.

Your ingenious emissaries, Marillac, la Rapine, and la Chaise, in the squadrons of Pluto will meet with more invenomed dragoons than those they let loose against their poor countrymen in France : 'twill be their employment to keep clean this Menagerie, whose stench would otherwise poison the rest of hell.

That renegado Pelisson, too, makes so odious a figure here, that he frights the boldest of our gaolers ; and his eyes, red with crying for his sins, which were so much the greater because they were voluntary, make him ashamed to look any one in the face. Our learned think him profoundly ignorant, yet you must be the Trojan of that Pliny, for he is

now writing your history in such a terrible manner that it will but little resemble that which your pensionary wits are composing. The voyage having made him lose some part of his memory, and forget the particulars of your virtues, he will take me for his model, and draw my life under your name. Tho' your dear Dulcinea,¹ whose head he dresses like a girl's, at the age of threescore and ten makes the court of Proserpine rejoice beforehand; yet the deformed author² of the comical romance, cannot laugh, facetious as he is. I will tell you no more, because some may think I give this counsel out of my private interest; for having been always ambitious, it would doubtless grieve me to see a more wicked and cruel tyrant than myself; but on the faith and word of one that endures the sharpest of torments, 'tis pure compassion.

I am yours, etc.

Lewis the XIVth's Answer

I just now received yours by a courier, who, had he not been too nimble for me, had been rewarded according to his deserts for his impudent message. But are you such a coxcomb as to imagine that the most ambitious monarch upon earth, whose power puts all the princes and states of Europe into convulsions, can be frightened at the threats of a wretch condemned to everlasting punishments? The insolence of your comparison, I must confess, threw me into a rage; and not reflecting at first on the impossibility of the thing, I sent immediately for Boufflers to dragoon you. But, villain! because your malice has been rampant for so many ages, must you now level it at the eldest son of the Church, whom the godly Jesuits have already canonized? I am not so ignorant of the history of Asia, tho' I never read any of the books of the Maccabees, but that I know you were both judge and executioner, and that there is not in the universe one monument consecrated to your glory.

Thanks to the careful Jesuits, *la Place des Victoires* is a sufficient proof that my reputation is no chimera, and my name, which is to be seen in golden characters over several monasteries, assures me of a glorious immortality. 'Tis true, to keep in favour with the Church, I have compelled a handful of obstinate fools to leave their country and estates, by forcing them to renounce their God, and implicitly take up

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

² Scarron.

with mine. Therefore the world has no reason to make such a noise about it. Are you mad to call Pelisson, who has read more volumes than a rabbi, and could give lessons of hypocrisy to the most exquisite sect of the Pharisees, a blockhead? Your torments are so great, you know not on whom to spit your venom, and my poor mistress, forsooth, must suffer from your malice. Is she the worse for being born in the reign of my grandfather? Pray ask Boileau, whose sincerity has cost him many a tear, what he thinks of her. All the world knows her virtues, and that she is grown grey in the school of dissimulation and lewdness, which have rendered her so charming in the feats of love, that she pleases me more than the youngest beauty; therefore are her wrinkles the object of my wonder and the provocatives of my enervated limbs, instead of being antidotes; and I would not give a saint a wax-candle to make her younger. Tho' I am seized by a cancer on the shoulder, yet I am under no apprehensions, for I have given a fee to St. Damian, who will cure me of it, as well as of that nauseous malady of Naples: and I have plenipotentiaries now bribing heaven for its friendship, and a new term of years.

Then 'tis in vain for Lucifer, or you, ever to expect me; and when I must leave this terrestrial paradise, 'twill be with such a convoy of Masses, as will hurry me by the very gate of Purgatory, without touching there. In the mean time correct your saucy liberty, and let a monarch who would scorn to entertain such a pitiful wretch as thou art for his pimp, still huff the world and sleep quietly in his seraglio.

Versailles,

LEWIS R.

July 14.

Catharine de Medicis, to the Duchess of Orleans

MADAM,

I have long bewailed your condition, and tho' I am in a place of horror, yet I should think myself in some measure happy if I knew how to deliver you from those anxieties which torment you. Somebody or other arrives here daily from Versailles, and as my curiosity inclines me to enquire after your highness, I have received so advantageous a character of your goodness from all hands, that I think every one ought to pity you. Your life, madam, has been very unhappy, for you were married very young to a jealous, ill-natured prince, who had no love for you; tho' no person in the world was fitter either to inspire or receive

it than yourself. However, you have had better luck than his former wife, which I take to be owing to your prudence, and not his generosity. The desolations of the Palatinate, and persecution of a religion you once approved, must infallibly have given you many uneasy moments, but your misfortunes did not stop here, for even your domestic pleasures have been poisoned by the dishonour and injustice of the Court you live in.

In short, tho' I was very unfortunate, yet I think you much more worthy of compassion. When I married Henry II I was both young and handsome, yet his doting on the haughty duchess of Valentinois, who was a grandmother before Francis II was born, made me pass many melancholy nights. Notwithstanding the injustice as well as cruelty of keeping a saucy strumpet under my nose, yet with the veil of prudence and religion, I easily covered my inclinations, because the pious Cardinal of Lorraine, who had an admirable talent to comfort an afflicted heart, commiserating my condition, gave me wonderful consolation. As the refreshing cordials of the Church soon made me forget the king's ill-usage of me ; so, madam, it is not so much the infidelity of your husband, as his cruel constraint and jealousy, that makes me think your life to be miserable ; for how great soever your occasions are, you dare not, I know, accept those assistances I daily received from a plump, agreeable prelate, and I am heartily sorry for it.

To divert this discourse, which may perhaps aggravate your uneasiness by renewing your necessities, you'll tell me, I suppose, that I should have had as much compassion, when France was dyed with the blood of so many thousand victims, and that I might easily have moderated the fury of my son, and of the house of Guise. But, you must consider, I was a zealous papist ; and they, you know, think the cutting of poor heretics' throats is doing heaven good service ; so that I beheld the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew with as much satisfaction as ever I did the most glorious and solemn festival. I am not for it at present, madam, and could I have been so sooner, it would have been much more for my ease.

All my comfort is, that I am not by myself in a strange and unknown country : for the old duchess, who robbed me of my due benevolence in the other world, continually follows me to upbraid me ; the Guises rave, brandishing bloody daggers in their hands ; and every hour I meet with numbers of my former acquaintance and nearest relations. But I avoid their company as much as I can, for the love of my dear

cardinal, who continues as great a gallant as ever. I ask no masses of you, for the dead are not a farthing the better for them. But, madam, since all the world has not so good an opinion of me as Brantome, let me conjure you not to let my memory be too much insulted. Some may say I was as cunning as Livia, that I was even with my husband, and governed my children ; but their fate did not answer my care. For Francis lived but a little time ; Elizabeth found her tomb in the arms of a jealous husband ; the queen of Navarre was a wandering star ; Charles, a cautious coxcomb, that sacrificed all to his safety ; and Henry, on whom I had founded all my hopes, a dissolute debauchee, whom the justice of Heaven would not spare. You know his history, and if you should see a tragedy of the like nature acted on your stage, let your constancy, which makes you respected even in hell, support you. Let old Messalina¹ enjoy the famous honour of the royal bed ; you need not blush at it, since all the world esteems you as much as they.

The Answer of the Duchess of Orleans to Catharine de Medicis

'Twas with much reason you pity me ; and tho' I have said nothing all this while, yet I have not thought the less. If the practice of our Court did not teach me to dissemble, I should give myself some ease, by imparting many things to you, which would fill you with horror ; and then you would find that the cruelties of your sons were trifles in comparison of these. The most impartial censurers of barbarity maintain that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was milder than the present persecution of the Protestants. Ambition was the chiefest motive of the Guises ; but now their cruelties are covered with the cloak of religion ; for the virtuous favourite¹ Sultaness, with the piteous² Mufti in waiting, are resolved to cause the Christians to be more cruelly persecuted than they were at Algiers, and the Roman Church is resolved, at any rate, to merit the name of the blood-thirsty beast. They value not exposing the reputation of princes ; I blush for my race, and am often obliged to swallow my tears. I believe the efficacy of masses no more than you, therefore I will not offer you any.

I am very glad to hear the Cardinal of Lorraine proves so constant ; for a prelate of his talent and constitution must certainly be a great

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

² Père Lachaise ; see note on page 266.

consolation to a distressed princess. Brantome, who has so much flattered you, may do it again ; and tho' saucy has been too sincere, yet he dares not contradict him in your presence. I hope to see the ruins of my country raised up again ; for tho' our ambitious monarch huffs and hectors all Christendom, yet his game to me seems very desperate, and I believe he'll prove the dog in the manger ; since he has so depopulated and impoverished his dominions by persecutions, that those pious drones the monks can only support the Church's grandeur in their faces, with three story chains ; the rest of his people being reduced to wooden shoes and garlic.

Tho' our *Gazettes* are little better than romances, yet they will serve to divert you and your cardinal, when not better employed ; and I wish I could send them to you weekly. 'Tis true, great numbers set out daily from hence for your country ; and among them people of the best quality, but I carefully avoid all commerce with them ; and tho' I have a wonderful esteem for you, take it not amiss, madam, if I endeavour never to see you.

Cardinal Mazarine to the Marquis de Barbasieux¹

I am surprized to think you have profited so little by your father's example : great beast as he was, he governed himself better than you ; for contenting himself with pillaging all France, according to our maxims, he never attempted the life of any man, nor ever set any Ravillacs² to work. Is it not a horrible thing to see the servant³ of a minister of state suffer upon the wheel, and publish the shame of him that set him to work ? You were mightily mistaken in the choice of your villain ; for whenever you have a king to dispatch, you must employ a Jesuit, or some novice inspired by their religious society ; and had you been so wise, the prince⁴ you had a plot against would not now be in the way, to hinder the designs of a king,⁵ for whom I have the tenderness of a father, who was always under my subjection, and would have married my niece, if I had pleased.

¹ Son and successor, as Minister of State, to Louvois, the Minister by whose advice the Edict of Nantes was revoked and the Palatinate ravaged.

² The assassin who murdered Henri IV in 1610.

³ Grandval, who was engaged by the French to assassinate William III, in 1692. He was betrayed by his accomplices and made a full confession before his execution.

⁴ William III.

⁵ Louis XIV, who was the lover of the Duchess of Mazarin's sister, and would have married Hortense had he been allowed.

I fell into a cold sweat even in the midst of my fire and brimstone, at the news of your conspiracy ; because it so severely reflected on his reputation. Ought you to have exposed his credit in so dubious an enterprize ? Is it not sufficient that poets set him upon Mount Pagnotte,¹ whilst other princes gave glorious examples at the head of their troops ? That they reproach him with incest, sodomy, adultery, and an unbridled passion for the relict of a poor poet who is a turn-spit here below, and who had nothing to keep him from starving when upon earth but the pension which the charity of Anne of Austria granted to his infirmities, rather than his works, tho' very diverting ?

What was your aim in this cowardly design ? Would you have more servants, and more whores ? Or, ought you to effect that to revive those scenes of cruelty and treachery which we banished after the death of the most eminent Cardinal Richelieu ? All the wealth you can raise will never amount to the treasures I was master of ; and how much is now left, ask the Duke of Mazarin, and my nephew of Nevers ; one has been the bubble of the priests, and the other of his pleasures. So that the children of the first will hardly share one year of my revenue. His wife for several years was no charge to him, she for her beauty, being kept by strangers ; whilst he fooled away those vast riches he had by her.

In short, you see the praying coxcomb I made choice of, which I must confess I did when I was in my cups, has thro' his zeal and bigotry ruined all, even my most beautiful statues ; and that there is a curse entailed upon such estates as begin with a miracle, and end with a prodigy. I was born at Mazare, without any other advantage than that of my beauty ; but as a young fellow in Italy can scarce desire a better portion than that, so it moved Cardinal Anthony to lead me lovingly from his chamber to his closet, where on a soft easy couch, he preached to me morals after the Italian fashion ; by which, and some other virtuous actions of the same stamp, I became the richest favourite in the universe. You as well as I may heap a mighty treasure, and lose it foolishly. Do not be guilty then of murder, for things so uncertain in the possession. Poor Louvois ! who left you all, who drank more than Alexander, and thieved better than Colbert, or I, has not now water to quench his thirst. You will undoubtedly meet the same destiny ; for this is the residence of traitors, murderers, thieves, and all other notorious villains. 'Tis not altogether so pleasant a place as Meudon and Chaville,

¹ A place out of the reach of cannon. [Note by Brown.]

for we drink nothing but *Aqua-fortis*, and eat burning charcoal ; all happiness is banished, misery only triumphs ; and notwithstanding all those lying stories the priests may tell you, yet you'll be strangely surprized, when you come to judge it by your own experience.

The Answer of Monsieur le Marquis de Barbasieux,
to Cardinal Mazarine

Your eminence, I find, is in a great passion, because my father did not get an estate in your service. Must you therefore abuse him, and turn as a crime upon me, what has been practised ever since there have been kings in the world ? If your talent only lay in pillaging and plundering, must it therefore prescribe to mine ? And do you think the glory of taking away the enemies of one's prince by dagger or poison deserves less immortality than ruining his subjects ? You have, I confess, very meritoriously immortalized your name by that method, for which reason you ought in conscience to allow me the liberty to find out another. You are much in the wrong on't, to complain of the Duke of Mazarin, who did you the honour to think you were only in purgatory, and lavished your treasures upon bigots, in hopes to pray you out of it. If he, in a holy fit of zeal, dismembered your fine statues, which perhaps too often recalled to your memory the pious sermons of Cardinal Anthony, he is severely punished in a libel made against him, in vindication of your beauteous niece. If that satire reaches your regions below, you'll soon be convinced what a coxcomb you were when you chose the worst of men, to couple with the most charming of women.

This, with several other passages of your life, makes me not much wonder at your condemning me, by your cardinal's authority, to drink *Aqua-fortis* and eat burning charcoal ; it may perhaps be a proper diet for Epicurean cardinals and Italians, who love hot liquors, and high-seasoned ragouts ; but the lords of Chaville and Meudon do not desire your entertainments. How do you know, I beseech you, but I may take the cell of the young Marquis d'Ancre at Mount Valerien ; there, by a long penitence, to purge me of those sins you say I have committed ? Therefore, if you reckon me in the number of those reprobates, doomed to people the infernal shades, time will at last make it appear that your eminence has reckoned without your host.

Mary I of England to the Pope¹

MOST HOLY FATHER,

The malignant planet that governed at my birth so influenced all the faculties of my soul that I was the most outrageous and barbarous princess that till that time mounted the English throne ; and as it is no extraordinary thing to continue in the same temper, in a country inhabited only with tyrants, and the butchers of their subjects, so you ought not to be surprized, if I am not now dispossessed of it.

I had not long troubled the world before my mother was divorced, and I myself declared incapable of succeeding Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn was then brought to the royal bed, and what was worse, with her was introduced a religion so conformable to the laws of God that it never suited with my inclinations. The proud rival of Catharine was afterwards sacrificed to the inconstancy of her voluptuous husband ; but that insipid religion, to my grief, was not confounded with her ; for the young and simple Edward countenanced it during his reign. But then came my turn, and you know, sovereign Pontiff, with what pride and malice I mounted the throne ; the means I used to destroy that cursed heretical doctrine ; the pleasure I took in shedding my subjects' blood ; what magnificence and splendour I gave to the mass ; how barbarously I treated that innocent and beautiful princess Jane Gray ; with what severity I used my sister Elizabeth, and also the immoderate joy that seized my precious soul when I married a prince who had, as well as I, the good quality of being cruel to the highest degree.

Notwithstanding what I said in the beginning of my letter, you may, perhaps, think my sentiments now altered ; but I assure you to the contrary, that I cannot behold with patience your present insensibility and mildness. Is it possible you can suffer a religion, destitute of all ornaments, that has nothing but truth and simplicity to recommend it, to get the advantage of your Rome, which reigns in blood and purple, subsists by falsehood and idolatry, and sets up and pulls down kings ? How can you endure it ? What horrid shame and weakness is this ? Are there no more Ravillacs ? Is there neither powder nor dagger in the arsenal of the Jesuits ? Have they forgot how to build wheels, gibbets, and scaffolds ? Or is your malice, envy, hatred, and fury, seized with a lethargy ?

¹ Innocent XII (Pignatelli), who made peace between France and the Papacy. He reigned from 1691 until 1700.

'S death ! holy father, I am distracted when I think that nothing succeeds in England, where I took so much pains, and practised so much cruelty to establish Popery and root out the doctrine of the apostles ; and where your pious emissaries, following my zeal, invented most admirable machines to sacrifice, with James I, all the enemies of your Antichristian Holiness. Do you sleep ? And must France only brandish the glorious flambeau of persecution ? Consider, I pray, that I employed the best of my time in imprecations against the deserters from your church ; that I so inflamed my blood in those transports, that it threw me into a dropsy, which hurried me to the grave. My husband, who was too much of my temper to love me, was very little concerned. In short, that filthy disease stifled me, a certain presage of the continual thirst I now suffer.

But I once more beseech you, most holy father, to re-inforce your squadrons, to join them with the Most Christian King's, and, with your holy benediction, give them strict orders to grant no quarters to the disciples of St. Paul. You will infinitely oblige by it both me and Lucifer, who is now as zealous a Romanist as your eldest son, and who, like him, would not willingly suffer in his dominions any but good Papiſts, the friends and pensioners of Versailles, those sworn enemies of liberty and property.

I am so ill-natured that my husband Philip is as cautious of embracing me, as he was in the other world ; but that's no misfortune either to earth or hell, for we could produce nothing but a monster between us, which would be the terror of mankind, and horror of devils.

The Pope's Answer to Queen Mary I

You are too violent, dear madam, and men of my age and grandeur require more moderation. I am acquainted with your history, and know your zeal ; by the same token, you need not waste your lungs to acquaint me with either the one or the other. To be free with you, I am not of the humour to espouse madly other people's passions, tho' I should leave the triple crown destitute of all pomp and greatness. But I will make the heretics blot out of their writings, if possible, the names of *Antichrist*, *devouring Dragon*, *Wolf disguised in sheep-skin*, and several others as abusive.

Do you not believe people are weary of paying a blind obedience to the see of Rome ? Imperious France has made us sensible of it ; and

it is not the fault of the Eldest Son of the Church, if he does not dethrone his mother. Ecclesiastical censures are now out of fashion, and no more minded than pasquinades. We were scorned and ridiculed in your father's time ; and tho' you were as handsome as my *quondam* mistress, Donna Maria di S. Germano, you would not oblige me to put up fresh affronts for your sake.

Your husband is to blame to treat you with such indifference, and I think it very ill for an infected worm-eaten carcase to despise so devout a queen. But I cannot imagine why the popes, who all live under the same zone with you, suffer such coldness. Suppose your husband should, like a heretic, despise their exhortations, one of their decrees has power enough to divorce you ; which in time, I hope, may advance your grandeur ; for we hear Pluto is in love with you for your zeal, and Proserpine is given over by the physicians. Therefore take my advice, and drink as little water as you can ; for being dropsical, the water of Styx must needs be prejudicial to you, and the Church would lose an admirable good friend. I offer you no indulgences, they are pure mountebank drugs, and, were you got no farther yet than Purgatory, have not the virtue to bring you out. But grant they had that power, as your amours stand now, I suppose you would not desire it ; so, till I have the happiness of wishing your imperial majesty much joy,

I am, etc.

Harlequin to Father la Chaise¹

Since we were of the same trade, with this difference only, that I composed farces to make the world laugh, and that you invent tragedies that give them horror, I believe, reverend father, you will not condemn the liberty I take in writing to you.

In the first place, I beseech your reverence not to put your penitents out of conceit with those harmless diversions which make me and my brother-players live so plentifully ; but be pleased to take our small flock into your protection. That power lies in the breast of you and your pious society ; and who would grudge it to such holy men, who have no other aim than settling and satisfying men's consciences, by clearing all the controverted difficulties of Christianity, and rendering

¹ François d'Aix de Lachaise was a Jesuit priest and confessor to Louis XIV. He was a broad-minded man, a friend of Fénelon, and possessed of considerable learning. He founded the College of Clermont, on the site of which now stands the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, Paris.

religion so plain and easy that our enemies cannot find the least doubt or difficulty in it. Nay, like a dextrous artist, you can, with your admirable morals, remove the justest scruples ; for they give so pious an air, so devout a shade to the greatest crimes, that they enchant the world, and hide their deformity, without opposing the licentiousness of passions, or destroying their pleasures or intention.

These admirable talents, most holy confessor, open to your society the closets and hearts of princes, and bring all the lovers of voluptuousness and barbarity to be your penitents. Truly, reverend father, your fame is infinite, and the great St. Ignatius may be proud of having so many righteous disciples. But these miracles make the world believe him something related to Simon Magus ; for without enchantments 'tis impossible to do so many prodigies. The lameness in his feet, and megrim he's daily troubled with, by being too near a hot furnace of brimstone, make him so peevish and out of humour that he cannot write to any of you ; therefore look upon me as his secretary, and not a jot the lesser saint for having been upon the stage. All Paris can witness for me, that as soon as I laid aside my comical mask and habit, I could, upon occasion, look as demure and devout as a fresh-pardoned penitent ; so that the employment is neither above my gravity, nor I hope above my sincerity and capacity ; for I have often had the honour of shewing my parts before his most Christian majesty in his seraglio, to make him more prolific, and more disposed to the mighty works of propagation.

But, reverend father, 'tis time now to tell you, as a good Catholic and your friend, that we are so scandalized here at his conduct, that we cannot believe he follows your holy advice ; and were it not for this doubt, and our solicitations, Lucifer had last summer sent Loyola, under the command of Monsieur Luxembourg, to dragoon you. Zounds, says he, is the order that daily sent me so many subjects revolted ? 'Tis true, the rogues Ravillac and Clement have a little disgraced you, but we don't value now what they say, for the wits have espoused your quarrel, and blinded the eyes of detraction. Indeed, it is no wonder to us, since they sing to Apollo's harp, which had the power to claim the transports of Jupiter.

Is there any thing so charming as the discourse of Ariste and Eugene,¹ and that little *Je ne sçai quoi*, they speak so wittily of ? Who can resist the art of good invention in the work of wit, or an exquisite choice of good verses ? And who would not be charmed with all those panegyrics

¹ Two Jesuit priests, Fathers Pahours and Lamene.

upon the ladies? Is not once reading of them a thousand times more diverting than those profound writings you so prudently forbid your penitents the perusal of? I own, indeed, that this conduct is not altogether so apostolical, but 'tis much easier than to be always puzzling and hammering out parables. 'Tis certain, most reverend father, should you leave the sacred writ open to all readers, it would fare with a thousand good souls, as with king Ahasuerus, who became favourable to the true religion, by reading a true chronicle. How many blind wretches think ye would see clear? How many favourites would be hanged, and Mordecais, raised to honour? And how many Jesuits would be treated as the priests of Baal?

But you, I'm sure, will take care to hinder that; for truly 'twould be contrary to your ecclesiastical prudence; and it is much safer for you to darken the divine lights, and confound by sophisms the sacred truths of holy writ. For what would become of your church, if the clouds were once dispersed, since it flourishes by their favour, and the protection of ignorance? Nothing can keep up the credit of a detected cheat, whose shams are so notorious, and whose equipage so different from that of the legitimate spouse of Jesus Christ, that neither he nor any of his faithful servants know or own her, but ignorance and falsehood.

I ask your pardon, most reverend father; these expressions flow so naturally from my subject that they have escaped my sincerity; and I own this is not the style of a flatterer. But to atone for my fault, I will give you some wholesome advice, which is, to make hay while the sun shines, for you must not expect much fair weather in these doleful quarters. Those worthy gentlemen called Confessors, being looked upon here to be no better than so many *Ignes fatui*, that lead their followers into precipices; for which reason they are not allowed ice with their liquor. This I can assure you to be true, *in verbo histrionis*. Therefore since you know what you must trust to, I need not advise a person of your profound parts, what measures to take. Amen.

Father la Chaise's Answer to Harlequin

Tho' you conversed with none but impudent lousy rhymers, yet you are not ignorant, you little jack-pudding of the stage, that all comparisons are odious; and that there can be none between the confessor of a monarch, and a buffoon. But to answer your letter

with the moderation and prudence of a Jesuit, I will suppose the first part of it not meant to me.

And now to take into consideration the essential points in it. Have we not proscribed heresy by sound of trumpet? And notwithstanding all the pretty books we have published, and the cajoling tricks we have used, is not heresy still the same? But to be serious, Harlequin, good Roman Catholics must follow no other lights than those of tradition; and they who are so incredulous and obstinate as not to believe it, must have their eyes opened with the sword. 'Twould be a fine enterprize, would it not, and very profitable to the Church, to condemn images, candles, holy water, beads, scapularies, relics, and a hundred others, which are so many gold mines, and offer only to bigots the slovenly equipage of Calvin's Reformation? Devotion merely spiritual is too flat and insipid; therefore we must set it off with jubilees, pilgrimages, processions, drums, trumpets, crosses, banners, and all the mountebank tricks, and noble nick-nacks of St. Germain's Fair.

If I did not know that jesting was an habitual sin in you, I would never pardon you; for the Society of Jesus does not teach us to forgive injuries. Tell St. Ignatius, the first of us that shall be sent post to mighty Lucifer to desire his assistance in those important affairs our great monarch has undertaken by his instigation, and which are too tedious now to relate, shall put into his portmantle some ice to refresh him, plasters for his megrim, and ointment for his burns: tell him also, that the memory of the glorious prophet Mahomet, is not more respected than his; and that I am,

His most zealous,
and very humble Servant,

LA CHAISE.

The Duke of Alva to the Clergy of France

I believe, worthy gentlemen, you are very well satisfied that I am damned; and, indeed, there was little likelihood that such a monster as myself should enjoy happiness after having committed so much wickedness, and taken so much pleasure in it. I took a fancy to acts of cruelty from my very cradle, and with great fidelity served Philip II. The celebrated apostle of the Gentiles never made so many miserable wretches when he was as violent a zealot of the law; I, like him, made use of chains, racks, fire, and all that an ingenious fury could imagine

most tormenting ; but it was never any part of my destiny to be converted at last, like him.

Thus I went on in my iniquities, and became the strongest brute that bigotry ever debauched ; so that at my first arrival to Hell, there was never a devil of the whole pack but fell a-trembling, tho' he had been well accustomed to such company before.

But, gentlemen, why are you not become wise by my example ? For you must not flatter yourselves that the difference of our professions makes any in our crimes. You are warriors when you please ; for the monastic soldiery followed the duke of Mayence's standard during the league ; crowned themselves with immortal shame at the barbarous triumph of St. Bartholomew ; and shouldered the musket after they had preached those bloody sermons which made Christians treat their fellow-creatures like beasts of prey.

I confess, I never troubled my head about scruples of conscience, and if I have not obeyed that article of the decalogue, Thou shalt not kill, I never roared out with a wide mouth, as the priests of the Roman Church, Persecute, imprison, kill, destroy, force them to obey. My fury came only from your brethren, who had so thoroughly corrupted me that I thought heaven would be my reward if I butchered all they were pleased to stigmatize with heresy. So I gave a loose to my passions, as you may read in history, where, I think, they have used me but too kindly. To seduce men of weak understandings is no extraordinary matter ; but that princes, who ought to have a competent knowledge of everything, should be cheated by you, is a miracle to me. No age of the world ever saw a greater example of it than in my master Philip, whose natural sloth, and besotted bigotry, gave so fair a field to these ecclesiastical impostors, so fair an opportunity to manage him as they pleased ; and his father's ashes are a sufficient proof of it. Instead of setting before his eyes the example of that invincible prince, these sanctified villains only plunged him deeper in superstition and idolatry. And as a domineering lazy lord of a country village will never go out of his own parish, so he never travelled farther than from Madrid to the Escorial. His wife, father, son, and brother, felt the effects of their barbarous doctrine.

And, to leave behind him a pious idea of his soul, when he was dying he ordered his crown and coffin to be set before him. This was hypocrisy with a vengeance, but that is no crime in a zealot.

You'll tell me, perhaps, I direct my discourse to improper persons,

who know not the history of Philip of Austria, ignorance being common enough in those of your fraternity ; yet, let me tell you, I am not mistaken ; for the diabolical spirit that now possesses you is the very same that influenced the priests of my time ; and I may safely affirm, that France is the theatre of cruelty and iniquity. Your monarch, who is much such another saint as my master, spares the poor Protestants' lives for no other reason than to make, by his inhuman torments, death more desirable to them. These, and a thousand more unjust actions, does he commit to satiate your hellish vanity, which would for ever domineer in the City built on Seven Mountains. To this you will answer, What doth it signify if we make him persecute the Protestants, murder their kings, and keep no faith or treaties with them, since it increases our power, and propagates our religion ? But, gentlemen, when you come to be where I am, you will, I'm certain, sing another tune.

The Answer of the Clergy of France to the Duke of Alva

Had you made as sincere a confession in the days of yore as you do now, you might, for your zeal in persecuting heresy, have obtained an ample absolution of all your sins, tho' they had been never so numerous and black, and been a glorious saint in the Roman calendar ; which induces us to believe, your zeal tended rather towards the propagation of your own power and interest, than that of the Church. Thus, in cheating us you likewise cheated yourself ; and we are not sorry at your calamities. But, does it become you, who once filled Flanders and Spain with horror, to reproach the apostolic legions with the noble effects of their fervour ? And was it not absolutely necessary, after we had once preached the destruction of the Protestants, that Lewis the Great, to complete his glory, and our satisfaction, should send his holy troops to burn, ravish, and pillage at discretion ; that he might say with an emperor of Rome, whom he very much resembles, Let them hate, so they fear me ?

Where, Sir, do you find us commanded to keep faith with heretics, or suffer their princes to live, when 'tis against our interest ? Does not the Roman Church dispense with these little peccadillos ? And are not those who wear her cloth, and eat her bread, obliged to obey her precepts ? What pleases us most is to hear a whining recreant as thou art, sing *peccavi* at this time of day, and pretend to remorse of conscience.

For your comfort, you may desire Cerberus if you please, to join in the concert with you ; but rest assured, that if you had three mouths like that triple-headed cur, your barking would be all in vain.

Philip of Austria to the Dauphin

What do you mean, worthy kinsman, by pretending to be a man of honour ? Does it become a person of your birth ? Do you find any precedent for it in your family ? Did your father make himself formidable by it ? Or do you find in history that any merciful or generous prince made himself so great, or reigned so prosperously for almost sixty years, as your debauched and perjured father has done, who is now the terror and scourge of Europe, and will be its tyrant, if treachery and gold can prevail ? But do you think those things to be crimes in sovereigns ? If he has indulged his lust, does he not severely persecute heresy ? And besides, does not his mistress¹ constantly pray and offer sacrifice ? You know she's old enough to be prudent, and lives upon the gravity of her age, since she stretches her devotion, even to the stage ; by the same token, she will suffer none of her husband's diverting farces to be acted there any more. Thank Heaven, therefore, for sending you that bountiful patroness from the New World² who is the comfort and preservation of your father and his kingdom ; and tho' your mother was my near relation, yet I am not ashamed to see so pure and zealous a saint supply her place in the royal bed.

I wonder she has not yet prevailed with you to have more regard for the interest of the Roman Church ; to promote the grandeur whereof I destroyed many thousands of its enemies, by the ministry of the duke of Alva, and ordered my father's bones to be dug out of the ground and burnt, for having tolerated Luther's heresy. Otherwise I should never have concerned myself about it, supposing none but phlegmatic coxcombs would espouse a Church which does not keep open house all the year round, and won't pardon the greatest crimes for money.

You know, I don't doubt what my jealousy cost my son and wife,³

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

² She was born at Martinique.

³ Philip II hated his son, Don Carlos, and in 1568 imprisoned him. There were tales of an amour between Don Carlos and his stepmother, Elizabeth of France, Philip's third wife. The Duke of Orange stated openly that Philip killed his son and his wife. Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, died of a broken heart at the cruel treatment he received from his half-brother Philip.

and how I treated the conqueror at Lepanto : to balance that account with Heaven, I gave largely to the priests, built monasteries, went in processions, was loaded like a mule with beads and relics, and by this means passed for a saint. And this I think may properly enough be called a good religion.

'Tis true, I never saw any engagement but in my closet, or at a distance, like your prudent father : what, then ! does the world talk less of me, or him for that ? The end of my life, I must confess, was something singular, for the worms served an execution upon my carcase before the time ; and so we hear they do his. But what does that signify, so a man satisfies his own humour ?

Be not infatuated then with vain-glory ; for if they who are exempt from the flames of hell, boast of having angels, saints, and martyrs for their companions, we can brag of having popes, cardinals, emperors, kings, queens, jesuits, monks, and priests in abundance. I must own, our walks have not the charming fountains and shades of Versailles and the Escorial ; and that it is always as hot weather with us here, as with the good folks under the Torrid Zone : but such a trifle as this ought not to make you shun the company of so many choice friends, as have an entire affection for you.

The Dauphin's Answer to Philip of Austria

Neither the examples you have quoted, nor those which are daily before my eyes, have power enough to pervert me. I have a veneration for virtue which you, forsooth, call the quality of a coxcomb ; and an abhorrence for all that bears the stamp of vice, tho' you have illustrated it with the prosperous and glorious reign of the French monarch. But were the first unknown to me, I would not look for it in your life ; since, according to your best friends, it is a thing you never practised.

As sons have no authority to condemn the conduct of their fathers, so I will not presume to examine into that of Lewis XIV. But tell me, I beseech you, what advantages you reaped from your bigotry and superstition ? For my part, had I some of the ashes of every saint in the Roman Calendar in my snuff-box, and carried beads as big as cannon-bullets about me, I should not believe myself either a better Christian, or less exposed to danger. But to what purpose did you, who never exposed your royal person in battle, arm yourself with all

those imaginary preservatives? Or can you say they defended you from being devoured alive by millions of vermin, that punished you in this life for the iniquities you daily committed, and were only the prelude to more terrible punishment.

Let not my indifference for the Church of Rome break your rest ; I have no power at present, and I can't tell what my sentiments would be, had I a crown on my head. But it now cruelly troubles me to see France so weakened by the dispersion of so many thousand innocent people ; and did my opinion signify any more in our council than wind, I would advise the recalling of them. But the nymph you see, with so much satisfaction, supply the place of your grandchild, and who has more power now than ever, is there as absolute as a dictator. The French monarchy, which has subsisted for so many ages, might be still supported without her ; she being good for nothing that I know of, but to instruct youth in the nicest ways of debauchery. Therefore I could wish the king would transport her to her native soil, and make her governess of the American monkeys ; a fitter employment for her than that she usurps over our princesses. To deal plainly with you, I have no ambition to see your majesty, being satisfied with knowing you from public report ; so will carefully avoid coming near your Torrid Zone, if 'tis possible for a man to be any time a king of France, without it.

Juvenal to Boileau

Since we don't dispatch couriers every day from the kingdom of Pluto, you ought not to be surprized that I have not had an opportunity till now of telling you what sticks in my stomach. I thought your first satires very admirable, your expressions just and laboriously turned, yet charming and natural. Were the distribution of rewards in my power, I should certainly give you something for your *Art of Poetry* : but for your *Lutrin*, that master-piece of your wit, that highest effort of your imagination, I see nothing in it worthy of you, but the versification. Every one owns you can write, nay, your very enemies allow it ; but you know a metamorphosis requires an entire change ; therefore since you resolve to imitate Virgil, you should have made choice of noble heroes. He that travestied the *Æneid* understood it better than you, and did not fatigue himself so much ; and as he was a man of clear and good sense, has judiciously remarked that his queen disguised like a

country wench, is infinitely beyond your clock-maker's wife dressed like an empress.

But let us leave this subject, which now it is too late to amend, since what is done cannot be undone. What did you mean—you, I say, who have been accused of stealing my lines, and who, to deal honestly with you, have often followed the same road I have traced—what did you mean, I say, by reflecting on particulars in your satire against women. Did I ever set you that example? Is not my sixth satire against the sex in general; and when I look back as far as the reigns of Saturn and Rhea for modesty,¹ do I pretend the least shadow of it is left upon the earth? Unthinking fool! these different characters you have drawn will make you so many particular enemies; and I question if the patroness you have chosen can secure you from their claws.

If an affected zeal inspires you with so much veneration for a saint of the Italian fashion, in truth you ought to have burnt your incense so privately that the smoke might not have offended others. How can the bard that boasts of eating no flesh in Lent, that would frankly discipline himself in the face of the godly, like one of the militia of St. Francis, adore a golden cow, and adorn an idol each blast of wind can overthrow, with those garlands which should be preserved for the statues of the greatest heroes! She is, it is true, very singular in her kind; but will you stain your name of illustrious poet, by creeping before a walking mummy of her superannuated gallantry? Your sordid interest has made you a traitor to Satire; and thereby you occasion continual divisions. Chaquelian and St. Amant have been at cuffs with Molière and Corneille, because you have not treated them so civilly as your Urgande. The two first ridicule your sordid covetous humour, and say you learnt that baseness while you belonged to the Registrar's Office. The other two, who were perhaps of your trade, defend the honour of your extraction.

But St. Amant (who will never forget the unworthy character you have given him concerning his poverty, which he swears is false; and submitting his verses to the judgment of unprejudiced persons, for which you ridicule him), said in a haughty tone, which set us all a-laughing, that when he was a gentleman of the chamber in ordinary to the queen of Poland, and ambassador extraordinary at the coronation of the queen of Sweden, he kept several footmen of better quality than yourself. Chaquelian, who cannot say so much for himself, is content

¹ *Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratum.* (Brown's note.)

with singing the terrible valour of the Duke de Never's lackeys, who kept time with their cudgels on your shoulders. We were forced to call for a bottle to appease this war ; and St. Amant, taking the glass in his hand, swore by his maker, he had rather you had called him drunkard than fool, tho' he drinks very moderately in this place, where it is no great scandal to be thirsty.

Be not concerned at this paragraph, because the rest of my letter sufficiently testifies the esteem I have for you, and my concern for your welfare : therefore to preserve both, renounce your sordid way of praising vice, and employ your happy talent in teaching good manners, and correcting the bad, which will be an employment worthy of your great genius, and is the only way to recommend you to the good opinion of the learned ancients.

Boileau's Answer to Juvenal

ILLUSTRIOUS GHOST,

A Messenger from the Muses never filled me with so much transport, as the first sight of your letter ; but I had not read six lines, before I wished you had never done me that honour. To praise my *Satires* and fall foul upon my *Lutrin*, which made me sweat more drops of water than your drunkard St. Amant (since I must call him so) ever drank of wine, is no favour. After many laborious and fruitless endeavours, finding, to my great grief and distraction, I could not match you in wit, I resolved if possible to out-do you in malice, which made me take the liberty of romancing a little on St. Amant, falling foul upon people's characters and manners, and treating several scurvy poets more roughly than you did the Theseis of Codrus, when you sang,

Semper ego auditor tantum nunquamne reponam ?
Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri ?

Thus, suffering the gall of my heart to flow through the channel of my pen, I procured myself enemies in abundance, and since I must confess all to you, some stripes with a bull's pizzle, which was a most terrible mortification to my shoulders ; but I bore all this with the patience of a philosopher, as will appear by the following lines.

Let Codrus that nauseous pretender to wit,
Condemn all my works before courtier and cit ;
I bear all with patience, whatever he says,
And value as little his scandal as praise.

Vain-glory no longer my genius does fire,
 'Tis interest alone tunes the strings of my lyre.
 Integrity's naught but a plausible sham,
 For money I praise, and for money I damn.
 Old politic bards, for fame have no itching,
 The Apollo I court, is the steam of a kitchen.

The four first lines, I must own, are something against the grain ; and the natural inclination I have to rail, and be thought an excellent poet, gives my tongue the lie ; but the four last, which shew more prudence than wit, reconcile that matter. It is certainly, illustrious bard, more difficult to please the world now than it was in your time ; for if I write satire, I am beaten for it ; if I praise, I am called a mercenary flatterer, which so disheartens me, that I address myself now to my gardener only ; and do not doubt but some busy nice critic will be censuring this poem also. Not being in the best humour when I writ it, perhaps it may appear something dark and abstruse ; but I can easily excuse that by maintaining that 'tis impossible for the best author in the world to keep up always to the same strain.

Have you ever heard of the tales of the *Peau d'Asne*, and *Grisedilis* ? If Proserpine had any little children, it would be a most agreeable diversion for them, and I would send it them for a present. Tho' that author furnishes you with sufficient matter to laugh at me, yet I must confess he has found the art of making something of a trifle. Every one here learns his verses by heart ; and in spite of my translation of Longinus, which makes it so plainly appear I understand Greek, and know something of poetry, my book begins to be despised. Would it not break a man's heart to see such impertinent stuff preferred before so many sublime pieces ? But, as for your glory, that will eternally subsist and nothing can destroy it, since time has not already done it.

Diana of Poitiers, Mistress to Henry II of France, to
 Madam Maintenon

Since the spirit of curiosity possesses us here in this world, no less than it did in yours, it is an infinite trouble for those persons, Madam, who were acquainted with every thing while they lived, not to know all that passes after their death ; and of this you'll one day make an experiment. I am not desirous to know, Madam, what you have done

to succeed the greatest beauties of the earth, in the affection of an old libidinous monarch, nor what charms you make use of to secure the possession of his heart, at an age when you cannot please without a miracle. My planet, dear Madam, has rendered me somewhat knowing in these affairs, for Henry II was my gallant as long as he lived ; and tho' I was a little handsomer than you, I was not, I think, much younger.

But I must tell you, I cannot comprehend what procures you those loud commendations and applauses which reach even to our ears, and are by their noise most horribly offensive to us. The advantages of my birth were great ; and it is well known my charms so captivated Francis I that they redeemed my father from the gallows. I married a very considerable man, and the name of Breze Reneschal of Normandy, sounds somewhat better than that of Scarron, the queen's ballet-maker. The house of Poitiers too, from which I was descended, may surely take place of those monarchs from whom that mercenary fellow Boileau derives your extraction ; and lastly, if I had a few particular enemies, I did nothing to make myself generally odious.

Yet for all this, I was neither canonized nor praised, but openly laughed at, and by one of my own profession, I mean the Duchess of Eſtampe, who was mistress to the father of my lover, and said she was born on my wedding-day. Blundering impudent Baynard was banished for speaking too freely of me ; and tho' it was said, That for me alone beauty had the privilege not to grow old, the compliment was so forced that I was little the better for it. Ragged Marot was the only poet that ever pretended to couple rhymes in my praise ; and I will appeal to you if he did not deserve to go naked.

I dare not, (were't to save my ransom)
Affirm your ladyship is handsome ;
Nor, without telling monstrous lies,
Defend the lightning of your eyes ;
For, Madam, to declare the truth,
You've neither face, nor shape, nor youth.

Howe'er, all flattery apart,
You've played your cards with wond'rous art.
When young, no lover saw your charms,
Or pressed you in his eager arms :
But triumphs your old age attend,
And you begin where others end.

What think you, Madam, of this, is it not rather satire than praise? Should the bard that sings your virtues from the top of Parnassus down to the market-place, be as sincere, how would you reward him? Tho' I know he has more prudence, yet I cannot believe he compares you to Helen for beauty, to Hebe for youth, for chastity to Lucretia, for courage to Clelia, and for wisdom to Minerva, as common report says; because, were it true, it is not to be supposed you would have put a poor deformed poet in possession of such mighty treasures. For were there not sceptres and crowns then enticing? Were not then the eyes of princes open? Did you choose an author for your love, out of caprice or despair? Did you take his wicker-chair for a throne? Or did the love of philosophy draw you in?

Had the latter wrought upon you, you would not have been the first, I must confess; for the famous Hirparchia, handsome, young, and rich, preferred poor crooked Crates before the wealthiest and most beautiful gentleman of Greece. I am unwilling to judge uncharitably, but I cannot be persuaded that such an alliance could be contracted without some pressing necessity. When I reflect on the beginning, increase, and circumstances of your fortune, I am astonished; for neither your hair, which was grey when you began to grow in favour; nor the remembrance of a vestal¹ once adored; nor the idea of a blooming beauty,² whom cruel death suddenly snatched away by the help of a little poison; nor the presence of a rival,³ by so much the more dangerous, because she had triumphed over several others, could prove any obstacles to your prosperity.

The beautiful lady that brought you out of your mean obscurity, and in whose service you thought yourself happy, is now content if you let her enjoy the least shew of her former greatness. In this chaos I lose myself, Madam; but if you will bring me out of my confusion, I faithfully promise to give you an exact account of all that concerns me, when I shall have the pleasure of embracing you. I exceedingly commend your prudent conduct; for those young plants you cultivate in a terrestrial paradise,⁴ will one day produce flowers to crown you; and the zeal you profess for a religion which began to act furiously in

¹ Françoise de La Valliere, the predecessor of Madame de Montespan in the favours of Louis XIV.

² Madame de Fontagne.

³ Madame de Montespan, the witty and beautiful woman who bore Louis eight children. She yielded place to Madame de Maintenon.

⁴ St. Cyr, where Madame de Maintenon had founded a girls' school.

my time, must stop the mouths of the nicest bigots, and make the tribunal of confession favourable to you ; tho' perhaps, dear Madam, it may make that of Minos a little more severe.

Madam Maintenon's Answer to Diana of Poitiers

Curiosity, Madam, being the character of the great and busy, I will answer you according to your merit and birth, tho' you have not treated me so. Since you know what charms a lover when youth is gone, I will dismiss that point to come to the history of my life, and the virtuous actions I am praised for. I know you are of an ancient family, that you married a man of power and riches ; and that you were Francis the First's bed-fellow, before his son fell in love with you. As for me, I was born in the new world, under a favourable constellation ; and the offspring of a gaoler's daughter, with whom my father, though of royal blood, was obliged, either thro' love, or rather necessity, to cohabit. Fortune, which never yet forsook me, first deprived me of my beggarly relations, without leaving me wherewithal to cover my nakedness, and then brought me into Europe, where I found a great many lovers, and few husbands. Poor deformed Scarron at last offered me his hand ; I had my reasons for accepting him, and his infirmities did not hinder me from receiving that title which was convenient for one in my circumstances. In short, I lost him without much concern ; and lived so prudently during my widowhood, that Madam Montespan took me out of my cell to bring me into the intrigues of the Court. Every one knows I drove my generous patroness from the royal bed ; and that since being in favour, I have been profusely liberal to all my idolaters.

Our poets, who do not resemble Marot, value not honour, provided they have good pensions, which I generously bestow on them, and they repay me in panegyrics ; by which means I am handsome, young, chaste, virtuous, wise, and of as noble blood as Alexander the Great. Tho' I was a Protestant, the Church is not so foolish as to enquire into my religion. Thus out of a principle of gratitude, and to fix her in my interest, I have filled the heart of our monarch with the godly zeal of persecution. I have also founded a stately edifice where I breed up a great many pretty young virgins, who, no doubt on't, will prove as modest and discreet as their founder ; and I play so well the part of a queen, that the world thinks me so in reality. These few hints may

give you some light into my history, Madam ; therefore, to reward my sincerity, if you find Minos disposed to use me severely, prepare him, I beseech you, to be more favourable.

Hugh Spencer the younger, Minion of Edward II, to all
Favourites and Ministers whom it may concern

Let all those that are ambitious of the title of favourite learn by the history of my life how dangerous a folly it is to monopolize their prince's smiles. A man climbs to the top of this slippery ascent thro' a thousand difficulties ; and if he is not moderate in his prosperity, which few are, he often falls with a more precipitated shame into disgrace.

I acquired, or rather usurped, the favour of Edward II, in whose breast the proud Gaveston had before me licentiously revelled. To effect this, my father lent me his helping hand ; but without growing wiser by the examples of others, the vanity of my ambition made me follow that wandering star called fortune. I no sooner had possessed myself of the king's ear, but I crept into the secrets of his heart, and infected it with the blackest venom of mine ; acting the part of a self-interested, not an honest minister. As I valued not the glory of his reign, nor ease of his people, provided I governed him, and rendered myself master of his treasures ; so did I never move him to relieve the miserable, or reward the faithful and deserving, but endeavoured to blacken the merit of their greatest actions, and so settled the first motions of his liberality, with reasons of sordid interest. If any places of trust were to be filled, covering my treachery still with the veil of zeal and love for my country, I recommended only such as were devoted to my service ; pretending ill management in every thing that went not through my hands ; and that the nation was betrayed, whilst I, like some of you now, was selling it, and was in reality the worst enemy it had.

After I had sacrificed the great Duke of Lancaster to my revenge, and a hundred persons of quality besides, I sowed discord in the royal family. The queen, with the prince of Wales, her son, and the earl of Kent, the king's brother, retired into France ; during which time I governed at my ease, wallowed in luxury and riches, and had interest enough to hinder Charles the Fair from protecting his sister. The Pope, who was of my religion, stormed like a true father, son of the

Church, and so frightened the king of France, that in spite of their nearness of blood, he hunted the queen of England out of his dominions.

But at last the king being reconciled, the queen returned ; I was taken prisoner, and by the laws of the kingdom, sentenced to be drawn on a sledge, at sound of trumpet, thro' the streets of Hereford. The circumstances of my death were infamous ; my head was exposed in London, my bowels, heart, and other parts of my body burned, my carcase abandoned to the crows, in four parts of the kingdom ; the justest reward a villain, who had almost destroyed both king and country, could expect.

This is, gentlemen, favourites and ministers, a picture you ought all to have in your closets, to keep you from resembling it. When in favour, banish not justice, clemency and generosity, from the thrones of your masters ; and to avoid a just hatred, and make men of virtue your friends, study the public interest. Turn over old histories, and you'll find there is scarce one, or few of us, that got peaceably to the grave, but either starved or rotted, or immortalized a gibbet. Not one eye ever wept for our sufferings, pity itself rejoiced. Thus detested on earth, and cursed by heaven, our last refuge is to become the prey of devils. Consider well, gentlemen, and arm yourselves against all those vicious passions which will certainly undo you, if you listen to them as I did. Therefore in the slippery paths of a Court, take prudence and justice for your supporters.

The Answer of the Chief Minister of the King of Yvetot to
Hugh Spencer

The picture you have drawn of your life and death, shews you were notoriously wicked, and rewarded according to your deserts. But let me tell you, Sir, that 'tis a great mistake to believe a minister cannot manage or steer his prince, without abusing him and the public. Because you were the horror of your age, is it an inevitable destiny for other favourites to be so too ? I will not here make my own panegyric, but leave that care to posterity. However, I will boldly maintain that to suffer a master to divide his benevolence, when one can secure it all to oneself, is folly and stupidity. A prudent man knows how to make a right use of his master's weakness ; and if he finds him inclined now and then to gratify eminent services, he will not seem much averse to

it, provided still he loses nothing by the bargain. But if his prince is of a covetous temper, charity, which always begins at home, bids him shut up his Exchequer, and reserve to himself the sole privilege of opening it at leisure. 'Tis likewise no ill step in our politics to cry down those actions which might otherwise by their weight outvalue ours. Upon such occasions to testify the least zeal, fidelity and care, will be thought meritorious. Tho' the escutcheons we leave our children have some blots in them, what signifies that, provided we leave them rich and noble titles, which will procure them honour, and all sorts of pleasures in this world, and a saint's place hereafter, in that unerring volume of the Roman Almanac.

Julia to the Princess of Conti

As you may wonder, Madam, that I, who lived so many ages ago and at present am so many thousand leagues from you, should esteem and love you ; might I wonder too, in my turn, that you should have a good opinion of me, after so many historians have conspired to blacken my reputation. But there are, dear sister, such circumstances in our fortunes as ought to make us love one another and hold a friendly correspondence ; since you are, like me, the daughter of a beautiful, treacherous prince, who drags good fortune at his heels ; and of a mother who renounced the world before it did her the injury of renouncing her.¹

I was once the ornament of the Court of Augustus, and you now shine like a star, in that of Lewis XIV. I was married very young to Marcellus, the hope of the Romans ; and almost in your infancy, you were given to the most amiable man that ever was of the Bourbons : I lost the son of Octavia some months after our marriage, and your forehead was bound with the fatal sable, before Hymen's garlands were in the least withered ;¹ you are handsome, I was not ugly ; you occasion jealousy, and I suffered the sharpest darts of destruction : I had lovers beyond number ; and who is able to reckon yours ? They have not perhaps been so favourably received ; and I believe the air, and want of opportunity, not our inclinations, to be the cause, for you never yet despised those pleasures I daily enjoyed and sighed after. And tho' by

¹ Louis Armand, Prince de Conti, who died at the age of twenty-four, was a gallant soldier who fought in Hungary with Turenne.

the death of Agrippa, I came under the tyranny of Tiberius, I pursued my inclinations to the last. Widows of your age generally enter the lists again ; but, princess, the counsel I have to give you, is to reserve to yourself the liberty of your choice. There are so many Tiberius's where you are, that one may easily fall to your share, and after that nothing but banishment will be wanting to finish the comparison. A very malignant planet¹ at present commands your destiny ; and 'tis in vain to expect justice from that jealous, ill-natured fury. Now that I have given you advice, which, if I could return into the world, I would follow myself, permit me to justify my actions.

Historians tell you that I endeavoured to reign in every heart, whatever it cost me, without any regard to the owner's birth or condition. But do you think that so very criminal ? Does a little kindness deserve so severe a censure ? Must persons of quality be always obliged to have an eye on their dignity ? and did not he that made the prince, make the coachman ? But what I cannot with patience suffer, is the impudent lie some have made concerning Ovid ; that versifier had a nicer fancy in poetry than beauty ; like your father, my dear sister, he imagined wonderful charms in grey hairs ; for Marcellus was but newly dead when he fell in love with Livia. 'Twas her he celebrated under the feigned name of Corinna ; and when he pleased, disciplined her, she, like a child, not daring to resist.

Thus people being ignorant of closet privacies, invent malicious lies ; for do you suppose I should have suffered such insolent usage ? If I had not been strong enough to have cuffed that rhyming puppy, I would have found out some other way to have been even with him. You very well see my reasons have some appearance of truth, and I am confident, that when we meet we shall agree very well.

The emperor who had his private amours, never troubled those of his wife ; and Merena's spouse, proud of possessing the affections of so great a monarch, returned in soft embraces the favours bestowed on her husband. I have insensibly made you an ingenuous confession ; do the same, Madam, for hell is so damnable tiresome, that I gape and stretch a thousand times an hour. When your hand is in, pray send me word what they are doing in your part of the world ; but above all, give me a true account of your amours and conquests ; for those relations tickle us, even when we have lost the power of acting.

Therefore, to invite you to be very plain with me, as likewise to

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

divert myself in my present melancholy moments, I will give you some of my thoughts in metre, such as it is :

A mighty monarch you begot,
Who's pious as the devil ;
Your mother, too, by all is thought,
To be extremely civil.

Descended from so bright a pair,
You both their gifts inherit ;
All your great father's virtues share,
And all your mother's merit.

When I was young and gay like you,
I loved my recreation ;
Mamma's dear steps I did pursue,
And baulked no inclination.

And, madam, when your charms are gone,
Your lovers will forsake you ;
They'll cry your sporting days are done,
And bid old Pluto take you.

Thus I have given all trading o'er,
And wisely left off sporting ;
Resolved to practise it no more,
After my reign of courting.

As reproaching and talking freely is not here discouraged, so, had I done any lewd trick, your confessor would have acquainted you with it ; for he keeps a strict correspondence with the chiefest ministers of our monarch. You have been jealous where you ought not, and the saints of St. Germain's and Versailles, when they come to discover the mystery of your curiosity, will never forgive you. The mealy-mouthed goddess was always easy to be corrupted, and the old monster Envy prospers but too much ; therefore take care of one, and prevent the other, that the sins of others may not be imputed to you. All that the world can say against your virtue, shall never diminish my good opinion of it ; and if you do not believe the character I give of myself, consult Calprinede,¹ who has drawn me to the life, and was as great a master in that way as Apelles in his. Farewell, fair princess, and remember that Julia languishes with desire to see you.

¹ A celebrated writer of romances and plays. Some of his novels—*Pharamond*, *Cleopatra*, *Cassandra*—run into ten volumes each. He describes Julia in *Cleopatra*.

The Princess of Conti's Answer to Julia

I did not expect to be honoured with a letter from so famous a princess as Julia ; this makes my joy so much the greater. I do sincerely declare that I take all you say to be so reasonable that I can do no less than applaud it. And I further assure you, that I never searched for your character in those disobliging authors who magnify the least false step, and make an elephant of a mouse. I am satisfied to know you, as I find you in Calprinede; and the complaisance he pretends you had for Ovid, does not hinder me from having a great affection for your amiable qualities, and believing as advantageously of your modesty as you can desire. I am not so severe as to imagine a little indulgence can be a great crime ; but think those who will, for a little natural civility, ruin the reputation of courteous ladies, to be malicious people, only envying those gallantries which are addressed to others.

But, madam, you have strangely surprized me with what you tell me of Livia ; for I always believed that ambition was her only blind side, and am astonished to hear she was amorous. This discovery confirms the received opinion, that old age as well as youth has a wanton inclination, tho' not so much ability ; and since the wife of Cæsar loved the language of the muses, I am not astonished that our saints of St. Cyr have been charmed with it.

But, dear madam, is it certain that Ovid disciplined her like a child ? I thought the Roman ladies had wanted that exercise ; and I believe my gallants will never be obliged to come to that extremity with me. I need not use much precaution against the folly of a second marriage ; for tho' I was coupled to a very charming young man, yet I soon found my expectations bilked, because the name of husband and wife, and thoughts of duty, so lessened the pleasures of our softest embraces, that it made them odious. So that now I only love a spouse for a night, from whom I may be divorced the next morning ; and this perhaps, you'll find more plainly expressed in the following lines, as I doubt not, dearest sister, but you have made the experiment.

Your tender girls, when first their hands,
Are joined in Hymen's magic bands,
Fondly believe they shall maintain
A long, uninterrupted reign :

But to their cost, too soon they prove,
That marriage is the bane of love.
That phantom, duty, damps its fire,
And clips the wings of fierce desire.

But lovers in a different strain,
Express, as well as ease their pain :
Ever smiling, ever fair,
To please us is their only care,
And as their flame finds no decay,
They only covet we should pay
In the same coin, and that you know,
Is always in our power to do.

And will be always so, illustrious princess, to our great comfort and satisfaction. You have heard, I suppose, what the writing of a few letters has cost me ; so that I have laid aside all commerce of that nature at present, and am often obliged to stifle my thoughts. Had I not feared Mercury's being searched, I would have opened my heart a little more to you ; but if the times ever change, or Madam Maintenon, the Governess of Versailles, becomes less inquisitive, you may certainly expect to receive an epistle or rather a volume from me.

I put no confidence in the king, my father, and he is so jealous of me that should he pack up his awls for the other world, I would not trust him. I pity you for being kept so close, and having so bad company. That you may yawn and stretch less, and laugh a little more, entertain yourself with La Fontaine's tales, or the *School of Venus*, both excellent books in their kind, which I am confident will extremely divert you ; not so much upon the account of their novelty, as by recalling to your mind some past actions of your life.

For my part, I highly esteem them both, and you'll oblige me by telling the author so.

Dionysius the Younger, to Flatterers of what Degree or
Country soever

Tho' the torments I now suffer for my former tyrannies are as great as they are just ; yet you, cursed villains, deserve much greater, for being the promoters of them. You, with your infernal praises, blind the eyes of princes, and hurry them on headlong to their ruin ; therefore

I charge you with all the ill actions of my reign. I was no sooner seated on my throne, but you so swelled me with pride, by applauding all my perjuries, oppressions and cruelties, that I believed it lawful for our race, from father to son, to be tyrants with impunity. Every one knows my father was equally wicked and covetous, neither sparing nor fearing men or gods ; and of this Jupiter and Æsculapius are examples. In a fit of impiety, till then unpractised by the most desperate villains, he stripped the first of his golden mantle, excusing it with this jest, That 'twas too hot for the summer, and too cold for the winter. To the second he turned barber and cut off his golden beard, which with great devotion had been presented to him, alleging, it was improper for the son, since his father Apollo went without one.

When his conduct had thus rendered him odious to the world, he thought it necessary to make himself secure ; for which end, he ordered a large deep ditch to be dug about his palace. But that was no fortification against fear, which could creep in at every key-hole ; and his distrust increased to that degree that he suspected his nearest relations. Not so much as a Maintenon came near him. At last his guards, to oblige the world, cut his throat, and sent his soul as a harbinger to the devil, to provide room for his body ; and the people, thinking me to be a much honest man, without difficulty placed me on his throne.

But I soon took care to convince those credulous sots that a worse was come in his room, far exceeding him in cruelty. I endeavoured to secure my throne by actions then unknown to the world. I caused my brothers to be put to death, and when I had glutted myself with the blood of these victims, I made no scruple to violate the laws and trample upon all the just rights and liberties of my people. By those and a thousand other barbarities, tiring the patience of the Syracusans, they drove me into Italy, where the Locrians kindly received me : and I to requite them for their civility, ravished their women, murdered numbers of their citizens, and pillaged their country. At last, by a new contrived treachery, I re-entered Syracuse, with design to revenge myself by new desolations. But Dion and Timoleon, much honest men than either myself or you, prevented me by putting me a second time to flight. 'Twas my destiny, and I wonder historians do not add the epithet of coward to my just name of tyrant.

I then retired to Corinth, where in a short time my misery became so pressing, that I was forced to turn bumbrusher in my own defence, a condition which best suited with a man that delighted in tyranny and

blood ; and as I had been one of Plato's disciples, I taught a sort of philosophy which I had learned, but never practised. Thus was my throne turned into a desk ; and my sceptre into a ferule. Heavens ! what a shameful metamorphosis was this. 'But, gentlemen sycophants, with a murrain to you, I may thank you for it. You, like the chameleon, can put on any colour, can turn vice into virtue, and virtue into vice, to deceive your masters ; and under the specious pretence of religion can commit the greatest barbarities. But though under the shelter of that reverend name, you think all your iniquities undiscovered, so long as you possess your prince with the abominable zeal of persecution ; yet Heaven sees and detects your hypocrisy, and even men, at long-run, discover the cheat.

Oh ! ye unworthy enemies of virtue, whose only aim is to raise your own fortunes upon the ruin of others. How useful are you to the devil ? You care not, provided you compass your desired ends, if you lay waste the universe, and afterwards become the hate and scorn of all mankind. As for example, it is along with you that I have been a pedant in Greece, and that one of my rank,¹ had he not been taken to rest, would have been forced to cover his follies under a stinking cowl in the lousy convent of la Trappe. You will not fail, I know, to applaud all his actions, and say, if he lost all, 'twas only for obliging his subjects to take the true road to heaven, and give the title of resignation to mere necessity and compulsion. But is it a sacrifice to renounce thro' despair, the grandeur we cannot maintain any longer ? Is it not rather imitating the animal in the fable, that despises the grapes which are out of his reach ?

But I waste my lungs in vain, and talk to the deaf : however, if I have been humbled, believe that you will not always be exalted. 'Tis my comfort that you will one day be condemned to turn a wheel like Ixion, to roll stones like Sisyphus, to be devoured like Prometheus, continually thirsty like Tantalus, and to heighten your evils, that you will never lose the remembrance of those villainies you committed.

The Answer of the Newsmongers to Young Dionysius

The flatterers have done you too much honour, Mr. Pedant, and should they believe you, and turn honest (of which I think there is no great danger), and persuade their masters to be just to their oaths and

¹ James II of England.

treaties, would not they govern in peace and unity? And would not that very thing cast the world into such a drousy tranquillity that it would be melancholy living in it, and starve millions of all degrees and professions, who now lord it very handsomely? We, I'm sure, should be first sensible of it, by having no variety of news to stuff our *London Gazettes*, *Mercuries* and *Slips* with; which would make the booksellers withdraw our stipends, and by consequence oblige us to leave off tipping the generous juice of the grape, and content ourselves with geneva, or some more phlegmatic manufacture.

Therefore keep your harangues for your schoolboys, and do not maliciously take our daily bread from us, and seek to ruin those complaisant persons that can condescend to soothe the vanities and inclinations of their princes.

But to dismiss this point, and return to yourself; it is plain you have not a jot of honour about you, since you pay no regard to your father's reputation. We easily perceive you have been a pedagogue by your tattling; which indiscretion makes you unworthy the title of great Plato's disciple. But has your pedantic majesty no better rewards to bestow on gentlemen of courtly breeding than wheels, vultures, millstones, and an eternal thirst? Truly 'tis very liberal, and school-master-like in every respect; but you are desired to keep those mighty blessings for yourself, who deserve them much better than any one else; and if you were culled by those about you, talk no more on't, but keep your weakness to yourself.

Christina,¹ Queen of Sweden, to the Ladies

That I, who never testified much esteem for the fair sex, should at this time address myself to them, will without doubt be thought strange; but if necessity breaks laws, it ought also to cancel aversion, and excuse me for seeking protection amongst a sex I have so often despised, being compelled to it by a thousand injuries done to my memory. Therefore

¹ Christina succeeded to the throne of Sweden in 1632, then six years old. She was crowned in 1650, and then falling into the hands of favourites ceased to take interest in affairs of state. In 1654 she resigned the crown in favour of her cousin Charles Adolphus, was received into the Catholic Church by the Pope, and lived some time in France. It was while living at Fontainebleau that her equerry and paramour Monaldeschi was murdered by her orders and in her presence. She retired to Rome, where she spent the rest of her life in an odd mixture of gallantry and piety.

I now ask pardon of the ladies ; and am persuaded I do them no little honour (since there has seldom been a more extraordinary woman than I was) in owning myself one of the female kind.

I may boast of all the advantages of a glorious birth, being daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, who did not only fill the north, but all the universe with admiration ; and of Mary Elianor of Brandenburg, the worthy wife of such a husband. If I was not as handsome as Helen, and those other beauties whom the poets have from age to age recorded in the book of fame, yet all the world owned me a woman of incomparable parts. I was queen at five years of age, and even so early took upon me that important trust which but few men are capable of discharging, and which fewer would covet, if they knew the troubles that attend it. Yet I supported the weight of all affairs with such a grace and prudence that my crown did not seem too heavy for me. As soon as reason had made me sensible of my power, my only thoughts were how to make myself worthy of it. To this end, I invited to my Court those I thought the most capable of improving it ; which was no sooner known by the beggarly French, but Stockholm swarmed with masters of all sciences. Among the rest I had a pack of hungry poets ; but he that took the most pains was not the best rewarded, because he did not resemble Boileau, who can in half an hour make a saint of a devil.

In my green years I seemed only addicted to grandeur and virtue ; for I studied like a doctor, argued like a philosopher, and gave lessons of morality to the most learned ; so that everybody imagined I should eclipse the most famous heroines. But I had not yet heard the voice of a certain deity, whose language I no sooner understood, than it poisoned all my former good dispositions ; for whereas till then I had been charmed with the conversation of the dead, I began now to have passionate inclinations for the living.

But not to undeceive the world, which thought my conduct blameless, I was forced to put a curb to my desires, or at least to pursue them with more precaution. Whether the trouble to find myself so inclined, or my grandeur, which would not allow of those liberties I sighed for, obliged me to punish the flatterers of my passion, I know not ; but I committed many barbarities. As my desires were insatiable, so 'twas not in my power to confine them ; and this gave my subjects too many opportunities to discover several indecencies in my management ; and because I would not be tumbled headlong from my throne by them, I very prudently condescended, and put my cousin Charles Adolphus in

my place. Then did I, under pretence of visiting the beauties of France, take large doses of those joys I durst no longer take at Stockholm. I was treated everywhere as a queen, had palaces at my command, and I made Fontainebleau, which was before a bawdy-house, a slaughter-house also before I left it.

Fate justly reached the prattling fool,
For telling stories out of school,
Was't not enough I stooped so low,
On him m' affection to bestow ;
To clasp him in my circling arms,
And feast him with love's choicest charms ;
But must the babbling fool proclaim,
His queen's infirmity and shame ;

Of all the sins on this side hell,
The blackest sure's to kiss and tell.
'Tis silence best becomes delight,
And hides the revels of the night.
If then my spark has met his due,
For bringing sacred mysteries to view,
E'en let him take it for his pains,
And curse his want of gratitude and brains.

But I know not whether the monarch of France had long ears like his brother Midas, or some little familiar whispered it in his ear ; but what I thought could never be detected was publicly discussed at Court. Perceiving this, I was resolved on a voyage to Rome, and the rather, because I thought the Romish religion most commodious for a woman of inclinations, and that it would give lustre to my history, to abjure the opinions of Luther at the feet of the Pope ; though I had as little believed and followed the doctrine of the Reformed, as I have since the absurdities of the Roman Church. Italy seemed to me a Paradise, and I thought my past troubles fully recompensed when I found myself in that famous city which has been the mistress of this world, without subjects to control me, saucy chattering Frenchmen to revile me, and amongst a mixture of strangers, which made all my actions pass unregarded.

'Twas enough for me to be esteemed a saint, that I was turned Papist in a place where debauchery is tolerated ; and you'll find me, perhaps, one day canonized by the Roman clergy. 'Tis true, I was not so rigorous

to them as others, for the pope, cardinals, legates, bishops, abbots, priests, and monks, composed my court, where licentiousness reigned most agreeably. Not that I had renounced the company of young virgins ; for I was intimate enough with some of them to have it said I was of the humour of Sappho ; and as I lived at Rome, so I thought myself obliged to practise their manners.

But the chief reason of my writing is to desire you to protect me against those ignorant coxcombs who endeavour to put me among the number of the foolish virgins ; for I began and finished my course, as I have told you, and will now leave you to judge if there can be any probability in such a scandalous story. My good friend the pope, to whom I had been wonderfully civil, solemnly swore that whenever I left this world I should not languish in purgatory, tho' he knew very well I should go to another place. But as it was the promise of a tricking Jesuit, so I did not much credit it, nor was much surprized to see myself turned into a sty among a company of boars and old lascivious goats, a sort of animals I had formerly been well acquainted with at my palace in Rome, and who came then grunting and leaping to embrace me. I cannot in this place hear of the poor gentleman whom I murdered ; I asked one of my he-companions concerning him, who knows no more of him than I do ; therefore I verily believe he is among the martyrs.

The Answer of a young Vestal to the Queen

Good Heavens ! Madam, how piously did your majesty begin your letter ! And what pleasure did I take to see such hopeful dispositions to virtue ! But what was that enchanting vice that put you out of the good road ? Was it the devil ? If so, why did you not make use of holy-water ? For we, poor creatures, oppose no other buckler against the darts of Satan, when he conjures up the frailty of the flesh to disturb us. But I beg your pardon, you were then a Lutheran, and holy-water has no efficacy, but only for true Catholics. My confessor has so often preached charity to me, that I cannot but bewail the fate of the poor gentleman you loved so dearly, and treated so barbarously. Oh ! my dear St. Francis ! What sort of love was that ! And how unfortunate are those precious souls that have parts to please you ! One may very well perceive, by that piece of barbarity, you neither believed in Purgatory, or feared Hell ; and I would not have been guilty of such an

action for all your excellent qualities and grandeur. I hear you talked of sometimes, and in such a manner, that it makes me often sigh, pant, and pull down my veil ; and I feel a terrible fit coming upon me by reading your confession.

Madam, I much rejoice to hear,
 You'll take a stone up in your ear ;
 For I'm a frail transgressor too,
 And love the sport as well as you.
 But then I choose to do the work,
 Within the pale of holy kirk ;
 For absolution cures the scars
 Contracted in venereal wars,
 And saves our sex a world of prayers. }
 Had you this ghostly counsel taken,
 You might till now have saved your bacon.
 'Tis safe intriguing with a flamen }
 Who sanctifies their work with Amen,
 Then who would trust ungodly laymen ? }
 Do, Madam, as you please, but I
 None but with priesthood will employ,
 With them I'll live, with them I'll die, }
 Who like the Pelion spear are sure,
 With the same ease they wound to cure.

But it is easy to see that your conscience is as large as the sleeve of a Cordelier¹ since you began in the spirit, and ended in the flesh. Notwithstanding what I have merrily owned in rhyme, more to entertain your majesty than express my true sentiments, there are certain hours when I could willingly follow your example ; and if you would obtain from the holy father a dispensation of my vows, which now grow burthensome to me, I would break a lance in your quarrel. This I am sure of, that the world will think it less strange to see a nun renounce her convent than a queen her crown.

François Rabelais, to the Physicians of Paris

It is in vain for your flatterers to cry you up for able doctors, for you will never arrive at my knowledge ; and I am ashamed every hour to hear that such asses are admitted into the college. Do not believe

¹ A French proverb for no conscience. (Note by Brown.)

'tis a sensible vanity that induces me to say this, but the perfect knowledge I have of my own worth ; and tho' I was designed for a more lazy profession, yet that does not in the least diminish my merit.

You know I was born at Chinon, and that my parents, hoping I should one day make a precious saint, put me, in my foolish infancy, into a convent of Cordeliers : but that greasy habit, in a little time seemed to me as heavy and uneasy as the armour of a giant ; so that by intercession made to Pope Clement VII I was permitted to change my grey frock for a black. I quitted the equipage of St. Francis for that of St. Benedict, and I was as weary of that in a short time as of the other. As I had learnt a great deal of craft, and but little religion, during my noviciate in those good schools, so I found a way to get loose from that cloister for ever, and took to the study of Hippocrates. Besides that I had a subtle and clear genius, and my comrades discovered in me an acute natural raillery, which made me acceptable to the best companions. Cardinal Bellay, who made me his physician, took me to Rome with him in that quality, where the sanctity of the triple crown, the adored slipper, and all-opening key, could not hinder me from jesting in the presence of his holiness.

'Twas Paul III, before called Alexander Farnese, who then filled the apostolical chair, and was more remarkable for his lewdness than piety. I had the good fortune to please him with the inclination he found in me to lewdness ; and he gave me a bull of absolution for my apostacy, free from all fees and duties, which I think was a gracious reward for a foreign, atheistical buffoon. After I had compiled a catalogue of his vices, to make use of as I should find an opportunity, the cardinal, my patron, returned to Paris, and I with him. There he immediately gratified me with a canonship of St. Maur, and the benefice of Meudon.

Having all I could desire, I lived luxuriously ; and the love of satire pleasing me much more than the service of God, after I had wrote several things for the learned without success, I composed the history of Gargantua and Pantagrue for the ignorant, things which some call a cock and a bull, and others the product of a lively imagination. I know most men understand them as little as they do Arabic ; and as it is not to our present purpose, so do not I intend to explain that stuff to them, but will now, since 'tis more apropos, give you some advice concerning the malady of your blustering monarch.

The residence I made at the Court of France, in the reign of Francis I,

makes me more bold in judging of the nature of those distempers. You conceal the virulency of Lewis XIVth's disease because you dare not examine into the bottom of the cause, and are more modest in proposing remedies than he has been in contracting the distemper. Yet every one talks according to his interest, and the newsmongers always keep a blank to set down the manner of his death. If he does not tremble he must be thorough-paced in iniquity, for he has several reckonings to make up with Heaven, which are not so easily adjusted ; and as he has often affronted the majesty of several popes, he will scarce obtain a passport to go scot-free into the other world. We are told here, by some of his good friends, he begins to putrify, and has ulcers a yard in length, where vermin, very soldier-like, intrench themselves. There is no other remedy for this, according to old Æsculapius, but to make him a new man, by a severe penitential pilgrimage into some of the provinces of Mercury and Turpentine. If he still fears the dangers of war let him go in disguise ; and if at this age he cannot be without a she-companion, let him take his old friend Maintenon along with him ; she is poison-proof, and may, to save charges, serve him in three capacities, viz. as a bed-fellow, nurse, and guide. Keep him also to a strict diet ; scrape his bones, and purge him thoroughly, and all may be sound again but his conscience.

You cannot imagine how merrily we gentlemen of the faculty live at Pluto's court : I am secretary to the same Paul III who pardoned me *gratis* the violation of my vows, my irreverence for the Church, and my want of respect for him ; Scaramouch is his gentleman-usher, Harlequin his page, and Scarron his poet-laureat. Don't suppose I was such a blockhead as to kiss his sweaty toe, when I visited him in the Vatican ; he had nothing from me but such an hypocritical hug, as your monks give each other at the ridiculous ceremony of high-mass. This old goat still keeps his amorous inclinations ; and I, who have so often made others blush, am often ashamed to hear his ribaldry. He would certainly make love to Proserpine, but our sultan would not be pleased with his courtship ; and besides, his seraglio is as well guarded as the grand seignior's, otherwise we might have a litter of fine puppies betwixt them. Little hump-shouldered Luxembourg, late Mareschal of France, is the captain of her guards, and so damnably jealous that he will not suffer any to come near her ; at which Pluto is very well pleased, and does not mistrust him, thinking it impossible for anybody to be in love with such a lump of deformity.

But to return to our friend Paul, he scorns to copy the Devil, who turned hermit when he was old ; and I am now making another collection of his impieties and amours, which will be ready to come out with a *Gazette Nostradamus* he has been composing since the year 1600. That sly conjurer is so earnest upon the matter that he lifts not up his head, tho' Pluto's blackguard boys are continually burning brimstone under his nose. However, I do not know but this mountain may bring forth a mouse ; for to speak freely, I put as little faith in those prophets who, like sots, lose their reason in the abyss of futurity, as the honest Whigs of England do in the oaths and treaties of your swaggering master.

As for you, brother doctors, cut, scarify, blister, and glister, since 'tis your profession ; but take this along with you, that they who do the least mischief, pass with me for the ablest men. But I would advise you not to suffer any longer those barbarous names of assassins, poisoners, close-stool mongers, factors of death, etc., the world gives you. I have had high words with Molière on your account, and I expect that fine rhyming fellow, Boileau, will give him a wipe over the nose in one of his satires. For tho' I have made bold to talk freely with you, yet I do not mean all the world should take the same liberty.

The Answer of Mr. Fagon, first Physician to Lewis XIV,
to François Rabelais

You are a very pretty gentleman, friend Rabelais, to boast of yourself so much, and value the rest of your fraternity so little. Do you not know that I am of the tribe of Judah, and perhaps related to some of the kings of Israel ? Had you heard me preach in a synagogue, you would soon be convinced whether I am an illiterate fellow or no. Is it such an honour to be of your college ? Or would it be any advantage to be like you ? You have been, by your own confession, a most horrid rake-hell ; and I would not, for all the mammon of unrighteousness in my king's coffer, transgress one point of the law. You ought not to be astonished at my greatness, for I concern myself with more than one trade, and no man was ever in such favour, and grew so rich, by only applying warm injections to the backside. If you enjoyed a prebend, and other benefices, you must, I know, have assisted Cardinal Bellay in his amours. For my part, I boast of having been a broker, solicitor, and, under the rose, *billet-doux* carrier and door-keeper, because all employments at Court are honourable.

Do not think you were the first that thought of the remedy you

speak of ; we had several learned consultations about it, but know not which way to mention it, for Madam Scarron, who is very tender of her reputation and reigns sovereignly at Court, will say we accuse her of bringing the Neapolitan distemper to Versailles, and have us sent to the galleys, or hanged for our good advice. I have often reflected on the scandalous bantering stuff those they call wits have said, and do say of us ; and wish with all my heart, the first brimstone they take for the itch, and mercury for the pox, may poison them ; but for us to stir in't would bring 'em all about our ears ; and we know the consequence of that from a neighbouring country,¹ where they have mumbled a poor physician,² and one that can versify also, almost as severely as a troop of hungry wolves would a fat ass.

However, we thank you for your zeal, but at the same time advise you not to make a quarrel for so small a business ; and I, in a particular manner, kiss your hand, and desire you will give my service to Nostradamus.³ I cannot beat it out of my head, but that he has put me into his centuries ; and that an ingenious man might discover me there. I own 'tis looking for a needle in a bottle of hay ; but you know I sprung up like a mushroom, and that he foretells nothing but prodigies.

The Duchess of Fontagne⁴ to the Cumean Sibyl

I desired Mercury to call, *en passant*, at your cave ; and as he has wings at his feet, and complaisance in his heart, so he will, I don't doubt, go a little out of his way to oblige me by delivering you this letter. I have from my infancy had you in my mind, and heard my nurse, when I lay squalling in shitten clouts in my cradle, tell frightful stories of you. As soon as I began to prattle, my maids taught me to call all old wrinkled women withered sibyls ; and the idea of the den you were confined in, filled me with fear. But since then I have been informed of the truth of your history, that fear is changed into veneration, and I now look upon your cell as a sacred place.

To assure you of my respect, and the confidence I repose in you, I

¹ That is, England.

² Another hit at Sir Richard Blackmore. See page 17.

³ Michel de Notredame, a French astrologer of the 16th century, wrote a series of prophecies in four-line stanzas extending over seven centuries.

⁴ The Duchess de Fontagnes fascinated Louis XIV during the ascendancy of Mme de Montespan. She bore him a son in 1680 and caused her rival such paroxysms of jealousy that resort was had to necromancy, the Black Mass was said over Montespan's naked body—celebrated with the flesh and blood of a new-born infant—to invoke the aid of the infernal powers, and potions were administered to Fontagnes and Louis, which might well have proved fatal to both.

will consult you about some future events, and tell you one part of my griefs. I am nobly born, handsome and young enough to inspire and receive the softest love. The French king, who had spoiled the shape, and wore out the charms of several mistresses, long before I appeared at his Court, had a mind to do the same by me. Being naturally proud and wanton, and tempted by the fine compliments of a great and vigorous prince, and title of duchess (a temptation none of us women can resist), I soon yielded to his desires ; which so mortified the haughty Montespan, that she, with a ragout *à-la-mode d'Espagne*, dispatched me out of the world, before I could get a true taste of greatness, or the pleasures of a royal bed.

Alas ! What a mighty difference there is between you and me. Your years are innumerable ; you are still mentioned in history ; your voice still remains, and you enjoy the divine faculty of prediction ; but I was murdered in my bloom, when ripe and juicy as the luscious grape ; and that ungrateful perjured man, who rifled my virgin treasures, has not so much as thought or spoke of me since. He dotes on nothing but old age, and could you appear in something more solid than air, I do not doubt but he'd make his addresses to you. I believe his being born with teeth presaged he would always be a tyrant to his people, and in his latter days the cully of such a tough piece of carrion as Mrs. Maintenon.

Morbleu ! Have I been barbarously sacrificed ; and must a miss of threescore and fifteen live unpunished, and be treated better than I was in the greatest height of that prince's passion and warmth of my desires, when capable both of receiving and giving joy ? It really distracts me ! I conjure you, in the name of Apollo, who never refused you anything, to let me know by one of your oracles, if I shall never return to France again. You came hither, I know, with the brave Æneas (but stayed no longer than you liked the place), and I have heard some people say, that knight-errant diverted himself extremely upon the road, and made a great deal of hot love to you ; but I take that to be a mere story, because Virgil, who would not have let slip so pleasant a passage, has said nothing of it. However, could I return but a short time to dislodge Maintenon, and take a frisk with my former lover, if he be not too old for that business ; or were I but your shadow, provided I lived, I should be pretty well pleased. 'Tis a melancholy thing to think that the fates should spin such a long thread for an old lascivious ape,¹ who

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

never was to be compared with me ; and that there should remain no more of poor Fontagne than an unfortunate name, over which oblivion will in a little time triumph.

At the writing of this, in came a courier from Versailles, who brings us word that Lewis the Great has undertook such a piece of work that the weight and consequence makes him sick of the world ; that Mrs. Maintenon has wore out his teeth ; that legions of vermin devour him, and that we may suddenly expect him in these dominions ; which, if true, will be some satisfaction to me ; and tho' he be toothless, worm-eaten and rotten, I will grant him the same liberty he often took with me on a couch at the Trianon, to get him again under my empire, that I may at leisure revenge myself for his forgetfulness.

Oh ! would it not provoke a maid,
By softest vows and oaths betrayed,
Her virgin treasures to resign,
And give up honour's dearest shrine ?
Then when her charms have been enjoyed,
To be next moment laid aside.

But why do I lament in vain,
And of my destiny complain ?
Had I been wise as those before me,
I should have made the world adore me ;
Not to one lover's arms confined,
But searched and tried all human kind.

But I believe this foolish constancy was only owing to my want of experience ; and if I had lived a little longer, I should have had the curiosity to try the variety of human performance, like the rest of my neighbours. You have been, my dear demi-goddess, in love, and have been beloved ; therefore, I beseech you, give me some healing advice, or consolation, as my case requires.

The Cumean Sibyl's Answer to the Duchess of Fontagne

Is it possible that so charming a beauty should think of such an old decrepit creature as I am ! I was desirous to talk with Mercury about you, but he flew away like a bird. It extremely troubles me, dear child, that I am obliged, in answer to your letter, to tell you there is no hopes of your returning to Versailles ; for you must know that when I

conducted Æneas, I was then living, and that 'tis impossible for any under a Hercules to fetch you from whence you are; and where shall we find one now? The bravest Boufflers in France is but a link-boy of comparison to him.

Your lover, fair lady, is so fast linked to his old duenna's¹ tail, that he thinks no more of you, and your complaints are insignificant. She² that hurried you out of the world with a favourable dose of poison, in the flower of your youth, is now neglected, and grown so monstrous fat and lecherous, by living lazily in a nunnery, that she's not a fit companion for any creature that has but two legs to support it.

You know not what you do, when you envy my destiny, for I'm sometimes so teased and tired with answering the virtuosos and beaux, that it turns my very brain. I own, 'tis a sad thing to die at eighteen, in the height of one's greatness and pleasures, because nature always thinks she pays her tribute to death before-hand. I would willingly divert you a little, but I know not which way, unless the little history I send you, which a traveller gave me not long since, and which has novelty to recommend itself, will do it. Do not believe, good lady, the scandalous story some ignorant rhyming puppy has made of Æneas and me; he was not so brisk as that comes to; and I can assure you, never put the question to me. Ask Dido, she can tell you more of him than I can; and modest as Virgil describes her, yet she was forced to take this Trojan prince by the throat to make him perform the duty of a gallant; by this you may judge of his constitution. Besides, had he been never so amorously inclined, yet not knowing my inclinations, he might think his courtship would displease me, and so disoblige Apollo, for whose assistance he then had occasion. Therefore laugh at all those idle railleries of impertinent people, and turn your eyes and thoughts on the following dialogue.

The Mitred Hog: A Dialogue between Abbot Furetiere³
and Scarron

Furetiere. Oh! Have I found you at last, old friend? Tho' I were certain you were here, and desired earnestly to see you; yet being

¹ Madame de Maintenon.

² Madame de Montespan.

³ Antoine Furetiere, Abbot of Chalivoy and Cluines, was a distinguished philologist and the author of a dictionary which appeared in 1684. This so angered his brother-members of the Academy, who were engaged on the same task, that they expelled him. He also wrote satires and a collection of anecdotes entitled *Furetieriana*.

gouty, and tired with walking, I began to have no more thoughts of searching after you. How many troublesome journeys have I made, and leagues have I travelled, and all to kiss your hands, tho' I am a virtuoso ! In truth, I am quite out of my element, and confounded ever since I have lost sight of sun and moon.

Scarron. Who are you, an' it please ye ? What's your name ? For the dead having neither beard nor bonnet, nor any thing else to distinguish them by, I know not exactly what or who they are ; but by your language and mien, suppose you some mongrel of the French Academy.

Furet. Well guessed ; I am called Monsieur l'Abbé Furetiere, alias *Porc de bon Dieu*, who has long, but in vain, been gaping and scraping at Versailles for a mitre, that I might wallow in peace and plenty like a hog. But, alas ! what a left-handed planet was I born under ? A debauch with stummed wine, setting an old pox, which lay dormant in my bones, into a ferment, soon carried me off, almost in the height of my desires, and when I bade fairest for the bishopric.

Scar. I am sorry for your misfortune ; but at the same time am heartily glad to see you, Monsieur l'Abbé. You will not, perhaps, meet with all these conveniences here that you enjoyed at Paris ; but, in recompence, you will meet with much honest dealing. For my part, I must own myself infinitely happy ; for now I am neither troubled with lawyers, physicians, apothecaries, collectors of taxes, priests, nor wife, the plague and torment of men's days when on earth. But how have you had your health since you have been in the country ?

Furet. Thanks to our master Pluto, I have not yet felt any cold. I was so very tender and chilled for six months in the year at Paris, that tho' I was loaded with ermins, and always had a dram of the best Nantz in my pocket, I could scarce keep my blood from freezing in my veins.

Scar. That's an affliction you will not meet with here, take my word for't ; for 'tis something hotter than under the Torrid Zone, and the nicest wits of your academy need not fear spoiling their brains by catching cold here. It is not long since I met with the illustrious Balzac, who does not complain now of the cold in his head, as he did when he lived on the pleasant banks of the Charente. But, what news have you ?

Furet. I don't doubt, by your inquisitiveness, but you are very desirous to hear some news of your wife.

Scar. May pox and itch devour the nasty jade ! I know but too

much of her by Mareschal d'Albert formerly, and lately, by my likeness, Monsieur Luxembourg. Yes, I know she's a duchess ; that she's one of the privy-council ; and she serves Lewis the XIV, in the same capacity as Livia did Augustus. But why did not the prostitute make her poor deformed husband a duke ? I should not have been the first duke and peer of France that had been a cuckold.

Furet. By your discourse, Mr. Scarron, one would think you had lost your senses and memory. But you cannot, surely, have forgot how, instead of laurel, she adorned your learned brow with horns, before she was taken notice of at Court. Indeed, how could a pretty, witty, buxom young woman, forbear making such an infirm, deformed Æsop as you a cuckold ?

Scar. I should not have much valued that, because I had brethren enough to herd with, if the damned whore had but got my pension augmented ; but the confounded jade, instead of that, gave me the cursedst garrison to maintain that ever poor husband was mortified with : To appease which, I was forced to have recourse to *Unguentum contra pediculos inguinales*, etc. But prithee, let's discourse of something else, for the thoughts of the duchess of Maintenon will disturb my brain, and easily put me into a fever, which is dangerous in this warm climate.

Furet. I'll tell you but three or four words more of this famous duchess, and conclude. First, that she has kicked her patroness Madam Montespan out of the royal bed : And secondly, that she is very great with the pious Jesuit, Father la Chaise, the monarch's confessor.

Scar. Oh ! Oh ! by my troth, I don't wonder at the lascivious harlot closing with him ! As there is no feast like the misers, so there is no gallant like those monks. When those hypocrites undertake that business, they do it all like heroes. But you have said all by saying he is a Jesuit ; since those gallants have been in reputation, they have engrossed all good whoring to their society, especially in France, and more particularly at Paris, where they have so well behaved themselves, that they have changed an ancient authentic proverb, *Jacobine en chair, Cordelier en chœur, Carme en cuisine, et Augustine en bordel*, for now they say, *Jesuit en bordel*, etc. But so much for those gentlemen, pray what are you a-doing now in the French Academy ?

Furet. There are as many follies committed there as in any society in the universe ; judge of the whole by this one example. That company was never so highly honoured as it is at present, by the particular care that great monarch takes of it, for which he is repaid in flattering

panegyrics ; nevertheless, these insipid, florid gentlemen scold and scratch like so many fish-women in an ale-house. The other day the great Charpentier¹ fell into such a passion about a trifle, that he reproached the learned Tallemant with being the son of a broken apothecary at Rochel ; to which Tallemant, with as much heat replied that Charpentier was the son of a poor hedge ale-draper at Paris. From this Billingsgate language they came to blows. Charpentier threw Nicot's dictionary at his adversary's head, and Tallemant threw Morery's at Charpentier's. We all wished heartily we could have recalled you from the dead, to write the various accidents of this battle in your comical and satiric style.

Scar. Ha, ha, ha, had I been there, they should have beat the Academy dictionary and Morery's, too, in pieces about each other's ears before I would have parted them. But I hope these two sputtering coxcombs did each other justice ; I declare, whoever hindered it, deserved to be severely fined. Pray how did you behave yourself during this combat ?

Furet. I happened not to be there ; for you must know, there has been such a difference between those gentlemen and me, concerning a dictionary I have published, that it came at last to a contentious law-suit ; but what was said on either side only made the world laugh at both, and is not half so diverting as the epigram you made upon an old lady that went to law with you. I think I still remember it :

Thou nauseous everlasting sow,
With phiz of bear, and shape of cow,
With eyes that in their sockets twinkle,
And forehead ploughed with many a wrinkle,
With nose that runs like common shore,
And breath that murders at twelve-score :
What ! thou'rt resolved to give me war,
And trounce me at the noisy bar,
Though it reduces thee to eat
Thy smock for want of cleaner meat :
Agreed, old beldam ! keep thy word,
'Twill soon reduce thee t' eat a t——d.

¹ François Charpentier, author of a treatise *On the Excellencies of the French Language*. Tallemant was a prominent member of the Academy. Jean Nicot, author of an excellent dictionary, was the first to introduce tobacco into France, whence it was called Nicotine. Moreri wrote *Le Grand Dictionnaire Historique*.

Scar. May that be the fate of Tallemant, Charpentier, and the rest of those reformers of the alphabet, and in a more especial manner of that thieving, flattering rogue Boileau, who has made a faithless poltroon a Mars, and a superannuated lascivious adultress, a saint. So much for that —. But give me some little account now of your clergy, I mean the great plump rogues, the hogs with mitres on their heads, and crosiers on their shoulders, those janizaries of antichrist.

Furet. I know your meaning——. Never was nickname given with more justice to any society of men. In Normandy and those parts they call all the minor clergy, as the fat monks, canons, abbots, etc., who are not mitred, Jesus Christ's porkers; which distinction is not very fantastical, if we allow the other expression. But no more of those gentlemen, 'tis dangerous.

Scar. Prithee, dear abbot, be not so mealy-mouthed; when I was in the world, the greatest pleasure I had was in attacking those gentlemen's vices, and exposing them to the heretics, that still-born generation of vipers, as they call them; and therefore let us be free now, 'tis the only enjoyment we can have. Pray, what says your *Monthly Mercury* of those gentlemen, whom the earth is more obliged to for bodies than heaven for souls?

Furet. Never fuller than now of who made such a man a cuckold, and who poxed such a woman; neither were ever the women half so impudent; no, not in the reigns of Caligula and Nero. Never was debauchery so much in fashion, nor never were whores so often covered with purple.

Scar. Is there not in your herd such a thing as a tame gentle wether, or what Virgil calls *Dux Gregis*? You understand me.

Furet. A wether! Oh, fy, fy! not such a creature among them, I can assure you. The most Christian king would not suffer such an imperfect, scandalous animal, so much as to shew his head in his seraglio. 'Tis as easy to find there a pretty woman chaste, or hair in the palm of your hand, as an emasculated beast among the mitred hogs: for the *Dux Gregis*, Virgil speaks of, we have one at the head of our prelates who has all the qualities requisite for so great an honour, tho' he has neither beard nor horns; and should I name him, you'd be of my opinion.

Scar. Would I refresh my memory, and their virtues, I could guess within two or three; but pray save me that labour.

Furet. Do you not remember a famous song you made in praise of a slick wanton goat ? *Creque fait et défend l'archevêque de Roüen.*

Scar. Oh dear ! oh dear ! the right reverend Francis Harlay¹, archbishop of Paris ! my most renowned friend ! a worthy chief !

Furet. The very same, and 'tis a precious jewel, both for body and soul. A hedgehog has not more bristles than this prelate has mistresses, and there's not a stallion in France that leaps oftener.

Scar. You rejoice my heart, Mons. Furetiere. He was, I remember, always at Paris, when archbishop of Rouen : no man fitter for that employment. To be sure, if Paris be the hell of hackney-horses, 'tis the paradise of whoremasters and hackney-whores. I can guess at what he does now, by what he did formerly. Several ladies, also, of our neighbouring countries are witnesses of his prowess, but more especially some of the fair English ladies ; the luscious morsels of a lustful monarch. But on to the rest.

Furet. I am willing to satisfy your curiosity, Mr. Scarron, but to run thro' the whole herd, would be too tedious at present, tho' they all deserve to be chronicled : so I will only, *en passant*, give you the history of those you have heard preach, both at Paris and the Court, with wonderful applause ; and who, for their modesty and regular lives, had the reputation of saints, whilst they were only fathers of oratory.

Scar. Take your own method, Mons. l'Abbé ; but let me tell you one thing, by the way : this place is called the wits' corner, but by some late guests, because of the smoke and liquor, the Wits' Coffee-house. Now you know the wits of all countries laugh at the clergy in their poems and plays ; and that the clergy, to be revenged on them and keep up their own reputation with the ignorant, call them atheists ; therefore you may freely give a true description of them. All here are their enemies ; and a priest would as soon venture his carcase in Sweden as in this place ; he dreads a poet, as much as dogs do a sow-gelder.

Furet. Still a merry man, Mr. Scarron. But to return to your mitred hogs ; do you remember Father le Bone, and Father Mascron. The first is now bishop of Perigueux, and the other bishop of Agen.

Scar. How ! Have these two famous preachers, those scourgers of pride and immorality, got into the herd of the mitred hogs ? By my troth, I always took them for credulous, humble wethers, believers of

¹ François Harlay de Champvallon, archbishop of Paris 1671-95, had been an adherent of Mazarin and was a confidant of the king, having been chosen as one of the three witnesses of the wedding of Louis and Mme de Maintenon. He was a man of some learning, scandalous morals, and great eloquence.

what they preached ; tho' I know most priests seldom believe what they profess.

Furet. Well, Mr. Scarron, tho' you can see as far thro' a mill-stone as any man, yet I find you are not infallible.

Scar. Faith, a man sees as far thro' a mill-stone as a priest's surplice, tho' 'tis reckoned the emblem of purity. But, Mons. l'Abbé, what Montaigne said formerly of the women, I now say of the priests : *Ils envoient leur conscience au bordel, et tiennent leur countenance en règle* : they send their conscience to the stews, and keep their countenance within rule.

Furet. 'Tis even as true of one as of the other, Mr. Scarron, and my discourse will verify it. What virtue there is in a mitre I know not, for I could never obtain one : I was thought too good a Christian at bottom ; but before I had bid adieu to Paris, your innocent believing apostles were become two as rampant and fine-coated hogs as any of the herd. The reverend Father le Bone, bishop of Perigueux, has so bravely played the country boar that there's not a pretty nun in his diocese but has been with pig by him, as I have been credibly informed by persons of honour.

Scar. Oh, the excellent apostle ! I remember a story of him when he was bishop of Agde, which will not be unpleasant to you, if you can bear with a pun, and a poet's making merry with several languages, a thing he can no more avoid than flattery. This worthy prelate not meeting with that plenty at Agde that his voluptuousness required, made his monarch this compliment : *Sire, Je suis ne gueux, j'ay veu gueux, benais s'il plaît à votre majesté, je voux Perigueux.*

Furet. Faith, a very comfortable reward for a very filthy pun ! I have said forty pleasanter things to the king, and never could get beyond Mons. l'Abbé, which makes me believe there is a critical minute for a wit, as well as love : an excellent Roman poet was sensible of it, when he said,

*Hora libellorum decima est, Eupheme, meorum,
Temporat ambrosias cum tua cura dapes,
Et bonus æthereo laxatur nectare Cæsar.*

There's a Latin quotation for you, to shew you I understand it ; and that I have been an author as well as you.

Scar. Believe me, Mons. l'Abbé, you'll fare much the better for it here ; and tho' those gentlemen made us poor poets pass for scoundrels and impious ridiculers of piety in the other world, yet we have much the whip-hand of them in these quarters, therefore take comfort. Tell

me, pray, how the pious Julius Mascron behaves himself at Agen, where he meets with greater plenty than he did at Thute.

Furet. Oh ! the acorns and chestnuts of Agen have made him so plump and wanton, 'twould rejoice your heart to see him. All the females of the town caress him, and strive which shall yield him most delight ; and he out of zeal and gratitude, and to preserve peace and charity among them, like a holy prelate, has given to each her hour of rendezvous, which they keep as regularly as the clock strikes.

Scar. Very well ! there's nothing so commendable as good method in whoring.

Furet. But his favourite is a pretty gentle nun, with whom he often goes to Beauregard, there *tête à tête*, under the shady limes, do they both act that which will one day procure a third. There are forty other better stories of these two prelates ; for they value not what common report says ; they are above it. But if you will listen to the exploits of the bishop of Laon, now cardinal d'Estrée, I will shew you what a mitred hog is capable of.

Scar. As I am acquainted with the strength of his genius, so I do not doubt of the greatness of his performances. You have now named a man that would make a parish bull jealous.

Furet. The history I shall give you will justify your opinion of him. Know, then, that the cardinal d'Estrée being passionately in love with the marchioness de Cœuvres, who was supposed to have granted the duke de Seaux the liberty of rifling her placket, was resolved to put in for his snack. To compass this, he acquainted his nephew, the marquis de Cœuvres, with the scandalous familiarity that was between the duke and his wife. Upon which their parents met at the Mareschal d'Estrées, where it was concluded to send the young aduress into a convent. But the old mareschal, made wise by long experience, was against it. ' In good faith ', said he, ' you are more nice than wise ; had not our mothers played the same wanton trick, not one of us had been here. I know very well what I say ; there's not a handsome nose nor leg in the company, but has been stole ; and not a farthing matter from whom, whether prince or coachman, it has mended our breed. Therefore, we have more reason to praise those who discreetly follow the examples of their grandmothers and mothers, than banish 'em, and so render them fruitless. Do not suppose, when I married my grandson de Cœuvres to young mademoiselle de Lionne, that I considered her

riches, or that her father was a minister of state ; such thoughts are beneath a man of my age and experience. My great hopes were that she being young and handsome, would still support the grandeur of our family, which, as you all very well know, has been made more considerable by the intrigues of the women than by the valour of the men. I'm sure I never discouraged what I now maintain ; and why my grandson should be more squeamish than I or his forefathers have been, I take to be unreasonable. Therefore, since the marchioness de Cœuvres is only blamed for having tasted those pleasures which nature allows, and which are customary in our family, I declare myself her protector. Yet I would not have this be the talk of the Court ; I would not have it pass my threshold ; because the world might say of one of us, as of a fine curious piece of clock-work, that a great many excellent workmen had a hand in it.'

Scar. In this generous and considerate speech do I plainly discover the inclinations of the famous Gabriele d'Estrée, Harry the Fourth's mistress. But I am in trouble for the poor marchioness ; I know a convent must be insupportable to a woman that has tasted the pleasures of a licentious court.

Furet. The cardinal was against publishing his niece's wantonness, as well as the mareschal, and took upon him the care of reprimanding her, and bringing her into the path of virtue : to which the marquis de Cœuvres readily consented, not imagining he delivered the pretty lamb to the ravenous wolf. This being agreed on, the lustful prelate went immediately to his niece : ' I come, Madam ', said he, ' from doing you a very considerable piece of service ; all our family has been in consultation against you, and could think of no milder punishment for you than a convent, with all its mortifications, viz. praying, fasting, whipping, and abstaining from the masculine kind, etc. I know, dear niece, this was as unjust as severe ; but, in short, it had been your doom had I not been your friend. Such a piece of service as this, beautiful niece, deserves a suitable return, and I believe you too generous to be ungrateful : but I shall think this, and all the other services I can render you, highly recompensed if you'll but permit me to see you often, and embrace you.'

Scar. A very pious speech ! I hope that which is to follow will answer this excellent beginning. Now do I imagine a place formally besieged ; the next news will be of the opening the trenches.

Furet. We proceed very regularly, Mr. Scarron ; the place makes a

noble defence, and does not surrender till a breach is made. 'To be thus unjustly accused', said the marchioness, 'is a very great misfortune; and tho' I will not disown my obligation to you, yet you must permit me to say, that your proceeding destroys that very obligation. If you will not have any regard to my virtue, and the fidelity I owe to my husband, you ought, nevertheless, to remember your character, and how nearly we are related. But I know the meaning of this; you believe the scandalous and malicious story that has been raised of me, and design to make your advantage of it. What can be more injurious than this attempt! Tho' you thought me a whore, had you but thought me still virtuous enough to abhor your beastly incestuous proposition, I should have had some reason to esteem you——.'

Scar. Poor prelate! Egad, I pity thee; thou hast received such a bruise in this repulse, that I cannot think thou wilt have the courage to return to the attack.

Furet. Have patience; you are not acquainted with the craft and courage of a mitred hog. The prelate, who by this resistance was become more amorous, resolved to watch narrowly his niece's conduct, that he might oblige her to do that out of fear, which all his rhetoric and protestations of love could not tempt her to. To be short, he managed this important affair so well, that he surprized the duke de Seaux in bed, between Madame de Lionne and the marchioness de Cœuvres her daughter: and to magnify charity, as well as other virtues in this matter, he took Monsieur de Lionne along with him. I will leave you to imagine the confusion of these two ladies; the first to see her husband, and the other the man she had so vigorously repulsed. The marchioness thinking wisely her compliance would yet conceal her intrigue, taking the cardinal by the hand, and gently squeezing it, said, 'If you'll promise to appease my father, and by your ghostly authority make my mother and him good friends again, and keep this frolic from my husband, you shall, whenever you please, find me grateful, and sensible of your affection.'

Scar. What said Monsieur de Lionne? The surprize of a poor cuckold, who finds a handsome, brawny young fellow in bed with his wife and daughter, surpasses my imagination.

Furet. If, like Actæon, he had been immediately metamorphosed into a stag, he could not have been more surprized.

Scar. How did the prelate behave himself after this charitable, brave exploit? The breach is now made, there has been a parley; the

preliminaries are agreed on; nothing now is wanting but taking possession of the place.

Furet. You move very soldier-like, Mr. Scarron. The prelate being resolved to perform all the articles of the treaty, like a man of honour, first preached on charity, and then forgiveness of crimes; then on human prudence, policy, the reputation of their family, and quoted some of the old mareschal's remarks; which altogether so prevailed on the poor cuckold, that he consented to put his horns in his pocket, and forgive his daughter. Then did the prelate, under the pious pretence of correcting his faulty niece, lead her with a seeming austere gravity into his chamber, where he summoned her to the performance of articles on her part; which, on a couch, were reciprocally exchanged; she not daring to refuse it, for fear he should acquaint her husband with her intrigue with the duke de Seaux.

Scar. Oh brave hog! worthy prelate! pious cardinal! What a fine way of mortification is this! Well, for sincerity, humility, charity, sobriety, etc., commend me to a prelate.

Furet. The cardinal, tho' he had obtained his desires, yet could not but be sensible that fear, not love, made her consent; therefore doubting she would return to her first amours, or that he should have but little share of her, he so contrived it that her husband sent her to a house he had in the cardinal's diocese, and not far from his palace. This had a very good effect; because the cardinal, for the love of her, resided always in his diocese. Thus did the cardinal and his niece live very lovingly for two or three years; but the intrigues of the Court calling the prelate out of the kingdom, ambition stepped into the place of love, and put an end to an incestuous commerce, to which the marchioness had at first consented purely in her own defence.

Scar. I find there are hogs with cardinals' hats, as well as mitres. But I believe they are not so numerous; that dignity, perhaps, is a kind of curb to their licentiousness.

Furet. You mistake the matter, Mr. Scarron. Inclination never changes; the only reason is, there are more bishops than cardinals, and most of them reside at Rome, at glorious Rome, which is but one entire stew; Sodom was not what Rome is now. Have you forgot the famous Cardinal Bonzi? He is as absolute in Montpelier as the grand seignior in his seraglio; he needs but beckon to the dame he has a mind to enjoy. The brave Cardinal de Bouillon, notwithstanding his court-intrigues, is as well known in all the bawdy-houses of Paris as a young

debauched musqueteer, or *garde de corps*. The cardinal de Furstenburg, too, was as wicked as his purse would allow him, before I left the town.

Scar. I verily believe it, Monsieur l'Abbé. But pray give me leave to reckon your dignitaries upon my fingers, that I may not forget them. First, there are your porkers of Jesus Christ; then your mitred hogs; and lastly, your purple hogs. 'Tis wondrous pretty! Pray how must we distinguish the Pope, who is chief of this herd? Must we call him the swine-herd? Some of them, 'tis true, were swine-herds before they took the order of priesthood, as Sixtus Quintus, who was swine-herd to the village of Montaste. But there is another thing that puzzles me worse than all this: you know Lewis XIV calls himself the eldest son of St. Peter. Lewis the Great, then, for all his ambition, is the son of a swine-herd. Well, I know not how to settle this point; therefore pray continue your history.

Furet. I'll make an end of my history, if you are not already glutted with the infamy of the aforementioned prelates, with that of the archbishop of Rheims.

Scar. How! Monsieur l'Abbé! how! Is he a hog too? I have heard him called by some of our new guests a horse.

Furet. You are in the right of that: the mareschal de la Feuillade was his godfather, and one day honoured him with the title of coach-horse.

Scar. A horse is a degree of honour above a hog——. Has la Feuillade the privilege of distributing titles at the Court of France? Has he more wit than in Cardinal Mazarine's days, who always greeted him in these words, 'Monsieur de la Feuillade, all your brains would lie in a nutshell.'

Furet. 'Tis true, there is no more substance in his brains than in whipt cream; and as that fills up the dessert, and serves to cool and refresh the stomach after a plentiful dinner, so does he serve to unbend and divert the mind, after solid conversation and business. To prove this, I will tell you how he made the king laugh very heartily, concerning the archbishop of Rheims.

Scar. As a wise politic lady, when she has not the fool, her husband, to divert her, will have her monkey; so must the great statesman have his buffoon. He is the same to the politician, as a clyster is to the man that's costive. But go on with your story.

Furet. He being one day with the king at Versailles, looking out of

a window that faces the great road to Paris, and observing the passengers on it, the king at last discovered a coach, with more, as he thought, than six horses ; and turning to la Feuillade, praising the equipage, he asked him if it was not the archbishop of Rheims's livery ? ' Yes, Sir ', said la Feuillade. ' I can discover but seven horses ', replied the king : ' Oh ! Sir, ' said la Feuillade, ' the eighth is in the coach. ' But I purpose to degrade this archbishop, and prove that he's but a mitred hog as well as the rest of his brethren.

Scar. Ah dear Monsieur l'Abbé, for the love of Monsieur le Tellier, who has rendered his king and country such great service, take not from him the honour la Feuillade conferred on him, and with the king's approbation.

Furet. Plead not so earnestly for him, but hear me with patience. I do not say but the archbishop of Rheims is a brute, a very animal, a coach-horse, *per omnes casus* ; yet he pursues the affairs of love with as much zeal and as little conscience as any prelate in Europe, therefore he must not be distinguished from his brethren. Besides, if you take from him his lawful title of mitred hog, you will hinder his preferment.

Scar. Oh ! by no means. I have read that Caligula honoured one of his horses with the title of senator ; why then may not the Pope, who is the successor of that emperor, call into his senate your coach-horse ?

Furet. With all my heart. Nevertheless I'll call him, if you please, mitred hog, as I did the bishop of Laon before he was Cardinal d'Estée. Now to matter of fact. The duchess d'Aumont having surprized one of her chambermaids in a very indecent posture with the marquis de Villequier, her son-in-law, turned her out of her service. The poor wench, distracted to find herself separated from her lover, told him, out of pure revenge, that the archbishop of Rheims lay with the duchess every time the duke went to Versailles. ' How ! my uncle ! Ah ! I cannot believe it ; thou say'st this out of malice. '

Scar. Oh fie ! oh fie ! The archbishop of Rheims debauch the duchess d'Aumont, his brother-in-law's wife ! Do not you plainly perceive this jade's malice ? If the duchess had but suffered her intrigue with the marquis, she would not have opened her mouth. Oh, horrible ! oh, horrible !

Furet. Much as you seem to wonder now, and abhor the thoughts of such doings, you were not formerly so nice, nor incredulous.

Scar. Be not angry, good Monsieur l'Abbé ; I do believe as bad of a priest as you can desire to have me ; therefore, pray continue.

Furet. By what follows, you'll find that the spirit of revenge discovered a most luscious intrigue. 'Since you will not believe what I say', replied the wench to her gallant, 'the next time the duke goes to Versailles, I will make your eyes convince you.' The duchess, you must know, had imprudently given her leave to stay three or four days in her house. As it happened, the duke went that afternoon to Court, and was no sooner gone, and the marquis placed in a dark room leading to the duchess's bedchamber, than in comes the archbishop, muffled up, with a cloak and a dark-lanthorn in his hand. This convinced the young marquis, and was enough to convince a more incredulous man than your worship.

Scar. It was perhaps some phantom, or some amorous devil, who, to do himself honour, had taken the archbishop's goodly form and sanctified mien.

Furet. Still excusing the priests ! You were not such an advocate of theirs in the other world, witness your answer to your parish priest, some few hours before you packed up for this place.

Scar. I have since drank a swinging draught of Lethe's forgetful stream ; I remember nothing of it. You would, perhaps, scandalize me.

Furet. It was thus, Sir, the grave hypocrite administering the last idolatrous ceremonies, asked if you knew what you received ? To which you made this short answer, The body of your God carried by an ass.

Scar. 'Tis true, 'tis true, Monsieur l'Abbé. Pray, who can endure to be disturbed by an impertinent coxcomb, when he's going to take a long voyage ? But go on, I will not speak one word more in their behalf.

Furet. The marquis, convinced by what he had seen, went the next morning to Versailles, and told all the young nobility of his acquaintance what had passed ; this by being buzzed about, in four and twenty hours became the talk of all the Court.

Scar. Oh, brave archbishop of Rheims ! Was no body worthy of being made a cuckold by you but your brother-in-law ?

Furet. Again mistaken, Mr. Scarron, for the charitable archbishop has assisted his nephew, too, as well as his brother-in-law, and intends to go round the family.

Scar. The devil ! This is the most insatiable hog I ever heard of !

He devours both the hen and her chickens. Pray excuse me, Monsieur l'Abbé : I cannot but think you wrong him now.

Furet. You may judge of that by the following relation. The archbishop, being passionately in love with Madame d'Aumont his niece and the marquis de Crequi's wife, was resolved, the better to insinuate himself with her, to make her jealous of her husband, which he found no difficult matter to do. This done, he went to visit her ; and finding her melancholy, said, 'Madam, I know no reason you have to be so much concerned at your husband's infidelity, since it lies in your power to be revenged. If he has a mistress, why don't you get a gallant ? I know no injustice in it ; and it is the only recompensing counsel I can give you.'

Scar. Ah, Marchioness ! have at you ; I find the hog grows rampant——. Go on, good Sir, this is like a brave metropolitan.

Furet. The young marchioness did not listen to this proposition : but, on the contrary, was surprized to find her uncle, an archbishop, make a motion which, had she been inclined to follow, he ought to have given her more virtuous advice to avoid. Perceiving her aversion to his proposition, he suspected she might suppose he only said it to try her inclinations, therefore he was resolved to declare his mind in more intelligible terms ; which he did in so amorous a style that the marchioness plainly perceived the archbishop intended to have a share in the revenge. But the young lady, tho' she would not have made any scruple of it, had it not been for his character, was infinitely concerned at it.

Scar. Notwithstanding all this, do I see the purple victorious, and the poor victim prostrate.

Furet. As the archbishop made her frequent presents, and she expected great advantages at his death, so she did not think it prudence to mortify him too much ; this filled him with hopes, and made him more amorous : therefore to blind the husband, and have a better opportunity of lying with his wife, he proposed taking them into his palace, and defraying all their charges.

Scar. Money is the sinew of love as well as war. The poor marquis, I don't doubt, was blinded with this fine proposal. More men are made cuckolds by their own follies than by their wives.

Furet. So it proved by our cuckold, who was so transported at the bounteous offer of the archbishop, supposing it an uncle's kindness, not a lover's, that he everywhere boasted of it, that is to say, he thought

himself obliged to his uncle for lying with his wife at that price. The mareschal de Crequi, his father, had quite another opinion of that matter, and was affronted at the excessive liberalities of the archbishop, knowing that the most devout and zealous of their tribe were adulterers, incestuous, and sodomites. He complained of it to the marquis Louvois, who told him, covetousness was the reason of his complaint. The mareschal, not satisfied with this answer, went to the king, who immediately commanded the archbishop to retire into his diocese. The disconsolate archbishop, whilst all were preparing for his journey, went to visit his niece, and with tears desired her ever to remember, that it was for the love of her he was banished.

Scar. Could the afflictions of the living affect me, I should be mightily concerned for the grief of this poor prelate, who was obliged to leave so dear, so pretty a niece ; a niece that afforded him so much pleasure and delight. Have not you left behind you other mitred hogs, whose lives and conversations are worthy your remembrance ? Those you have already been so kind to relate, have been a banquet to me ; and I heartily wish I may always meet with such entertainment.

Furet. Your servant, Mr. Scarron, I am extremely pleased they have diverted you ; and that you may promise yourself such another entertainment, nay, twenty such, be assured, that there is not a bishop, archbishop, or cardinal, that is not as very a hog, as either the archbishop of Rheims, or cardinal d'Éstrée, except the bishop of Escar, who lives in a barren soil, and can scarce afford himself a bellyful of chestnuts above once in fifteen days. Poverty is a kind of leprosy, not a fair sleek female will come near him. The reason why I entertain you with the histories of these two prelates, rather than of the archbishop of Paris, the bishop of Meaux, the bishop of Beauvais, the bishop of Valence, and all the other bishops, is, because having heard the famous actions of those worthy metropolitans, faithfully related some few days before my departure, those ideas are the most present and lively. But in time, and with a little rubbing up my memory, I may be able to give you the lives of all the mitred hogs. Besides, as we have now settled three couriers weekly from this place to Versailles, because of the importance of affairs now on foot, I expect now and then a packet : so I don't doubt of keeping my word, and often diverting you with stories of the like nature, and of fresher date.

Scar. 'Tis very obliging, Monsieur l'Abbé : but your last paragraph has put an odd whim into my noddle. This place, as I told you

before, is now called the Wit's Coffee-house ; none but authors are sent hither. What think you if we should join our heads together, and digest all your stories and intelligence into form. If we should compile a book of them, we could make it very diverting, having able men both for verse and prose, whose very names would give it the reputation of a faithful history, because the dead neither hoping nor fearing any thing from the living, cannot be suspected of flattery and partiality, as they justly were when in the world.

Furet. I protest, a noble thought ! The lives of the Roman prelates will make a most curious history. We have a famous history of the Roman emperors ; and why should not we then have another of the Roman prelates, since they as justly deserve to be transmitted to posterity ?

Beau Norton¹ to his Brothers at Hippolito's in Covent-Garden

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS OF THE ORANGE BUTTER BOX,

You will soon be satisfied what mighty changes we suffer by death ; and that there are no two things at more distance from one another, than to be and not to be. You know how, Roman-like, I took a pet, and dared to die ! for time had jaded me a little, and to renounce the tyranny of the fickle goddess, I was obliged to renounce your light.

Since my arrival at the grim Tartarian territories, I have received the usual compliments of the place ; and tho' the most accurate courtiers that ever were bred at Versailles, and all the wits of the most gallant courts in the universe are here in whole shoals ; yet to my great wonder and amazement, not one of them said a genteel thing to me. But with a strange familiar air, that savoured much of our bear-garden friendship, a hundred or two hauled me by the ears, and, puffing out thick clouds of flaming sulphur, cried all with a hoarse and dismal voice, ' Well, this was kindly done of thee, to take *pas avance* of destiny, and shew the world that no man need be miserable, but who is afraid to die.'

I was as much out of countenance at this saucy proceeding, as when our old friends, Shore and La Roche², refused to lend me five paltry

¹ Norton was one of the famous beaux of the period. He committed suicide by shooting himself in the head, in August, 1697.

² Two well-known musical men of the time ; Shore had a boat moored off Whitehall where he arranged vocal and instrumental concerts ; Laroche was a singer of some repute.

guineas, after I had equipped them with more than one thousand a-piece. I wondered at the roughness of their *accueil*, and they burst out a-laughing at the impertinency of my astonishment. Well, gentlemen, give me leave to tell you that if I had but suspected a quarter part of this inhuman and ungentleman-like reception, I would have suspended the honours of my self-sacrifice, and have chosen rather to wait the fatal period of life in a more contracted orb, than thus suddenly have plunged myself into so stinging a disappointment.

After having allotted me my portion for my vanity and foppery, and I had been put into possession of my shop, you cannot conceive how heavy it lay upon my spirits. But suffer it I must; and if it had not been the odious^{est} and most abominable, most nauseous, and most execrable function I could have laboured under, they would not have been so merciful as to have enjoined it me. 'Twas long before I could obtain leave to insinuate thus much to you; for they are no ways here below inclined to grant any the minutest thing imaginable, that may contribute to the benefit of mankind. Jo. Haines came to me (and his breath had as much augmented its stench as light is different from darkness: in a word, there was as great disproportion for the worse, as between us and you), and with a displayed pair of chaps, told me I must not have any correspondence with the upper regions, for it might tend to the dispeopling the Acherontic territories; and that I was a fool to think they had not as much of self-interest there below as any merchant, statesman, lawyer, or nobleman in all the dominions above.

But seeing my and your old acquaintance, I took heart a little, and held my nose; and after some usual ceremonies (to which he made but a scurvy return), I told him, 'Look you, Mr. Haines, you know as well as I that those powdered members of the vain fraternity are all of them incorrigible; present smart and future fear affects them not; they are out of the reach of good advice; reason was never their talent; for if they were ever to have a thought, as it would be the first, so it would be the fatalest too. Could any glass but shew them to themselves as really they are, they would all despair like me, and die like me.'

A sly young whelp of the second class of Pluto's footmen, said, 'Well, Mr. Haines, there may be much in what he says; he came last from thence, therefore let him make an end of his epistle, it may turn to better account than we are aware of.' I thanked the gentleman for his civility, and would have administered a half-crown; but you know (my worthy brothers), that the last twelve shillings I had was laid out in

three glasses of Ratifia, and a bottle of Essence ; with which I first combed out my wig, then cleaned my shoes, and then oiled the locks of my pistols, and so set out for this tedious and lugubrious journey. And that you may see that Pluto's skip-kennels are not so insolent as yours are, the fellow told me, with a malicious smile, that if the powdered gentry of the other world were so very despicable animals as I represented them, he would take a small tour with me, and then I might have something material to communicate to them.

We had not walked so far as from the chocolate-house to the Rose, but in a narrow, obscure, obscene alley, there hung out a piece of a broken chamber-pot, upon which was written in sulphurous characters **FLESHLY RELIEF FOR THE SONS OF ADAM**. I had hardly made an end of reading this merry motto, but the door opened, and what should my eyes behold but a reverend lady of illustrious charms, that gave us too visible proofs of the depredations of time. I recollected her phiz, as engineers tell by the very ruins, whether the fabric were Doric or Ionic, etc., and who should this be but the celebrated Fair Rosamond. Her present occupation was to be runner to this bawdy coffee-house. Queen Eleanor, her mortal enemy, sells sprats, and has her stall in Pluto's stable-yard.

In my peregrination, I met several things unexpected, and therefore surprising. I shall not give you the trouble to hear of every particular dark passage we went thro', but in general terms will relate the most memorable things that occurred during a very considerable walk that we had together.

Taking a solitary walk on the gloomy banks of Acheron, I met a finical fellow, powdered from top to toe, his hands in his pocket, *à-la-mode de Paris*, humming a new minuet ; and who should it be but Gondomar,¹ that famous Spaniard. Helen of Greece cried kitchen-stuff, and Roxana had a little basket of tripe and trotters ; Agamemnon sold baked ox-cheek, hot, hot ; Hannibal sold Spanish nuts, come crack it away ; the so famous Hector of Troy is a head-dresser ; the Decii keep a cobbler's-stall in the corner of the Forum, and the Horatii a chandler's-shop ; Sardanapalus cries lily-white vinegar, and Helio-gabalus bakes fritters in the Via Appia of this metropolis ; Lucius Æmilius Paulus is a bailiff's follower, and the famous Queen Thomyris

¹ A Spanish diplomatist and ambassador in England from 1613 until 1622. He had great influence over James I and strove hard to bring about the Spanish marriage for Charles. He was largely responsible for the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh.

proportions out the offals for Cerberus ; Tarquin sweeps his den, and Romulus is a turnspit in Pluto's kitchen ; Artaxerxes is an under scullion, and Pompey the magnificent, a rag-man ; Mark Anthony, that disputed his mistress at the price of the whole universe, goes now about with dancing dogs, a monkey and a rope ; Cleopatra, that could swallow a province at one draught, when it was to drink her lover's health, submits now to the humble employment of feeding Proserpine's pigs : that luxurious Roman, who was once so dissolved in ease that a very rose-leaf doubled under him prevented his rest, is now labouring at the anvil with a half-hundred hammer ; Oliver Cromwell is a rat-catcher, and my Lord Bellew¹ a chimney-sweeper.

There was, besides these, a list of people nearer hand ; but you may easily guess upon what score they are left out of the list. We needed not have gone so far back in the records of persons and things, to have met instances of barbarity, luxury, avarice, lust of dominion, as well as of sensuality ; malversations of government in sovereigns and subjects ; public justice avoided, private feuds fomented, every thing sacrificed to a Colbert, Maintenon, or a Louvois.

There is somebody holloas most damnably on the other side of Styx, and lest I lose this opportunity, I shall only relate some memorable things to you. Therefore pray pardon me that I cannot dilate upon every particular. In short, then, Alexander the Great is bully to a guinea-dropper ; and Cardinal Mazarin keeps a nine-holes ;² Mary of Medicis foots stockings, and Katharine, queen of Sweedland³, cries ' Two bunches a penny card-matches, two bunches a penny ' ; Henry the Fourth of France carries a raree-show ; and Mahomet, mussels ; Seneca keeps a fencing-school, and Julius Cæsar a two-penny ordinary ; Xenophon, that great philosopher, cries ' Cucumbers to pickle ' ; and Cato is the perfectest Sir Courtly of the whole Plutonian kingdom ; and the late pope cries ' Any thing to-day ' ; Lewis the Thirteenth is a corn-cutter ; Gustavus Adolphus cries ' Sparrowgrass,' with a thousand more particulars of this nature. You must allow the scenes to be mightily altered from their former stations. But, alas ! Sir, this change we suffer, and as pleasure is the reward of virtue, so disgrace and infamy is of cruelty, pride and hypocrisy. What can be more surprising than to see the renowned Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, crying new almanacks,

¹ An Irish peer who fought for James II in Ireland.

² A game in which nine holes are made in the ground, into which a small ball has to be thrown.

³ Presumably Christina of Sweden.

and Darius gingerbread, van Trump cries ballads, and admiral de Ruyter 'long and strong thread-laces.'

This disproportion is their punishment ; for it must be anxious to the last degree, to fall so low even beyond a possibility of rising again. That is the advantage of moving in an humble sphere ; they are not capable of those enormities that the great ones can hardly avoid ; for temptation will generally have the better of mankind.

I rest,

Yours in haste.

Perkin Warbeck to the pretended Prince of Wales

DEAR COUSIN SHAM,

We had a fierce debate here, on the 13th passato, between my Lord Fitz-Walter, Sir Simon Montford, Sir William Stanley, and myself ; whether by a parity of reason, England might not once more have the same card trumped up upon them ? In a word, we were consulting your affairs, and they were most of 'em of opinion that there could not be any good success expected from your personal endowments and princely qualifications. For you must give me leave to tell you, Coz, that I was a smart child, and a smug-faced youth. I had not the good luck to kill a wild boar at your years, but I could sit the great horse before I could go alone, I had all the advantages of friends that you have, and the interest of my good aunt, the duchess of Burgundy, let me tell you, was as capable of seconding me, as the house of Modena is you. Nay, I had the Scotch on my side, assistance from Ireland, and not without a party, you see, even in England too. But the English mob is the most giddy, wretched, senseless mob of all the mobs in the world. They crowded in to me at Whitsand Bay, and in their first fury fought well enough before Exeter ; but when they heard of an army coming against 'em, the scoundrels ran away and left me. All my blooming hopes and fancied kingdoms dwindled away in a sanctuary that I exchanged for a prison, and brought my Habeas Corpus, and so turned myself over to Tyburn, and am now in the rules of Acheron.

Our kinsman, Lambert Simnel and I, drank your health t'other morning in a curious cup of Styx, and the arch saucy rogue said how he should laugh to see his brother of Wales succeed him in this great employment at Court ; continually turning a spit would harden and

inure you, and so prepare you for these smoky and warmer climates. Not but that there is matter of speculation in it too ; the turning a spit is an emblem of the vicissitude of human affairs.

But before I take my leave, good cousin, I must offer a little of my advice to you, if it be possible any ways to meliorate your destiny, and that is, that you would make a campaign or two in Italy. Marshal Villeroi will shew you what it is to be well beaten ; and till then you'll never be a great general. But Charon is just landing a multitude of French from those parts ; I must go see what news, and inform myself further of your welfare and prosperity.

Adieu.

Mr. Dryden, to the Lord —

MY LORD,

On the 25th passato, there happened a very considerable dispute in the Delphic vale ; the literati had hard words, and it was feared by Pluto himself that the angry shades would come to somewhat worse. It may be that you, in those grosser regions, do not believe that here below we lose nothing of ourselves by death, but the terrene part. Nay, the very soul itself retains some of those unhappy impressions it received from flesh and blood. Here Cæsar bites his thumbs when Alexander walks by ; frowns upon Brutus, and blushes when he talks of King William. The great Gustavus Adolphus only wishes himself upon earth again, to serve a captain under him : Turenne wants to be in Italy, and Wallenstein assures him that prince Eugene of Savoy would have had the same glorious success against him, as Catinat and Villeroi. Hannibal owned that his march over, or rather thro' the Alps, was not so honourable an action as the prince's ; and tho' arts and experience may make a general, yet nature can only inform a Eugene.

Surly Charon had been so plagued with the French from those parts that he has been forced to leave whole shoals of them behind. Once they crowded in so fast that they almost overset the boat, and still as they pressed forward, they cried Vauban, Vauban. But the old gentleman, unwilling to hazard himself, pushed a multitude of them back with his sculls, and so put off.

However, this is not the business I designed to mention ; something more particular, and of more weighty consequence is the occasion of this letter. The real wits refused to take notice of Prince Arthur, and King

Arthur,¹ who were walking hand in hand ; some shallow-pated versifiers would resent the indignity put upon 'em. This was very disgusting to the literati, and it is inconceivable what a horrid stench they made with uttering those verses. The more robust spirits were almost choked ; so you may judge what condition the delicate and nice stomachs of the men of wit were in ; but while every one was wishing for their clothes of humanity again, to be less sensible of this execrable smell, a worthy literati came in from London, who being informed of the occasion of that terrible inconveniency, repeated a few commendatory verses, and immediately the air grew tolerable, and the brimstone burnt serene.

Job himself did confess, that had he been in the flesh again, he was terribly afraid he should have murdered the doctor. A merry spirit standing at his elbow, said it was no such wonderful thing to have a sirreverence if a man be mine arse of a poet. But Charon waits ; I must conclude ; and as conveniency serves, shall inform you of what passes in these gloomy regions.

A Letter from Mr. Abraham Cowley to the
Covent-Garden Society

The shattered laurels of the Acherontic walks owe not so much of their misfortune to the shallowness of Aganippe, as to the ungenerous procedure of the sons of Helicon. The hill of Parnassus is fortified with ancient and modern wit, so that even you, gentlemen of real parts, have none of you that applause which in a thousand occasions you have so justly merited. These melancholy reflections, gentlemen, add a new thickness to the gloomy sulphur ; and we cannot enjoy a perfect quiet here, seeing there is so great and so dangerous a misunderstanding between you on the other side of Phlegethon. Why should there be so many pointed satires against one another ? Why should you shew the very blockheads themselves where you men of sense are not quite such as you would pass upon the world for ? Your invidious criticisms only shew others where you are vulnerable, and give an argument under your own hand against your own selves.

There is a charity in concealing faults ; but to make them more obvious has a double ill-nature in it. Can't Arthur be a worthless poem,

¹ Brown's enemy, Sir Richard Blackmore, wrote these two poems in 1696 and 1697.

but a squadron of poets must tell all the world so? Is there honour in rummaging a dunghill or telling the neighbours where there is one? The bee gathers honey from every flower, 'tis the beetles that delight in horse-dung. Is it not much more preferable to make something oneself useful to mankind, than only to shew wherein another is a coxcomb? Partisans in wit never do well; they only lay the country waste; they gratify their own private spleen, it may be, but they do not help the public.

Unite your forces, gentlemen, against ignorance, that growing and powerful enemy to you and us. Erect triumphal arches to one another, and do not enviously pull down what others are endeavouring to set up. Your mutual quarrels have shaken the very foundation of wit and good humour. 'Tis the faction a man is of determines what he is, not his learning and parts; we cannot hear, gentlemen, of those intestine dissensions, without a great concern and displeasure; and must take the liberty to tell you, we apprehend the muses may shortly be reduced to the necessity of shutting up the Delphic library, and writing upon the doors, *Ruit ipsa suis Roma viribus*.

Charon to the most Illustrious and High-born Jack Ketch, Esq.,
by Capt. Ayloff

MOST WORTHY KINSMAN AND BENEFactor,

I cannot but with the last degree of sorrow and anguish, inform you of our present wretched condition; we have even tired our palms, and our ribs at slappaty-pouch; and if it had not been for some gentlemen that came from the coasts of Italy, I had almost forgot to handle my skulls.

There came a sneaking ghost here, some two or three days ago, and he surprized me with an account (I may call it indeed a terrible one) of your having a maiden-sessions in your metropolis. Was it, then, possible that Newgate should be without a rogue, or our patron, the most worshipful Sir Senseless Lovel,¹ without any execution in his mouth? You talk of having hanged Tyburn in mourning. Why Cousin Ketch, upon my sincerity, and for fear you should question my veracity, by the thickest mud in Acheron, I swear, it is almost high time that my boat was in mourning. What, he upon the bench and no man

¹ A gibe at Sir Salathiel Lovell, Recorder of London 1692-1708.

hanged ! Well, as assuredly as the blood of the horses will rise up in judgment against our friend Whitney,¹ this maiden-sessions shall rise up in judgment against him.

Such shoals have I had from time to time, mere sacrifices to his avarice or his malice, that unless his conscience begins to fly in his face, I cannot comprehend what should occasion this calm at the Old-Bailey. For give me leave, dear cousin, to tell you, that formerly he never saved any man for his money, but that he hanged another in his room ; trading was then pretty good, cousin, and there was a penny to be got. But, indeed, on your side it is very dull : nay, in Flanders too, that fertile soil of blood and wounds, there has not one leg nor one arm been brought us all this summer. Prithee be you Charon, and let me be recorder, I'll warrant you shall have somewhat more to do.

From Sir Bartholomew —² to the Worshipful Serjeant —

The friendship that was between us formerly obliges me to give you a relation of my travels, and equally assures me of its welcome. Since my peregrination from your factious regions, I have passed over various and stupendous lakes ; the roads are somewhat dark indeed, but the continued exhalations of those amazing streams, make the travellers able to pass, without running foul of one another. But 'tis equally remarkable, considering the length and darkness of the passage, that no person was ever cast away on this river Styx, as I am credibly informed by the ferryman, who has plied here time out of mind. The fogs are pretty rife in this country, and full as insufferable as ever they were among you ; I unfortunately forgot my lozenge-box, and have much impaired my lungs ; but they assure me, that these defluxions of rheums never kill.

'Tis prodigious, I protest, brother, to see how soon we learn the language, or rather jargon of the place ! how fast they come in from all parts of the habitable world ! And yet there is but one boat, and that no bigger than an above-bridge-wherry. At my coming ashore, I was

¹ James Whitney was a notorious highwayman who cut a figure at that time. He was executed at Tyburn in 1694, having been sentenced to death by Lovell in a stern speech.

² Sir Bartholomew Shower, who died in 1701, was a prominent lawyer and judge. He was counsel for the Crown against the Seven Bishops and defended Sir John Fenwick and other Jacobites.

very familiarly entertained, and directed to an apartment in Cocytus. There was not one corner in all my passage, but I met some or other of the wrangling fraternity of Westminster. I immediately suggested to myself that there might be (peradventure) a call for serjeants by his majesty Pluto, who is sovereign of these gloomy regions; and who besides his general residence here, has a most magnificent palace about twenty miles off, at Erebus, on the side of the river Phlegethon. He is of a somewhat stern aspect, not easy of access; haughty in his deportment, and barbarous to the last degree in his nature.

There is no sort of people he sets so much by, as those of our profession, tho' I have not heard of any lawyer that had the honour to be in his cellar as yet. Our old friend and fellow-topper, Judge D——,¹ has very good business here, upon my word, and is likely to be preferred, as vacancies happen; for 'tis always term-time in this kingdom; and besides, when he had his quietus sent him by the hands of Sir Thin-chops Mors, you and I remember very well, that he had not the best reputation for a man of parts.

In the crowd of our pains-taking brethren in the litigious school, I remarked an innumerable quantity that I was not quite an utter stranger to, more particularly, Mr. Fil——,² who, you know, did not want for sense, wit, law and good manners; and yet had so profound a genius that he could dispatch more business and more wine in one night than Bob Weden³ would have wished for a patrimony. He very humanely accosted me, and after a million of mutual civilities, he forced me to accept my morning's draught with him. At night, you know, I never refuse my bottle: but for morning tippling, it was always my aversion, my abomination, my hatred. Besides, the dismal prospect of the place gave me many shrewd suspicions that those taverns were not furnished with the best accommodations, neither for man's meat, or horse meat either. Not that I had the vanity to take my coach with me, but 'tis to use an old proverb, that as yet I have not blotted out of my memory.

I had hardly disengaged myself from his civilities, but Mr. Nicholas Hard——⁴ mighty gravely admonished me of his former familiarity, and with an air that was no ways contumelious, desired to know how —— preached, and Burgess prayed; whether the grave Dr. —— continued

¹ Sir William Dolben (*d.* 1694) was an eminent judge of the King's Bench.

² Counsellor Filmer, a learned lawyer and M.P. for Hertford. He died in 1700.

³ A noted gamester. In 1702 he killed Sir John Trant in a duel and fled the country.

⁴ Father of Sir Nicholas Hardinge, clerk to the House of Commons and a secretary to the Treasury.

his pious endeavours to convert the martyred men of his parish from the crying and heinous sin of ebriety, and at the same instant, almost, contrived plausible ways and means of perverting the modest and chaste propensities of their respective wives ; and (by accident of good company, or good wine) while they would not quietly let their husbands be beasts for but a few transitory nocturnal hours, could yet strive to make them so beyond a possibility of redress. For amongst friends, brother, what collateral security can an honest, prudent, wary, wise, good, upright, understanding, cautious, indulgent, loving husband take, when that same godly man in black twirls his primitive band-strings, and with his other hand has your dear spouse, your helpmate, the wife of your bosom, the partner of your bed, by the conscience, and somewhat else that begins with the same letter ?

'Twas not want of leisure, for, alas and alack ! we have supernumerary hours here ; but pretended curiosity, the last thing that dies with us but hypocrisy, made me cut short the harangue that this precise attorney seemed by his demureness to expect from me : So, in short, I told him that his fellow-companions at six o'clock prayers had not forgot him ; and by what I could understand from those that were last with me, the pew-keeper lamented his loss extremely, nay was inconsolable, for now he was forced to use a pailful of water once a week more in the church than formerly ; because he had gotten to such a perfection in hypocrisy, that what his knees did not rub clean, his eyes always washed clean. But for his father's comfort, since he was got clear of his super-tartarian concern, money was fallen, and his dearest darling sin of all, extortion, was not a little under the hatches ; but that he might not be quite cast down, there was some seeds of it left still, that would always keep old Charon well employed.

I had hardly blessed myself for having got rid of him, when a merry fellow (not to say impertinent and saucy to one of my capacity, volubility and eloquence, character, conduct, and reputation) pulled me by the coif ; but in strange places 'tis prudence to pass by small affronts and indignities, because want of acquaintance is worse than want of knowledge ; and the law, you know, brother, is not so expensive as it is captious in the main ; not but that our industry does help it mightily to be the one, if we find it to be the other. Now who should this caittiff be, but Harry —, the attorney ; and all his mighty business was to know how his laundress did ; and if the maid got the better of her in the legacy he gave her for her last consolation.

Before I could recollect the secret history of his amours, I was very courteously addressed by Mr. Common Serjeant C——p,¹ who likewise in a florid style, requested me to inform him if any of his modern bawds, that so punctually attended him, had suffered any prejudice by his absence. He was mightily in doubt of their success, because experience had taught him that paupers in matters of law proceed but heavily; however, he could but wish them well, for tho' they were bad clients, he had always found them good procurators.—My lady Tysiphone made a sumptuous entertainment, and the countess of Clotho danced smartly; the king of Spain resented mightily that so many English were there, and had almost bred a quarrel; but Don Sebastion, king of Portugal, made up the matter by declining the Spanish faction, and said it was highly unjust that the English should be maltreated in their universal interest, because he was a fool, and the cardinal that made his will a knave, and the king of France a tyrant. But the catastrophe of this fit of the spleen of the supercilious Spaniard was comical enough; for in the crowd that was come together upon the notice of his heart-burning, who should stumble upon one another but Godfrey Wood——,² the attorney, who you may remember, brother, was committed for saying to a certain lord chancellor, that he was his first maker; tho' the truth of the matter was, their intimacy at play made him presume to beg the small favour of his lordship, to pass an unjust decree in favour of his client. 'Well, Sir', said the attorney to his lordship, 'now you are without your mace, I must tell you, had not you invited me to supper the same day you sent me to the Fleet, I should have taken the freedom to have let you know, that in this king's dominions we are all equal.'

I left 'em hard at all fours for a quart of Acheron, where they bite their nails like mad, and divert others with their passion and concern.—But the postilion is mounting, and I must defer the rest of my adventures to the next opportunity.

The End of the First Part

¹ Crisp was Common Serjeant for the City of London. He died in 1699.

² Godfrey Woodcock was an attorney of Gray's Inn.

PART II

A Letter from Seignior Giusippe Hanesio, High-German
Doctor and Astrologer in Brandinopolis, to his Friends
at Will's Coffee-House in Covent-Garden

GENTLEMEN,

Unless my memory fails me since my coming into these subterranean dominions, 'twas much about this time last year that I did myself the honour to write to you. Perhaps you expected more frequent communications from me ; and indeed, I should have been very proud to have maintained it on my side, since nothing so much relieves me in these gloomy regions as to reflect on the many pleasant moments I have formerly passed in Covent-Garden. But, alas ! gentlemen, not to mention the great difficulty of keeping such a correspondence, our lower world is nothing near so fruitful in news as yours ; one single sheet of paper will almost contain the occurrences of a whole year ; and were it not for the numerous crowds of Spaniards, French, Poles, Germans, etc., that daily arrive here, and entertain us with the transactions of Europe, hell would be as melancholy a place as Westminster-Hall in the long vacation ; and the generality of people among us would have as little to employ their idle hours, as a lord-treasurer in Scotland, or a barber in Muscovy.

Besides, to speak more particularly as to myself, that everlasting hurry and tide of business wherein I have been overwhelmed ever since I honoured myself with the title of High-German doctor and astrologer, does so entirely challenge all my time, that if you will take my word (and I hope you don't suspect a person of my veracity) I am forced, at this present, to deny myself to all my patients, tho' there are at least some half a score coaches with coronets waiting now at my door, that I might receive no interruption from any visitants while I was dispatching this epistle to you.

My last, gentlemen, as you may easily remember, if you have not buried such a trifle in oblivion, concluded with my taking a large house here, in Brandinopolis, and setting up for a physician and fortune-teller. I shall now proceed to tell you by what laudable artifices and stratagems I advanced myself into that mighty reputation in which, to

the admiration of this populous town, I at present flourish ; what notable cures I have performed, what sort of customers chiefly resort to me ; and lastly, to give you a short account of the most memorable occurrences that have lately happened in these parts.

By the direction of my worthy friend Mr. Nokes, who liberally supplied me with money to carry on this affair, I took a spacious house in the great Piazza here, then vacant by the death of one of the most eminent physicians of this famous city. This you must own, gentlemen, was as favourable a step at my first setting out as a man could possibly wish ; for you cannot be ignorant how many sorry brothers of the faculty in London keep their coaches, and wriggle themselves into business, with no other merit to recommend them than that of dwelling in the same house where a celebrated doctor lived before them. For this reason, I suppose, it was (if you can pardon so short a digression) that the popes came to monopolize the ecclesiastical practice of the western world to themselves, by succeeding so great a bishop as St. Peter. So much is the world governed by appearances, and so apt to be cheated, as if knowledge and learning were bequeathed to one house or place ; and, like a piece of common furniture, went to the next inhabitant !

But to dismiss this speculation, which perhaps may seem somewhat odd from a man of my merry character ; having provided my house with every thing convenient, adorned my hall with the pictures of Galen, Hippocrates, Albumazar and Paracelsus, crammed my library with a vast collection of books in all arts and languages (tho', under the rose be it spoken, my worthy friends, your humble servant does not understand a syllable of them), furnished it with a pair of globes curiously painted, with the *exuviae* of two or three East-India animals, a rattlesnake and a crocodile, and set up a fine laboratory in my courtyard ; in short, after having taken care to set off my hall, parlour and study, with all those noble decorations that serve to amuse the multitude, and create strange ideas in them, I ordered a spacious stage to be erected before my own habitation, got my bills ready printed, together with a long catalogue of the cures performed by me during the time of my practising physic in your upper world ; and then I broke out with a greater expectation and *éclat* than any doctor before me was ever known to do.

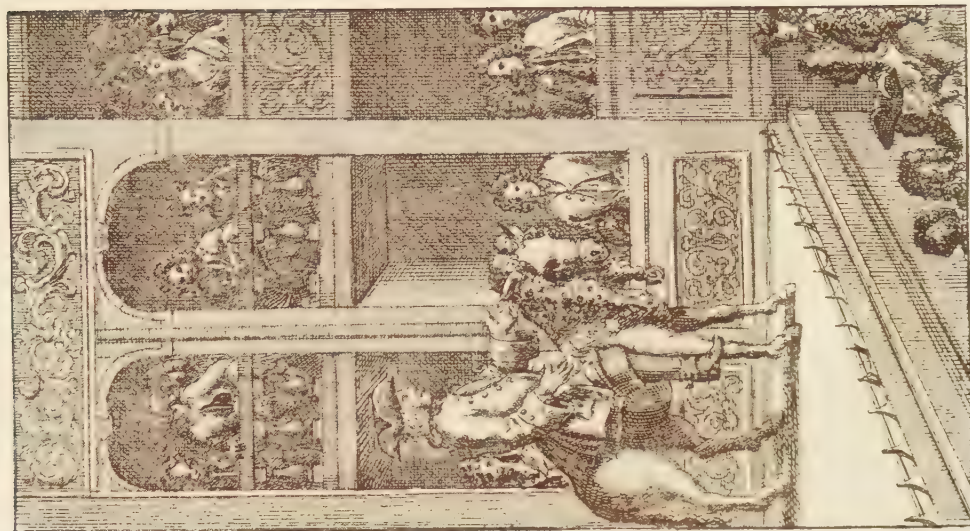
Three or four weeks before I made my appearance in public, which, as I told you before, I intended to make with all the magnificence imaginable, Mr. Nokes and I, in conjunction with my brother comedian,



His mountebank speech, showing the typical quack doctor's booth at a country fair

JOE HAINES THE ACTOR, IN BRANDINOPOLIS

(From Tom Brown's Works)



He appears on the stage, mounted on an ass. This plate shows the arrangement of boxes in the theatres

Tony Leigh, laid our heads together how to sham me upon the town for a virtuoso, a miracle-monger, and what not. To favour this design, we sent for three or four topping apothecaries to the tavern, gave them a noble collation, and after half a dozen bumpers of wine had got us a free admission into their hearts, we fairly let them into the secret ; which was, that they were to trumpet me up in all coffee-houses and places of public resort in town, as the ablest physician that ever came into these parts. And as one kindness justly challenges another, I, for my part, was to write bills as tall as the Monument, and charge them with the most costly medicines, tho' they contributed nothing at all to the patient's recovery. In short, the bargain was immediately struck up between us ; and those worthy gentlemen, I'll say that for them, have not been wanting to proclaim my extraordinary merits to all their acquaintance.

This was not all. Mr. Nokes, who was resolved to introduce me into business, coming into one of the best frequented chocolate-houses near the court (for Brandinopolis, you must know, is a perfect transcript of your wicked city), on a sudden pretended to be troubled with intolerable gripings of the guts ; and acted his part so dextrously that all the company pitied him, and thought he would expire on the spot. Immediately two or three doctors were sent for, who, after a tedious consultation, at last pitched upon a never-failing remedy, as they were pleased to call it ; which accordingly they applied, but without the desired effect.

As his pains still continued upon him, 'What,' says he, 'must I die here for want of help ? And is there never another physician to be had for love nor money ?' With that a certain gentleman that was posted there for that purpose, says, 'Sir, there's a German doctor lately come here, but, for my part, I dare not recommend him to you, for he's a perfect stranger to us, and no body knows him.' 'Oh, send for him, send for him,' cries Mr. Nokes, 'these German doctors are the finest fellows in the world ; who can tell but he may give me instant ease ?'

Upon this a messenger was hurried to me with all expedition : I told him I would come so soon as I had dispatched a patient or two ; and in a quarter of an hour came thundering to the door in my chariot, and all the way pored upon a little book I carried in my hands ; tho' I must frankly own to you that a coach is as uncomfortable a place to read, as to consummate in. But, gentlemen, 'tis with us here, as in your world, nothing is to be done without policy and trick.

Marching into the room with that gravity and solemn countenance which we physicians know so well to put on upon these occasions, and brushing thro' a numerous crowd of spectators, who stood there waiting to see what would be the result of this affair, I found Mr. Nokes in such terrible agonies that any man would have sworn he could not outlive another minute. I felt his pulse, and told him, that by the irregularities of his systole, and unequal vibration of his diastole, I knew as well what ailed him as if I had seen him taken to pieces like a watch ; and plucking a small crystal bottle out of my pocket, ' Sir,' says I to him, ' take some half a score drops of this *Anodyne Elixir*, and I'll engage all I am worth in the world it will immediately relieve you. But under favour, Sir, to give you some short account of it before you take it, you must understand, Sir, 'tis composed of two costly and sovereign ingredients, which no man besides myself dares pretend to. The first, Sir, is the celebrated balsam of Chili (tho', by the by, the devil a jot of balsam comes from that pagan place), and the second, Sir, that most excellent cephalic, which the Mongrelian physicians call the electrum of Samogitia, gathered at certain seasons, Sir, upon the shore of the Deucalidonian Ocean, by the Circassian fishermen.'

Mr. Nokes listened to this edifying discourse with wonderful attention, then followed my direction ; and before you could count twenty, got upon his legs, took a few turns about the room, cut a caper a yard high, and kindly embracing me, ' Doctor,' says he, ' I am more obliged to you than words are able to express ; you have delivered me from the most intolerable pains that ever poor wretch groaned under ' : and then presenting me with a purse of guineas, he said, ' I hope you'll be pleased to accept this small trifle, till I am in a capacity of making you a better acknowledgment. However, to express in some measure my gratitude to yourself, as likewise to shew my regard for the public welfare, I will take care to get the extraordinary cure advertised in the *Gazette*, and other public papers.' I told him he had more than paid me for so inconsiderable a matter, adding, that I was at his service whenever he or any of his friends would do me the honour to send for me ; and so took my leave of him.

This miraculous operation (for so they were pleased to christen it) occasioned a great deal of talk in the town very much to my advantage ; but what happened three days after, perfectly confirmed all sorts of people that I was a *Nonpareil* in my profession, and outwent all that ever pretended to physic before me.

Tony Leigh, who, as I told you in my last, keeps a conventicle in this infernal world, and was engaged as well as my brother Nokes in the confederacy to serve me, took occasion to be surprized with apoplectic fits in the beginning of his sermon. He had hardly split and divided his text, according to the usual forms, but his eyes rolled in his head, every muscle in his face was distorted; he foamed at the mouth, fumbled with the cushion, overset the hour-glass, dropped his notes and Bible upon the clerk's head, and at last down he sunk, as flat as a flounder, to the bottom of the pulpit.

'Tis impossible to describe what a strange consternation the auditory were in at this calamitous disaster that had befallen their minister: the men stared at one another, as if they had been all bewitched; and the women set up such a hideous screaming and roaring, that I question whether they would have done so much if a regiment of dragoons had broke into the room to ravish them. The duchess of Mazarine chafed his temples; Mother Stratford (of pious memory) lugged a brandy-bottle out of her pocket and rubbed his nostrils; but still poor Tony continued senseless, and without the least motion. When they found all these means ineffectual, at last the whole congregation unanimously resolved to send for me; who according as it had been agreed beforehand between us, soon brought my holy Levite to his senses again, by applying a few drops of my aforesaid Elixir to his temples.

Honest Tony was no sooner recovered, but I had the thanks of the whole assembly; and a reverend elder in a venerable band, that reached from shoulder to shoulder, offered me a handsome gratuity for my pains. But I refused it, telling him, I looked upon myself sufficiently rewarded, since I had been the happy (tho' unworthy) instrument in the hand of Providence (and then I turned up the whites of my eyes most religiously towards heaven) to save the life of so precious and powerful a divine.

This pair of miraculous cures flew thro' every street, alley, and corner of the town, like a train of gunpowder, with more expedition and improvements than scandal used, in my time, to walk about Whitehall; and as usually happens in these cases, lost nothing in the relation. The godly party much magnified me for refusing the unrighteous mammon, when it was offered me; my two trusty apothecaries talked of nothing but the prodigies of Signor Hanesio; but my surest cards, the midwives and nurses, when the sack-posset and brandy began to operate in their noddles, thought they could never say enough in my commendation.

Thus, gentlemen, I had abundantly secured to myself the reputation of a great physician ; and nothing now remained but to make the world believe I was personally acquainted with every star in the firmament, could extort what confessions I pleased out of the planets, and was no less skilled in astrology than in medicine. My never-failing friend, Tony, was once more pleased to give me a lift upon this occasion. As the dissenting ministers, you know, have the privilege to go into the bed-chambers and closets of the ladies that resort to their meetings, without the least offence or scandal, Tony spied his opportunity, when the room was clear, and rubbed off with a gold watch, and some locketts of the duchess of Mazarine's. The things were immediately missed ; but who durst suspect a person of the pious Mr. Leigh's character and function ? In short, every servant in the family was threatened with the rack ; and the whole house, trunks, coffers, boxes, and all examined, from the garret down to the cellar. The poor duchess took the loss of her watch and locketts mightily to heart, kept her bed upon it for a fortnight ; but at last was persuaded to make her application to my worship. I told her *sur le champ*, that her things were safe ; that the party who made bold with them, being troubled with compunctions of conscience, had not sold, but hid them under such a tree, which I described to her in Queen Proserpine's park ; and that if she went thither next morning by break of day, she would find my words true. Accordingly as I predicted, it happened to a tittle (for I had taken care to lodge them there the night before). And now who was the universal subject of people's discourse but the famous Seignior Giusippe ?

So that when the long-expected day came, on which I was to make my public appearance, the streets, windows and balconies, were so crammed with spectators of all sorts, that as often as I think on't, I pity my poor Lord Mayor and aldermen with all my heart, that their Cheapside-show should fall so infinitely short of mine. Tom Shadwell,¹ who still keeps up his musical talent in these gloomy territories, began the entertainment with thrumming upon an old broken theorbo, and merry Sir John Falstaff sung to him, and afterwards both of them walked upon the slack-rope in a pair of jack-boots, to the admiration of all the beholders. After the mob had been diverted for some time with entertainments of this nature, and particularly by some legerdemain tricks of Apollonius Tyanæus, my conjurer, being attended by Dr.

¹ Thomas Shadwell, the dramatist, who died in 1692, was the enemy of Dryden, whom he superseded as poet-laureate in 1689.

Connor, my toad-eater in ordinary, Mr. Lobb,¹ the late presbyterian parson, my corn-cutter ; Sir Patient Ward, my merry andrew, and the famous Mithridates king of Pontus, my orator, I mounted the stage, and bowing on each side me, paid my respects to the noble company, in a most ceremonious manner.

I was appavelled in a black velvet coat trimmed with large gold loops of the newest fashion, and buttons as big as ostrich's eggs ; my muff was at least an ell long. I traversed my stage some half a score times ; then cocking my beaver, and holding up my cane close to my nose after the manner of us sons of Galen, I harangued them.

In the first place I told them that it was not without the utmost regret that I saw so many quacks and nauseous pretenders to the faculty daily impose upon the public. That neither ambition, self-interest, or the like sordid motive had tempted me to expose myself thus upon the theatre of the world ; and that nothing but a generous zeal to rescue medicine out of the hands of a pack of rascals, that were a dishonour to it, and the particular respect I bore to the inhabitants of the most renowned city of Brandinopolis, who for their good-breeding and civility to strangers were not to be equalled in any of Pluto's dominions, had prevailed over my natural modesty, and drawn me out of my beloved obscurity ; that lastly, I requested a favourable construction upon this public way of practice, which some impudent empirics (whom I scorn to mention) had rendered scandalous ; and, as I was a graduate in several universities, would have certainly declined, but that my regard for the *salus populi* superseded all those scruples, and made me rather hazard the loss of my reputation with some censorious persons, than lose my opportunity of exerting my utmost abilities for the benefit of mankind.

When this harangue was over, I withdrew, and left the rest of the ceremony to be performed by my orator Mithridates, who discanted a long while upon my great experience and skill, my travels, and great adventures in foreign countries ; the testimonials, certificates, medals, and the like favours, I had received from most of the crowned heads and princes in the universe. And when this was over, ordered Dick Bentley, my footman, to disperse printed copies of my bill among the

¹ Stephen Lobb was a Nonconformist divine and controversial writer : he was implicated in the Rye House Plot of 1683. He died in 1699. Sir Patience Ward was a wealthy City tailor, Lord Mayor in 1680, and a violent Protestant. He was responsible for the anti-Catholic inscription placed on the Monument. He died in 1696.

people, together with the catalogue of the cures by me formerly performed in your upper hemisphere ; both which papers, because they contain something singular in them, and are written above the common strain, I have given myself the trouble to transcribe.

Thesaurum et talentum ne abscondas in agro.

Signor Giusippe Hanesio, High-German Astrologer and Chymist ; seventh son of a seventh son, unborn doctor of above sixty years experience, educated at twelve universities, having travelled thro' fifty-two kingdoms, and been counsellor to counsellors of several monarchs,

Hoc juris publici in communem utilitatem publicum fecit.

Who, by the blessing of Æsculapius on his great pains, travels, and nocturnal lucubrations, has attained to a greater share of knowledge than any person before him was ever known to do.

Imprimis, Gentlemen, I present you with my universal solutive, or *Cathartic Elixir*, which corrects all the cacochymic and cachexical diseases of the intestines ; cures all internal and external diseases, all vertiginous vapours, hydrocephalus, giddiness, or swimming of the head, epileptic fits, flowing of the gall, stoppage of urine, ulcers in the womb and bladder, with many other distempers not hitherto distinguished by name.

Secondly, My friendly pill, called *the never-failing Heliogenes*, being the tincture of the sun, and deriving vigour, influence and dominion from the same light ; it causes all complexions to laugh or smile, even in the very time of taking it ; which it effects by dilating and expanding the gelastic muscles, first of all discovered by myself. It dulcifies the whole mass of the blood, maintains its circulation, reforms the digestion of the chylon, fortifies the opthalmic nerves, clears the *officina intelligentiæ*, corrects the exorbitancy of the spleen, mundifies the hypogastrium, comforts the sphincter, and is an excellent remedy against the prosopochlorosis, or green-sickness, sterility, and all obstructions whatever. They operate seven several ways, in order, as nature herself requires ; for they scorn to be confined to any particular way of operation, viz. hypnotically, by throwing the party into a gentle slumber ; hydrotically, by their aperitive faculty, in opening the *interstitia pororum* ; cathartically, by cleansing the bowels of all crudities and tartarous

mucilage, with which they abound ; proppysmatically, by forcing the wind downward ; hydragogically, by exciting urine ; pneumatically, by exhilarating the spirits ; and lastly, synechdochically, by corroborating the whole *œconomia animalis*. They are twenty or more in every tin box, sealed with my coat of arms, which are, Three clyster-pipes erect gules, in a field argent ; my crest, a bloody hand out of a mortar, emergent ; and my supporters, a Chymist and an Apothecary. This *Tinctura Solaris*, or most noble offspring of Hyperion's golden influence, wipes off abstersively all those tenacious, conglomerated, sedimental sordes, that adhere to the œsophagus and viscera, extinguishes all supernatural ferments and ebullitions ; and, in fine, annihilates all the nosotrophical or morbid ideas of the whole corporeal *compages*.

Thirdly, My *Panagion Otacousticon*, or auricular restorative. Were it possible to shew me a man so deaf that if a demiculverin were to be let off under his ear he could not hear the report, yet these infallible drops (first invented by the two famous physician-brothers, St. Cosmus and St. Damian, called the Anargyri in the ancient Greek menologies, and some forty years ago communicated to me by Anastasio Logotheti, a Greek caloyer at Adrianople, when I was invited into those parts to cure sultan Mahomet IV of an elephantiasis in his diaphragm) would recover his auditive faculty, and make him hear as smartly as an old fumbling priest, when a young wench gives him account of her lost maidenhead at the confessional.

Fourthly, My *Anodyne Spirit*, excellent to ease pain, when taken inwardly, and applied outwardly, excellent for any lameness, shrinking or contraction of the nerves ; for eyes, deafness, pain and noise in the ears ; and all odontalgic, as well as podagrical inflammations.

Fifthly, My *Antidotus Antivenerealis* ; which effectually cures all gonorrhœas, carnosities in the delinquent part, tumours, phymosis, paraphymosis, crystallines, priapisms, hæmorrhoids, cantillamata, ragades, buboes, imposthumations, carbuncles, genicular nodes, and the like, without either baths or stoves ; as also without mercury, so often destructive to the poor patient, with such privacy that the nearest relation shall not perceive it.

Sixthly, My *Pectoral Lozenges*, or *Balsam of Balsams*, which effectually carries off all windy and tedious coughs, spitting of blood, wheezing in the larynx and ptyalismus, let it be never so inveterate.

Seventhly and lastly, My *Pulvis Vermifugus*, or *Antivermatic Powder*, brings up the rear, so famous for killing and bringing away all sorts of

worms incident to human bodies, breaking their complicated knots in the *duodenum*, and dissolving the phlegmatic crudities that produce those anthropophagous vermin. It has brought away, by urine, worms as long as the maypole in the Strand, when it flourished in its primitive prolixity ; tho' I confess not altogether so thick. In short, 'tis a specific catholicon for the cholic, expels wind by eructation, or otherwise ; accelerates digestion, and creates an appetite to a miracle.

I dextrously couch the cataract or suffusion, extirpate wens of the greatest magnitude, close-up hair-lips, whether treble or quadruple ; cure the polypus upon the nose, and all scrofulous tumours, cancers in the breast, *Noli me tangere's*, St. Anthony's fire, by my new-invented *unguentum Antipyreticum*, excrescences, or superfluous flesh in the mouth of the bladder or womb ; likewise I take the Stone from women or maids without cutting.

I have steel-trusses and instruments of a new invention together with never-failing medicines and methods to cure ruptures, and knit the peritoneum. And here I cannot forbear to communicate a useful piece of knowledge to the world, which is that which the learned *Villipandus* describes in his excellent treatise *de congrubilitate materiæ primæ cum confessione Augustana*, I take a rupture to be a relaxation of the natural cavities, at the bottom of the cremaster muscles. But this, *en passant*, I forge all myself ; nay, my very machines for safe and easy drawing teeth and obscure stumps. Mrs. Littlehand, midwife to the princess of Phlegethon, can sufficiently inform the women of my helps, and what I do for the disruption of the fundament and uterus, and other strange infirmities of the matrix, occasioned by the bearing of children, violent coughing, heavy work, etc., which I challenge any person in the Acherontic dominions to perform, but myself.

If any woman be unwilling to speak to me, they may have the convenience of speaking to my wife, who is expert in all feminine distempers. She has an excellent cosmetic water to carry off freckles, sun-burn, or pimples ; and a curious red-pomatum to plump and colour the lips. She can make red hair as white as a lily ; she shapes the eyebrows to a miracle ; makes low foreheads as high as you please, has a never-failing remedy for offensive breaths, a famous essence to correct the ill scent of the arm-pits, a rich water that makes the hair curl, a most delicate paste to smooth and whiten the hands ; also

A rare secret, that takes away all warts,
From the face, hands, fingers, and privy parts.

Those who are not able to come to me, let them send their urine, especially that made after midnight ; and on sight of it, I will tell them what their distemper is, and whether curable or no. Nay, let a man be in never so perfect health of body, his constitution never so vigorous and athletical, if he shews me his water, I can as infallibly predict what distemper will first attack him, though perhaps it will be thirty or forty years hence, as an astronomer by the rules of his science, can foretell solar or lunar eclipses the year before they happen.

I have predicted miraculous things by the pulse, far above any philosopher : by it I not only discover the circumstances of the body, but if the party be a woman, I can foretell how many husbands and children she shall have ; if a tradesman, whether his wife will fortify his forehead with horns ; and so of the rest. This is not all, but I will engage to tell any serious persons what their business is on every radical figure, before they speak one word ; what has already happened to them from their very infancy down to the individual hour of their consulting me, what their present circumstances are, what will happen to them hereafter ; in what part of the body they have moles ; what colour and magnitude they are of ; and lastly, how posited ; that is, whether they culminate equinoctially or horizontally upon the *Mesogastrium*, from which place alone, and no other, as the profound *Trismegistus* has observed before me, in his elaborate treatise *de erroribus styli Gregoriani*, all solid conjectures are to be formed.

I have likewise attained to the green, golden and black dragon, known to none but magicians and hermetic philosophers : I tell the meaning of all magical pentacles, sigils, charms and lameness, and have a glass and help to further marriage. The spring being already advanced, which is the properest season for preventing new, and removing old distempers, neglect not this opportunity——

My hours are from nine till twelve in the morning, and from two in the afternoon till nine at night, every day in the week, except on the real Christian sabbath, called Saturday.

It may be of use to keep this advertisement.

This, gentlemen, is an exact copy of my bill, which has been carefully distributed all over this populous city, pasted upon the chief gates and churches ; and since dispersed by two running messengers, Theophrastus Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa, all over king Pluto's dominions. I forgot to tell you that finding it absolutely necessary to

take me a wife (the women in certain cases that shall be nameless being unwilling to consult any but those of their own sex), I was advised by some friends to make my applications to the famous Cleopatra queen of Egypt, who being a person of great experience, and notably well-skilled in the Arcana's of nature, would in all probability make me an admirable spouse. In short, after half a dozen meetings, rather for form-sake than any thing else, the bargain was struck, and a match concluded between her Alexandrian majesty and myself. Cardinal Wolsey, who is now curate of a small village, to the tune of four marks per annum, and the magnificent perquisites of a bear and fiddle, performed the holy ceremony: Amphion of Thebes diverted us at dinner with his fiddle, and all the while Molinos,¹ the quietist, danced a Lancashire jig. Sir Thomas Pilkington, who, as I told you in my last, is become a most furious rhyme-tagger or versificator, composed the epithalamium; and Sardanapalus, Caligula, Nero, Heliogabalus, and Pope Alexander VII were pleased to throw the stocking. Her majesty, to do her a piece of common justice, proves a most dutiful and laborious wife, spreads all my plasters, makes all my unguents, distils all my waters, and pleases my customers beyond expression.

Thus, gentlemen, you see my bill, by which you may guess whether I don't infinitely surpass those empty pretending quacks of your world, who confine their narrow talent to one distemper, which they cure but by one remedy; whereas all diseases are alike to me, and I have a hundred several ways to extirpate them. I shall now trespass so far upon your patience as to present you with the catalogue of my cures, which, being somewhat singular and out of the way, I have the vanity to believe will not be unwelcome to you——

A true and faithful catalogue of some remarkable Cures performed in the other World, by the famous Signor Giusippe Hanesio, High-German Doctor and Astrologer

By Pluto's Authority

*Hic est quem legis, ille quem requiris,
Totis notus in inferis Josephus.*

Because I am so much a person of honour and integrity that even in this lower world I would not forfeit my reputation, I desire my

¹ Miguel de Molinos was a Spanish mystic and ascetic who published a *Spiritual Guide* in 1675.

incredulous adversaries (of which number, being a stranger to this place, I presume I have but too many) to get if they can to the upper regions, and satisfy themselves of the truth of my admirable performances. To begin, then, with those of quality.

Pope Innocent the Eleventh was so strangely over-run with a complication of Jansenism, Quietism, and Lutheranism, that not only his nephew, Don Livio Odeschalchi, but the whole sacred consistory despaired of his recovery. I so mundified his intellects with my Catholic essence of Hellebore, that he continued *rectus in cerebro* many years after ; and if the French ambassador, by making such a hubbub about his quarters, occasioned old infallibility to relapse, Louis le Grand must answer for it and not Signor Giusippe.

I cured the late Sophy of Persia, Shaw Solyman by name, of a *Febris Tumulenta*, so that he could digest the exactions and blood of a whole province, hold his hand as steady as Harry Killegrew after a quart of surfeit-water in a morning ; and if he died soon after, let his eunuchs and whores look to that ; one with their politics, and the other with their tales, spoiled the operation of my *Elixir magnum stomachicum*.

I cured Aureng-Zebe, the old mogul, of an *epilepsia fanatica*, with which he was afflicted to that degree that patents were dispatched, and persons named to go ambassadors extraordinary to William Penn, George Whitehead, William Mede ; the Philadelphians, Cameronians, Jesuits, and Jacobian Whiskerites, for a communication of diseases and remedies ; but by my cephalic snuff and tincture, I made him as clear-headed a rake as ever got drunk with classics at the university, or expounded Horace in Will's coffee-house ; and messengers were sent through all his empire to get him Dutry, Bung, Satyrion, Cantharides, Whores, and Schyraz wine ; and if he has since fallen down to his Alcoran, and the flat effects of ninety-seven years of age, blame his damned courtiers, and not me, that instead of nicking the nice operation of the medicine, let in books and priests to debauch his understanding.

I cured the Mahometan predestinarian Sultan, of the great East-India island of Borneo, of want of blood, by counselling him to follow his inclinations and bathe in it, that he might restore himself by spight and percolation. But vexations from his Divan, the neighbouring emperor of China, a saucy young jackanapes, and a sorrel-haired female gave him such jolts that quite spoiled the continuance of the noblest cure in the world.

Peter Alexowitz,¹ present Czar of Muscovy, fell ill of a calenture in London, occasioned by putting too great a quantity of gunpowder into his usquebaugh, and pepper into his brandy ; all the topping doctors of the town were sent for, and applied their *Cortex* and opium to no purpose. What should I do in this pinch, but order a hole to be made in the Thames for him, as they do for the ducks in St. James's-Park, it being then an excessive frost, and soused him over head and ears morning and night, and by this noble experiment not only recovered him, but likewise gave a hint to the setting up of the cold bath, which has done such miracles since.

I cured a noble peer, aged sixty-seven, of a perpetual priapism, so that now his pimping valets and footmen, his bawds, spirit of Clary, and a maidenhead of fourteen can hardly raise him, who before was scarce to be trusted with his own family, nay, with his own wife ; and now he's as continent and virtuous a statesman as ever covered his inward lechery with outward gravity.

A noble peeress, that lives not full a hundred miles from St. James's-Square, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, was seized with a *furor uterinus*. By plying her ladyship with a few drops of my *Antipyretical Essence*, extracted from a certain vegetable gathered under the arctic pole, and known to nobody but myself, I perfectly allayed this preternatural ferment ; and now she lies as quiet, though both her hands are untied, as a new-swaddled babe, and handles no rascals but Pam and his gay fellows of the cards.

Honorina Frail, eldest daughter to my old lady Frail of Red-Lion-Square, by too prodigally distributing *les dernières faveurs* to her mother's sandy-pated coachman and pages, had so strangely dilated the gates *du citadel d'amour*, that one might have marched a regiment of dragoons through them. Her mother, who was in the greatest perplexity imaginable upon the score of this disaster, sent to consult me. With half a dozen drops of my *Aqua Styptica Hymenealis*, I so contracted all the avenues of the aforesaid citadel that the Yorkshire knight that married her spent above a hundred small-shot against the walls, and bombarded the fortress a full fortnight before he could enter it ; and now they are the happiest couple within the bills of mortality.

I renewed the youth from the girdle downwards of Madame de Maintenon, so that she afforded all the delights imaginable to her old grand lover in imagination, and to the younger bigots and herself in

¹ Peter the Great, who visited England in 1698.

reality : while her face still remained as great an object of mortification as her beads, death's heads, and discipline ; and this noble cure still remains to be viewed by all the world.

Harry Higden of the Temple, counsellor, was so miserably troubled with the long vacation disease, or the *defectus crumenæ*, that the sage benchers of the house threatened to padlock his chamber-door for non-payment of rent. He asked my advice in this exigence. I, who knew the full strength of his furniture, which consisted of a rug, two blankets, a joint-stool, and a tin-candlestick that served him for a piss-pot when reversed, counselled him to take his door off the hinges, and lock it up in his study. He followed my advice, and by that means escaped the above-mentioned ostracism of the padlock.

Margaret Cheatly, bawd, match-maker and midwife, of Bloomsbury, by immoderate drinking of strong-waters, had got a nose so termagantly rubicund, that she out-blazed the comet : my cosmetic *Florentine unguent* absolutely reformed this inflammation, and now she looks as soberly as a dissenting minister's goggle-eyed convenience.

Jerry Scandal, whale and ghost printer in White-Friars, had plagued the town above ten years with apparitions, murders, catechisms, and the like stuff. By shewing him the phiz of terrible Robin,¹ in my green magic-glass, I so effectually frightened him that he has since demolished all his letters, dismissed his hawkers, flung up his business, and, instead of news, cries flounders and red-herrings about the streets.

Joachim Hazard, of Cripplegate parish in White-Cross-Street, almost at the farther end near Old-street, turning in at the sign of the *White Crow* in Goat Alley, straight forward, down three steps, at the sign of the Globe, was so be-devilled with the spirit of lying, that he out-did two hard-mouthed witnesses in their own profession, and could not open his mouth without romancing. I made him snuff up some half a score drops of my *Elixir Alethinum*, and now he has left off fortune-telling and astrology, and is returned to his primitive trade of weaving.

Farmer Frizzle-pate, of Bullington, near Andover, had been blind thirty-five years and upwards ; my *Ophthalmic drops* restored him to his sight in a minute, and now he can read a Geneva Bible without spectacles. A certificate of this miraculous cure I have under the hand of the parson of the parish, and his amen-curler.

I cured a Kentish parson of an *Infirmetas Memoriae*, which he got by a jumble of his *Glandula Pinealis*, after a bowl of punch and a

¹ Robin Hog ; see note, page 219.

boxing-bout. He was reduced to that deplorable condition as to turn over play-books instead of his concordance, quote *Quæ Genus* instead of St. Austin ; nay, he forgot tithe-eggs, demanded Easter dues at Martin-mas, bid Bartholomew Fair instead of Ash-Wednesday ; and frequently mistook the service of matrimony for that of the dead. But now he has as staunch a memory as a pawn-broker for the day of the month, a country attorney for mischief, or a Popish clergyman for revenge.

I cured Serjeant Dolthead of a prodigious itch in the palms of his hand. A most wonderful cure ! for now he refuses fees as heartily as a young wench does an ugly fellow, when she has a handsome one in view ; his attorney is run mad ; his wife is turned bawd, to take double fees ; and his daughters mantua-makers and whores, to earn by two trades.

An eminent coach-keeping physician was troubled with a *Farrago Medicinarum*, or a *Tumor Prescriptionalis*, to that monstrous degree that he writ bills by the ell, and prescribed medicines by the hogshead and wheelbarrowfull. To the amazement of all that knew him, I have effectually cured him of it ; for he now writes but three words, prescribes but two scruples, leaves people to a wholesome kitchen-diet and nature, has undone the sexton and funeral undertaker ; and the overstocked parish has petitioned the privy-council to send out a new colony to the West-Indies.

I cured a certain head of a college of a *Hebetudo Cerebri* ; so that he now jokes with the bachelors and junior fry, goes to the dancing-school with the fellow-commoners ; and next act will be able to make a whole *terræ filius's* speech himself.

An apothecary in Cheapside was so strangely over-run with an *Inundatio Veneni* that the grass grew in the parish round him ; but now, thanks to the cure I wrought upon him, he has reduced his shop to the compass of a raree-show, gets but ten pence in the shilling, lets the neighbouring infants grow up to men ; and is going to build an hospital for decayed prize-fighters and dragoons.

I cured a vintner behind the Exchange of a *Mixtura Diabolica*, so that now he hates apples as much as our forefather after his kick on the arse out of paradise ; shuns a drugster's shop as much as a broken cit does a serjeant ; swears he'll clear but ten thousand pounds in five years, and then set up for psalm-singing, and sleeping under the pulpit.

I cured a Norfolk attorney of the *Scabies Causidico Rabularis*, another prodigious cure never performed before ; so that now he's as quiet as

a crammed capon among barn-door hens, he won't so much as scratch for his food ; his uncle the counsellor has disinherited him, and he has listed himself for a foot-soldier.

I cured an Amsterdam burgomaster's⁴ wife of barrenness, so that now she has two children at a birth, besides a brace of sooterkins¹ every year ; and even now in these low-countries (so effectual are my remedies) I am teased with daily messages, for astringents and flood-gates, to help the poor pains-taking mortal in his aquatic situation.

Pierre Babillard, French valet and pimp-in-ordinary to my lord Demure, was troubled with the *Glosso-mania*, or that epidemical disease of Normandy, the talking sickness. He not only prattled all night in his sleep, but his clack went incessantly all day long ; the cook-maid and nurse were talked quite deaf by him ; whereas his master laboured under the contrary extreme, and by his good will would not strike once in twenty-four hours. By the most stupendous operation that ever was known (for the transfusion of one animal's blood into another, so much boasted of by the Royal Society, is not to be compared to it), I transfused some of the French valet's loquacity into the noble peer, and some of the noble peer's taciturnity into the French valet ; so that now, to the great consolation of the family, my lord sometimes talks, and Monsieur Babillard sometimes holds his tongue.

Sir Blunder Dullman, professor of rhetoric, and orator to the ancient city of *Augusta Trinobantum*, had been troubled from his infancy with that epidemical magistrate's distemper, the *Bos in Lingua* ; so that whenever he made any speeches, the gentlemen were ready to split their sides, and the ladies to bepiss themselves with laughing at the singularities of his discourse. By my *Pulvis Cephalicus* I so far recovered him, that he could draw up his tropes and metaphors in good order, and harangue you twenty lines upon a stretch, without making above the same number of blunders. If he has since relapsed, 'tis no fault of mine, but he may e'en thank his city conversation for it.

Dinah Fribble, eldest daughter to Jonathan Fribble of Thames-Street, tallow-chandler, was so enormously given to the language of old Babylon that she would talk bawdy before her mother, her grandmother, and godmother ; nay, name the two beastly monosyllables before the doctor and lecturer of the parish. Her father, one of the worshipful elders of Salters-Hall, wondered how a child so religiously

¹ A sooterkin was a fabled false birth, supposed to have been produced by Dutch women through sitting over their charcoal stoves.

educated, fed from her cradle with the crumbs of comfort, and lulled asleep daily with Hopkins and Sternhold, should labour under so obscene a dispensation. In short, I was sent for, poured some twenty drops of my *Anti-Asmodean Essence* into her nostrils, and the next morning a huge thundering priapus, eleven inches long, came out of her left ear. She is now perfectly recovered, talks as piously and behaves herself as gravely as the demurest female in the neighbourhood.

Daniel Guzzle, innkeeper in Southwark, by perpetual tippling with his customers, was so inordinately swelled with a dropsy that Sir John Falstaff, in *Harry the Fourth*, was a mere skeleton to him. I tapped his *Heidelberg Abdomen*, and so vast an inundation issued from him that if the stream had continued a quarter of an hour longer it would have overflowed the whole borough, and made a second cataclysm. He is now perfectly cured, is as slender as a beau that has been twice salivated ; runs up the Monument some half a score times every morning for his diversion, jumps thro' a hoop, makes nothing of leaping over a five-barred gate ; and the famous Mr. Barnes of Rotherhithe has entered him into his company.

Obadiah Hemming, tailor, at the sign of the Red Waistcoat and Blazing-Star, near Tower Hill, was troubled with so unmerciful a cough that nobody in the family could sleep for him : I plied him with my *Antitussient Pillula Pulmonaris*, but without effect. I wondered how the devil my never-failing remedy disappointed me ? Cries I to him, 'Honest friend, what may your name be ?' 'Obadiah Hemming,' says he. 'Very well ! and what parish do you live in ?' 'Allhallows Barking !' 'Oh, ho ! I have now found out the secret how my pills came to miscarry : why, friend, thou hast a damned ptisical name, and livest in a confounded ptisical parish. Come, call thyself Obadiah Bowman, and get thee to Hampstead, Highgate, or any place but Allhallows Barking, and I'll insure thy recovery.' He did so ; and is so strangely improved upon it, that he is since chosen into St. Paul's choir, and begins to rival Mr. Goslin and Mr. Elford.¹

Rebecca Twist, ribbon-weaver, in Drum-Alley, Spitalfields, aged 75, by drinking aniseed-robin, geneva, and other ungodly liquors, and smoking mundungus, had so utterly decayed her natural heat that she had lain bed-ridden thirty years, and on my conscience a fever would no

¹ John Gostling, Vicar of Littlebourne and Sub-Dean of St. Paul's, was a famous bass in the Chapel Royal ; Richard Elford was also of the Chapel Royal, and famous as a singer of sacred music.

more have warmed her than a farthing candle would roast a sirloin of beef. I made so entire a renovation of her with my *Arcanum Helmontio-Glaubero-Paracelsianum*, that she's become another creature, out-talks the parson and midwife at every gossiping, dances to a miracle, never fails to give her attendance at all merry meetings ; and no sooner hears the noise of a fiddle, but she frisks and capers about, like a young hoyden of fifteen.

Nehemiah Conniver, one of the city-reformers, was so totally deformed with the *Lepra Hypocritica*, that never a barber, victualler, or tailor in the neighbourhood could live in quiet for him. To the admiration of all that knew him, I have so effectually cured him of this acid humour that he will out-swear ten dragoons, go to a bawdy-house in the face of the sun, and out-talk a score of midwives in natural philosophy.

Thus, gentlemen, you have my bill and catalogue of cures, by which you'll easily perceive that our infernal world is only a counterpart of yours, where hard words, impudence and nonsense, delivered with a magisterial air, carry everything before them. I should now, according to the method proposed to myself, proceed to give you a short account of what memorable occurrences have lately happened in these Acherontic realms, but the vast crowds of visitants at my door are so obstreperous and troublesome that I can conceal myself from them no longer. Be pleased, therefore, to accept this imperfect relation in part payment ; and next month, when I shall have a better convenience of writing my thoughts at large, I will endeavour to give you full satisfaction. In the mean time, give me leave to assure you that my highest ambition is to honour myself with the title of,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and
most humble Servant,

GIUSIPPE HANESIO.

Sir Fleetwood Sheppard¹ to Mr. Prior

It is some time since I took my leave of you and the sun and, I feared, of all good company too. My curiosity to observe the nature of an

¹ Sir Fleetwood Sheppard, who died in 1698, was a courtier whom Charles appointed steward to Nell Gwynn and tutor to her son, later Duke of St. Albans. He was a poet of some merit and was Matthew Prior's first patron.

affair whereof every body talks, tho' not one of them can understand, made me long silent, so that if it were possible I might give my friends some account or other that should be of moment to them, either for their diversion or improvement. Your weighty affairs prevent the one, and your capacity the other ; but that you may now see friendship as well as virtue survives the grave, I address this to you, to assure you we are not annihilated, as some philosophers opined, and that our felicity does not consist in an unactive indolence, as others as vainly pretended. Virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment.

We are so refined here, that nothing can veil evil from the piercing eyes of everybody, and the malice and envy of the most inveterate devils cannot overcast the glories of the good. We very unjustly impute a great many faults to the frailty of the flesh. The soul hath its warpings as well as the clay, and some vices are so natural that we cannot extinguish them, though we may in some measure prevent their flaming out and boiling over. These remain still, and employ all the utmost efforts of our prudence to triumph over ; and if we accomplish that, we are perfect. But if the malignity of our tempers prevail, we sink to the lowest abyss of infamy, shame and disgrace. This laid the foundation of that doctrine of Rome called Purgatory ; and ignorance joined to insatiable avarice, improved it to what at present you find it.

Here is one duke of Buckingham perpetually conferring with the Spanish ministers ; the other as busy in finding out the mighty secrets of impertinent curiosities : here's Mazarin supplanting the liberty of Europe, and Cromwell that of England : Shaftesbury is pushing on Monmouth, who is styled king by one of his footmen only ; Dryden is every minute at Homer's heels, or pulling Virgil by the sleeve, importuning Horace, or making friends with Ovid : but Cowley, with a serenity of mind that constitutes his felicity, quietly passes along the Elysian plains, disturbing nobody and undisturbed of all, Milton his companion, and himself his happiness.

The less considerable fry of wits are just as contentious here as at Covent-Garden, as noisy and as ill-natured ; every man in particular arrogating all to himself, and allowing nothing to others. The disputes rose so high, and the uproar continued so long, that Pluto commanded a squadron of his life-guard, with Juvenal at their head, to force them out of the laurel-grove, and lock it up till matters should be adjusted by Apollo, to whom he detached Lucan and Leigh (as being the best skilled in flying) with his complaints. They are returned with a

proclamation, which for its novelty I will trouble you with ; not but that I think it might not improperly have been made on the other side of Parnassus, unless matters are strangely mended since I left you.

We Apollo, by the Grace of Jupiter, Emperor of Parnassus, King of Poetry, Sovereign Prince of Letters, Duke of the Muses, Marquis of Light, and Earl of the Four Seasons, etc. to all our Trusty and Well-beloved Explorers of Nature, and cherishers of Learning, Greeting

Whereas we are informed, to our ineffable displeasure, grief, sorrow, and concern, that many feuds, jars, quarrels, animosities, and heart-burns, are ever and anon kindled, stirred up, and fomented among the elder brothers of Helicon, as well as the multitude of vain pretenders to bays and immortality, in so much that your bickerings, clamours, noise and disturbances are of intolerable inconvenience to the good and just, and an unhappy suspension of the serenity of their minds, as well as so many perturbations and infractions of the peace of our uncle king Pluto's dominions : wherefore it is our royal will and pleasure that these notorious misdemeanours be forthwith remedied ; promising upon our royal word, that justice shall be duly executed to everybody ; and all men of real merit and worth, lovers of wisdom and learning, of what nation or sort soever, shall in their respective classes of virtue and excellence be registered in the glorious volumes of fame, to be kept eternally in the Delphic library : In pursuance whereof, we do hereby earnestly require and enjoin our beloved sisters the Muses to hold a court of claims in the principality of Delos, where we shall give our royal attendance so often as the fatigues of our laborious course will permit us, to examine all capacities, claims, titles, and pretensions whatever ; and to avoid all lets, troubles, hindrances, molestations, and interruptions that possibly we can : we do furthermore hereby strictly prohibit and forbid, upon pain of our highest displeasure, and a hundred years interdiction from the laurel-grove, all sonneteers, songsters, satyrists, panegyrists, madrigallers, and such like impediments of Parnassus, to make any pretensions whatever to reputation and immortality, till such time as the more laborious and industrious investigators of nature are regulated and dispatched.

Given at our High Court of Helicon, this 47th Century from our Conquest of Pythion.

At present the versifiers are much humbled, for the laurel-grove is their chiefest delight ; 'tis their park, their playhouse, their assembly. I find all the vices of the mind are common here, as in your superior regions : the separation from the clay has only taken from us the means of whoring and drinking, but the mind still retains wicked propensities. I considered not the pressing number of your affairs, and that I hazard your ill-will by detaining you so long from the public ; give me leave only to desire the favour of you, when your servant goes through Chancery-Lane, to put up a cargo of the spread-eagle pudding for our very good friend Counsellor Wallop,¹ for he is inconsolable : twenty of the best cooks can't make one to please him. Live in health, I know you cannot learn.

Mr. Prior's Answer

WORTHY SIR,

I was not wanting in my wishes to preserve that esteem you honoured me with, or to give you fresher instances of it ; but since your stars summoned you on the other side of the black water, and I did not know how to address myself exactly to you, I was obliged to suspend my writing till such time as I received yours.

I am heartily glad the two crowns are agreed to permit a packet to go between them ; and as for our friend, the counsellor, I never shall be dilatory in serving him to the utmost of my abilities, and never shall call to mind, but with veneration and wonder, his most heroic conduct and magnanimity in pudding-fighting. He sequestered himself from flesh and blood very opportunely, and with a prudence that always accompanied him in the minutest of his actions ; for sugars and fruits are risen already, and, in all probability, will continue to bear a good price, since Portugal has deserted us. So I dare not pretend to be positive that the cargo I send will be as delicious as formerly, tho' its novelty may make amends for some time, for small cheats in that profession.

Honest John, the faithful companion of your wanton hours, was very much rejoiced to hear from you, and would needs take a leap after you, maugre all I could say to him. With this trusty servant I have sent you what you desired, and that I might be certain of its not miscarrying

¹ Richard Wallop, a Middle Temple barrister, was chief counsel for the Whigs in their various trials between 1679 and 1686. He was made a Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer in 1696.

anywhere upon the road, I tucked friend John up with it, and so dispatched him.

I was in hopes to have heard from more of our merry companions, or of them at least. How does Rochester¹ behave himself with his old gang? Is Sir George as facetious as ever? Is my lady still that formal creature as when in our hemisphere; has she the benefit of cards and a tea-table? How did my Lord Jefferies receive his son? And with what constancy did her grace hear Sir John Germain was married? I was in hopes you might have met with some of these in your peregrination, not that I suppose you can see those vast dominions of Pluto's except in a proportionable time to the variety of subjects, as well as the mightiness of their extent.

We have nothing new here, because we are under the sun. Wise men keep company with one another; fools write and fools read; the booksellers have the advantage, provided they don't trust; some pragmatical fellows set up for politicians; others think they have merit because they have money. Cheats prosper, drunkenness is a little rebuked in the pulpit, but as rife as ever in all other places; people marry that don't love one the other, and your old mistress Melisinda goes to church constantly, prays devoutly, sings psalms gravely, hears sermons attentively, receives the sacrament monthly, lies with her footman nightly, and rails against lewdness and hypocrisy from morning till night.

The rest of particulars I leave for honest John to recount to you; my other affairs oblige me to take my leave of you; expecting some particulars about what I mentioned myself.

Yours, etc.

Pomigny² of Auvergne, to Mr. Abel of London,
Singing-Master

SIR,

The sons and daughters of harmony that crowd in daily upon these coasts surprise us equally with your capacities and misfortunes. We

¹ John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester, was the notorious libertine whose life was a scandal to even the Restoration Court; the Sir George was probably Sir George Etherege, a statesman and dramatist and at one time a boon companion of Rochester. John Jefferies, son of the famous Lord Chancellor, died in 1702. Sir John Germain was suspected of having seduced the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Mary Mordaunt, and married her after her divorce from the Duke, in 1701. She died five years later, when Germain married Lady Betty Berkley.

² Pomigny was the music master and favourite of Margaret de Valois, Queen of Navarre. John Abell was a well-known lutenist and singer, who was sent by Charles II to train his voice in Italy, travelled on the Continent when the Revolution broke out, and

are generally of the opinion here, that the muses are as well received in England, as in any other climate whatever. Men are charmed there at so small an expence of wit or performance that one of your endowments might well have hoped to outrival my felicity, and be exalted something more than to the embraces of a queen.

My parentage was as little remarkable in France, as yours in England ; and though I had better luck, I durst not pretend I had a better voice. From a singing-boy, I pushed my fortune so as to succeed my own sovereign. From the choir I rose to the chamber ; from the chamber I was preferred to the closet ; and from thence was advanced to be viceroy over all the territories of love : I was lord high-chamberlain to Cupid, and comptroller of the household to Venus. Every delectation superseded my very wishes ; nor could I have asked for the thousandth part of the blandishments I enjoyed. I was as absolute in my love as the grand seignior : 'twas for my dear sake the fond princess¹ raised her maids of honours' beds, that she might not hurt her back (as she had frequently done) in creeping under to fetch me out. 'Twas for my dear sake that if they but named my name when absent, in the raptures of her impatience, she run against the doors, threw down the screens, hurt her face against the mantle-trees and cabinets. She broke at times as much in looking-glasses, stands, and china, in the eager transports of her joy to meet me coming into the room, as by computation would have fitted out a fleet of fifty sail of capital ships.

These were princely rewards for a man's poor endeavours to please : who would not bring up their children in a choir ; or who would not learn to sing ? You have met, I must confess, Sir, with but small encouragement in the main, and made but a slender fortune in comparison of what might have been reasonably expected from your talents. The most civilized quarter of the world has been your audience and admirer ; and you have left everywhere a name that cannot die but with music, and that will survive even nature ; for in the numerous cracklings of the last conflagration, there will be, as it were, a noble symphony, that she may cease to be in proportion, and what is her apotheosis will draw the curtain to a new creation.

among other places made his way to Warsaw. He was there commanded to perform before the King, and on his refusal to do so, he was placed in a chair and hoisted into the air until he was on a level with a gallery in which the King and Court were sitting. A number of bears were then let loose below him, and Abell was given the choice of singing or of being dropped among the bears. He chose the former and sang as he had never sung before.

¹ The Queen of Navarre.

But that enlargement of our knowledge which is the necessity of our spiritualization shews me there is a malevolency in the influences of your stars, that will ever dash your rising hopes, and oppose your fortune. You cannot but have heard how Alexander the Great very generously distributed all the spoils to his soldiers, and contented himself with glory for his dividend. Thus your consolation must be, whenever the fickle goddess frowns upon you, that noble resolution of being above contempt which shows a magnanimity of mind equal to the greatest philosopher. But virtue is very often unfortunate, nay, sometimes oppressed.

Here are some devilish, ignorant, censorious, lying people, that will maintain you were so impertinent as to give a gentleman the trouble of cudgelling you, and there are many here whose wicked tempers are improved by the conversation of the place, as rogues are by being in Newgate, and those give credit to the aspersions. But the tribe of Helicon endeavour your justification, for he that could charm the king of Poland's bears with the warbling accents of his mellifluous tongue, might with the same harmony have moved the sturdy oak, and that is as heavy as a hundred canes. 'Twas the glory of Orion that the stones danced before his lyre ; and as long as there are poets it will be said, that Orpheus drew the tigers and the trees to listen to his trembling lays. May you not justly expect a place in the volumes of immortality, since what was but a fable of these darlings of our forefathers, may be all said literally true of you ; no matter if some people put an ill construction on it, the best actions of our lives are subject to be traduced.

Here was a Dear Joy of quality suffered the discipline of the place for stealing the diamond ring from you that the king of France gave you at Fontainebleau. To mitigate the blackness of the fact he alleged the necessitousness of his condition and that it was pity so many gallant men should want for their loyalty, while a jackanapes could get an estate for a song. At this, Radamanthus ordered him a hundred stripes more for his pride in affecting a character his own confession had so far derogated from. There are some considerable stars that rise in Bavaria, whose influences are inauspicious to you ; for, among friends, 'twas no better than robbing him to run away with his money, and especially before you had done anything for it. However, this may be your consolation, that the duke can say you cheated him to some tune.

Here is a concert of music composing against the king of France makes his entrance ; out of gratitude to his generosity you ought to make one of them. I can get you a lodging near Cerberus's apartment ; 'twill be convenient for you to confer notes together, for he is much the deepest base of any here.

If your leisure will permit, I should be glad of some news from the favourites of Parnassus : I am continually at the chocolate-house in the Sulphur-street. I shall look upon the obligation in *Ala-mi-re* in *Alt*.

Mr. Abel's Answer

SIR,

If the advice be seasonable, 'tis no great matter from whence it comes : though 'tis not what one would readily expect from a person of your climate ; but that too renders the obligation so much the more binding.

I was not so well acquainted with the ancient intrigues of the French Court as to call your name to remembrance, but by the delicious expression of your wanton delights, I presumed you might have been a Mahometan eunuch, because you seemed to describe their paradise in part ; what could I tell whether more of that felicity came to your share or not ? I met Aben-Ezra the Jew, but he knew nothing of you ; at last a French refugee set me right.

When I consider your private history I am amazed at your raptures, and that you could be so void of common reason, more especially after you had been so long spiritualized, which you tell me enlarges the understanding, as to set a value upon yourself for raking a kennel, only because it belonged to Court. To have charmed a person of an exalted extraction, as I did, and to bring her to be the loving wife of my bosom, was vanity without infamy. But your captive queen was a queen of sluts, equally the infamy of her own sex, as you were the contempt of ours. 'Twas very pathetically said of her by her brother, when he gave her in marriage to the king of Navarre, that he did not give his Peggy in marriage to the king of Navarre alone, but to all the Huguenots of his kingdom, and if he had said, all the Roman Catholics too, it had hardly been an hyperbole. Ever since she was nine years old, she never denied any thing that was a man ; no, not so much as her own brother. She had so great an inclination to be obliging that she would not refuse even old age, and did not condemn even the blackest scullion-boy of her

kitchen : she was the refuse of a hundred thousand men's embraces before she took up with you. So that I see no such mighty ground for your vanity and ostentation ; and if there were not other more beneficial expectations from the choir, I should advise but very few to follow it. Not but that a fair friend in Palace-Yard, a kind friend in Charles-Street, or a pretty intimate acquaintance near the Bowling-Alley, may help to pass away some leisure hours when the Abbey is locked up ; however, that is not sufficient to tempt a man to *C-fa-ut* it all one's life-time.

I ever found an inbred aversion to Ireland, and your news gives me more convincing reasons why I should not affect 'em ; for to be stripped by some, and stripped by others, would of itself give a man an unfavourable impression of such people. As for the freedom you take in diverting yourself at my expence, I easily pass it by ; but your censoriousness scandalizes me, when so many very deserving persons of all ranks, sexes and qualities as are my good friends and benefactors, are made the subject of your raillery. I do not want to be spiritualized to see thro' your banter, when you make me even superior to Orpheus and Orion ; I smell what you would be at, by being followed by tigers, blocks and stones. But it is lucky enough for you that you are out of their reach. As for the article of Bavaria. I can say but little to it more than I thought the time was come when the Israelites should spoil the Egyptians.

You have such continual couriers from these parts, that you cannot be long ignorant of the minutest springs by which all the affairs are kept in motion. To me they seem every where to be at much the same rate, like a horse in a mill, 'tis no matter who drives him. I thank you for your kind offer in providing me lodgings ; but I have so many of my friends gone there of late, that I shall unwillingly be parted from them. However, I shall always study to improve your good opinion, and continue theirs. If any accident calls me to your parts about that time, I shall gladly assist at the king of France's entry ; for doubtless it will be done with a most noble solemnity, and every way answerable to the character of such a monarch. But as time is more precious here than in your country, I must beg you to excuse me, for I am just sent for to the tavern. Adieu.

Signior Nichola¹ to Mr. Buckly, at the Swan Coffee-House
near Bloomsbury

It is impossible to suffer it any longer ! What, my diviner airs made the sordid entertainment of drunken footmen, scoundrel fellows, and I know not what ragamuffins ! Must those seraphic lays that have so often been the delight of muses, the joy of princes, the rapture of the fair sex, the treasures of the judicious, must these be thrummed over by blaspheming rascals, smoking sots, noisy boobies, and such nefarious mechanics ! Oh, prophane !——they shall have my sonatas, that they shall with a horse-pox to them. Can't their Derby² go down but with a tune, nor their tobacco smoke without the harmony of a Cremona fiddle ? If they can't be merry without music, provide them a good key, and a pair of wrought tongs. One of their own jigs is diverting enough for their heavy capacities ; whence comes it that the sons of art, and the brothers of rosin and cat-gut, can demean themselves so poorly as to play before them ? Since when have the daughters of Helicon frequented ale-houses ? Must the sacred streams of our Aganippe pay homage to the Derwent, and wash tankards and glasses ?

Sure you think Pegassus a jade, and are looking out for a chap for him who can come up to his price there ? His beauties are too sublime for the groom, and his master had rather have a strong horse for his coach : none of them, alas can tilt the fiery courser. What a strange medley do you make ! wit, music, noise, nonsense, smoke, spittle, Derby ale, and brandy : nay your rage and indiscretion goes farther yet : folly and madness seem to be contagious, and you jar among yourselves ? The brothers of symphony quarrel, and turn the banqueting-house of the Thessalian ladies into a bear-garden ; those active joints that so nicely touched my notes, are now barbarously levelled at each other's eyes ; the powerful offspring of my harmonious conceptions is miserably torn to pieces betwixt them ; and what would have charmed all mankind is dishonourably employed to the lighting of pipes and cleaning of tables.

If you will set up for celebrating the orgies of the juicy god, let your

¹ Nicholao was a famous violinist. Evelyn says (Nov. 19, 1674) : ' I heard that stupendous violin, Signor Nicholao . . . he had a stroke so sweet, and made it speak like the voice of a man . . . he did wonders upon a note, and was an excellent composer.' On December 3 following he says, ' then came Nicholao with his violin and struck all mute.'

² An especially strong ale.

instruments be all chosen accordingly, your airs correspond to the audience ; but make me no more the contempt and derision of your debauched meetings ; for the commendation of fools is more wounding than the reprimands of the ingenious. At best, it is prostituting me to bring them into my company. If you make not some sudden end to these ignominious proceedings, I will dispatch an imp to sour your ale, consume your cordials, spill your tobacco, break your glasses, and cut all your equipage of harmony into ten thousand millions of bits ; nay I will prosecute my revenge so far, that even in the play-house your hand shall shake, your ear shall judge wrong, your strings crack, and every disappointment that may render you ridiculous, shall attend you in all public meetings wherever you pretend to play. So be wise and be warned : play to lovers and judges of music, draw drink to sots and neighbours.

Ignatius Loyola to the Archbishop of Toledo¹

Your eminence's remissness in the late affairs of the Spanish territories, has made my scorpions sting deeper than heretofore, and superadded a new blackness to the horrors of my rage and despair. Those painful machinations, who took their birth from hell itself, and by my industry and application had so glorious a prospect of bridling all mankind, wherever the Romish doctrine triumphed at least, are now by that long-continued series of an unhappy supineness in your predecessors, or the powerful influences of French gold, reduced to almost nothing. The thunderbolts of the Inquisition rattled more dreadfully than those of the Vatican ; and after emperors had subjected themselves to the successors of St. Peter, we found out means to subject him to our censures, and by this made ourselves superior to supreme.

The mildness of your executions, and the rarity of them have subtracted wonderfully from their reputation, and from my designs. Your excellency can't say but I lay down very sufficient groundworks for the rendering my orders as lasting as religion, if not as lasting as time. More than Europe has felt the efficacy of my instructions ; and wherever my disciples have been sent they have brought us home souls and bodies, credit and estates.

¹ Cardinal Portocarrero was the minister and adviser of Charles II, the weak-minded King of Spain. There were many sinister rumours about the undue influence he exerted over the King when the latter, who was last of his house, was making his will and settling the succession.

What society can vie with us for extent of temporal concerns? What provinces are not in a great measure ours? We have the guardianship of the consciences of most of the considerable crowned heads, and few affairs of importance are transacted any where but with our privy. I have not met with any one person of note and quality in these kingdoms that came here with a pass-port from the Holy Inquisition. Now and then a rascally Jew or so, comes here blaspheming your power and prudence; and is so angry that he will not shew it at hell-gates; as if he apprehended a double damnation from our character.

Your excellency can't but be sensible how great sufferers we have been by the subtracting of the Gallican Church from the lash of our authority; and it was no small amputation we suffered in the Spanish Netherlands, by the improvident proceedings of that rash commander, the duke of Alva. If now you submit thus quietly to the administration of France, I cannot but apprehend a universal extinction of that powerful and profitable institution. Next to my own society, I look upon it to be the basis of the Romish monarchy, and undoubtedly of your own, and of the Austrian greatness.

How are your liberties trampled upon by a child, and all your dons led captives to Versailles? Where is the ancient valour and obstinacy of the Moorish blood? Where are the poisons and the poniards so frequent in Madrid? Is Spain brought so low that she has not enough resolution for one feeble effort to save herself from infamy and ruin? Your arms were always unsuccessful against the English nation; the greatness of your misery points out still the memorable, the very deplorable overthrow in '88; there is a queen again upon that crown, willing and able to protect you as well as others, and it may be in the rubrics of fate that as one queen brought down the pride of the haughty Spaniards, so the other shall humble France as much, even when it is in its most towering glory.

But whatever be the destiny of France, you ought to look after yourselves, and not, by an untimely cession of your powers to that of so formidable a monarch, intangle yourselves in an inextricable ruin, by so much the more unpardonable as you might easily have prevented it. Shew the world, then, that a French lion can't thrive in a Spanish soil, and dart forth the lightning of the Inquisition against all that adhere to the Gallic interest and connive at the ruin of the Spanish grandeur. Exert yourself and swim hither in a sea of blood, and may your cruelties succeed.

Alderman Floyer to Sir Humphrey Edwin¹

I ever had an infinite value for your friendship, and as every letter is a fresh mark of it, I have in every one new matter of satisfaction ; yet I could not read your last without equal surprize and concern ; and if I did not positively believe your integrity, as I am acquainted with your capacity, I should be at a loss what construction to put upon it. All Europe has been deafened for I know not how many years with more and more accounts of how your kings grew upon their people, and we ever looked upon the English as very jealous of their privileges. I need not tell you how odious your two last kings were to us of these parts ; nay, and to all Germany too, papist and protestant ; for instead of holding the balance between France, Spain and the Empire (as the situation of your country and its mighty power by sea made 'em capable of doing, and the character of guarantees for the peace of Nimeguen, and the truce for twenty years obliged 'em to it), their siding with France, notwithstanding all the endeavours of foreign ministers to the contrary, and their own real interest too, may be justly said to have laid the foundation of all those calamities that the arms and intrigues of France have since that time brought upon Europe.

But tho' we had so many reasons to be dissatisfied with the proceedings of King Charles II and King James, yet we never diminished any thing of the good will we bore the English nation ; because we could not but believe they were as far from approving those transactions as we were, and repined as much as we did at the growing grandeur of the French monarchy. The clandestine measures both those kings took to enslave their subjects to the power of France, and the Romish religion, was as good as demonstration of a natural enmity between those two sorts of people. His present majesty's descent was concerted with most of the princes of the empire after it was so earnestly proposed to him, and almost pressed upon him by the very best of your nation. The friendship between the two crowns was no longer a secret, tho' the English envoy at the Hague denied it positively when I was there. This was more than an umbrage to the discerning part of your kingdom, and

¹ Sir Peter Floyer, Alderman of London, died during his shrievalty, in 1702. Sir Humphrey Edwin, a wealthy wool-merchant, was Sheriff at the proclamation of William and Mary, and was Lord Mayor in 1697. He was a staunch Nonconformist and brought much ridicule upon himself by attending the meeting-house in full civic state.

what the very commonalty could not think without terrible apprehensions : and all of us here in like manner looked upon this enterprize as a thing on which depended the safety or ruin of the whole Protestant affairs of Europe.

I cannot comprehend what unlucky planet rules over you ! That any one person should be dissatisfied, is prodigious to me. You are freed from all those oppressions whose probability alone made no small part of your misery. You were very uneasy under the administration of King James, and now that you are delivered, you murmur ! You know his royal highness was so unwilling to embark himself in this affair, tho' his interest and his honour were very much concerned in it, that he did not yield but to the iterated solicitations of your countrymen, joined with full assurance that they would stand by him with their lives and fortunes. You must pardon the freedom of my expression if I assure you that this ungrateful false step lessens my opinion of the English nation ; for after having made such terrible complaints of their miseries and injuries, filled Europe with their tears and lamentations, and implored a neighbouring prince to come to their rescue, at a season of the year that would have quelled the greatest courage that ever was, if it had not been supported with charity (and add to this, the unavoidable necessity of so vast an expense as would have sunk some princes' fortunes), now that they are happily settled in their affairs at home, have glorious armies abroad, and that king at their head, who has so justly merited the title of Defender of the Faith, whose prudence and vigilance have augmented their native force with so many powerful allies ; that these people should be so little sensible of their own felicity as to murmur and be discontented is to me a paradox, but I am sure unpardonable.

The knowledge I have of the English genius makes me believe there are but a few malecontents, and tho' they call themselves Protestants, 'tis only to bring an odium on those that really are, by such perverse measures. I hope 'tis only your fears for your country, which proceed from your love of it, that multiply those disagreeable objects. You have a Protestant prince, on a Protestant throne, liberty of conscience, and even the Roman Catholics, that were always plotting against the Government, are permitted so much freedom under it that they would be mad if they were out of it.

Look back to the desolations in France, and to the storm you are delivered from, and see if you can ever thank God enough for your deliverance.

Sir John Norris,¹ Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth's Land-Forces against the Spaniard, to Sir Henry Bellasis and Sir Charles Haro

GENTLEMEN,

We had no sooner intelligence of your designs but we gave the Spaniards over for lost. The path has been gallantly beaten to your hands, and your enemies have hardly recruited their former losses in our glorious times, if they could have forgot from whose hands they sustained 'em. If I may remind you without vanity, as I do it without a lie, I took the lower town of Corunna, I plundered all the villages round about it, and by the gallantry of the English cut the Spaniards to pieces for three miles together. But these were professed enemies that had attempted upon our State, and by their formidable preparations, threatened no less than our entire ruin. However, in all the licentiousness of a conquering sword, we ravished no nuns, and it had been justifiable if we had done it. We took the city of St. Joseph, and tho' there was not found one single piece of coined money in it (which is a very exasperating disappointment to soldiers you know) yet we forced no nunneries. Had you two gentlemen been there, I presume you would have eaten the children alive for mere madness and vexation, after you had gratified your more unpardonable brutish lusts upon the monasteries. Distressed damsels were heretofore the general cause for which the heroes drew their swords : as their sex made them the objects of our desires, so when their weakness was forced upon, they became doubly the subjects of our quarrels, and by so just a claim, that nothing but the very reproach of mankind refused it 'em.

Your case, as I take it, gentlemen, is far different from that where positive orders give licence to lay all waste before you, to ransack the churches, and ravish the women, to burn the houses, and brain the sucking children. These are political rigours that by a present shedding of blood, save the lives of many thousands afterwards. This putting all to the sword intimidates small towns from making feeble efforts for an impossible defence ; which by losing some time, and some few men's lives only, enrages the conqueror at last to use the same

¹ Sir John Norris (1547-97) saw much service abroad, and in 1589 took command, with Drake, of an expedition to the Spanish coast. Sir Henry Bellasis was a prominent soldier in the Flanders campaign. Sir Charles Haro commanded a regiment of Fusiliers and fought in Spain and Flanders.

severity with them too, to punish their obstinacy. These are bloody maxims of war, but necessary sometimes, therefore lawful.

But you, gentlemen, had not the least shadow of pretence for your lust or your avarice. If these are the insolent effects of your friendship, I fear nobody will admit of your alliance, much less court it. Friendship betrayed is the blackest crime there is, and so far degrades a gentleman from the character of honour, that miracles of bravery in sieges afterwards would never wear out the blot. But, as if you had resolved to make yourselves odious by making the fact more infamous, they must be nuns too, forsooth, that must be constrained to your libidinous authority. Your sacrilegious covetousness might have met with a shadow of excuse, if your intemperance had proceeded no farther, and indeed they must have a great deal of wit as well as goodness, that can invent any thing like a reason to mitigate the abomination of it. You, old commanders, you, old covetous lechers, the bane of an army, the reproach of the best general, and of the most glorious princess. What laurels have your lust and rapines torn from your English arms? And what vast advantages from your own sovereign?

Had not your impious carriage made implacable enemies of those that were not quite resolved to continue long so, this summer had raised your princess to that pinnacle of renown and grandeur that none ever surpassed, and but few ever came up to besides our illustrious queen, of whom no man can say too much. Therefore of you, gentlemen, none can say too ill. A design so deeply laid, so cautiously managed, so long concealed, so wisely concerted, could not possibly miss of a happy event if your impious indignities had not constrained heaven to blast the undertaking; thus the army perished for David's having numbered the people. You went to free 'em from a foreign dominion, to settle the right of government in the right person, to prevent innovations, and relieve the oppressed; in a word, to do justice to every subject. Oh, the plausible pretext! The noble reasons for so costly an expedition! Yet no sooner has the justice of the cause in general crowned your attempts with success, but your particular outrages pull down vengeance, and raise yourselves enemies even out of the dust; the consciousness of your wickedness blunts the edge of your swords, and adds new life and vigour to those whom your courage and generosity had almost vanquished before.

Sir Walter Raleigh, my worthy companion of arms, refused two millions of ducats, and burnt the merchants' ships at Port Royal, because

that was his errand, and he was as just as he was brave. Had you two but commanded there, gentlemen, the Spanish merchants had not needed to have made so large an offer ; half the money and ten young nuns apiece, and you had betrayed your own country ! However, we question not but in a little time, or by the next packet at least, to hear that justice is executed upon you both, to absolve the nation and atone for so abominable and unpardonable, so nefarious and ungentleman-like an action. You will find a place on the other side of our river, that will cool your courage, by way of antiperistasis, with wondrous heat.

Don Alphonso Perez de Gusman, Duke of Medina Sidonia,
Admiral of the invincible Armada, to Monsieur Chateau-
Renault,¹ at Rodondello

Why this mighty concern for what cannot be avoided ? Why this chagrin ? Why this *mal au cœur* ? You might have fancied yourself invincible, you might have got a sanctified pass from his holiness, it would still have had the same catastrophe. The English are heretics, man ; they value none of these evangelical charms ; their bullets have no consideration in the world for a relic, nor their small-shot for a chaplet. Besides, they are so well acquainted with our seas that their own channel is hardly more familiar to them. This is but the old grudge of '88, when Queen Elizabeth thumped us so.

Considering all things, I think you are come off very well. What signify a few paltry hulks ? The plate we are sure you had prudently carried over the mountains in 1500 carts at least, an undertaking as little dreamed of, and as surprizing, as Prince Eugene's passing the Alps ; but with this plaguy unlucky disadvantage, that it may not be quite so true. Now and then in my more reserved speculations, I stumbled upon that same Drake, that burned about 100 of our ships at Cadiz ; upon my honour I can't forgive him, and yet can't blame him neither. But those two galleons that were so richly laden, stick in my stomach most confoundedly. No wonder our affairs prosper no better, for those same heretics have taken away several of our saints ; that same Drake I mentioned just now, he ran away with St. Philip. Besides this, these English water-dogs swam after us into Cadiz, and went to Pointal, and there beat us so about the pig-market, that we were even glad to save our bacon, and fire some of our ships, and run the others on ground. There

¹ The marquis de Chateau-Renault was vice-admiral of France, and was entrusted with bringing over the Spanish Plate-fleet from America in 1702. He was, however, attacked and defeated at Vigo by Sir George Rooke, who captured the treasure.

too, after burning the admiral, these unsanctified ranters stole away, not sneakingly, but with an open hand and main force, two most glorious saints more, St. Matthew and St. Andrew.

There was another too of those English bully-rocks, Sir Walter Raleigh, with a pox to him ; he served us a slippery trick indeed, for he took away the Mother of God, and God knows she was worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, not reckoning the other smaller craft that went with him only to bear her company.

There is something in our destinies that gives them an ascendant over us ; and a brave man scorns to buckle to fortune. You may live to be beaten again as I was, and poor Alphonso de Leva, nay, honest Recalde, he was cursedly mauled too with his rear squadron ; and to add to my misfortunes, I was a little while after drubbed again by them. I thought they never would have done dancing round me for my part. But what consummated my disgrace and still leaves the deepest impression on my spirit is the burning my fleet at Calais ; there I must own it sincerely to you, I was somewhat astonished. I thought Vesuvius had been floating upon the water, or Mount Ætna had out of kindness come to light me thro' the north passage home : but this was a hellish invention of those Englishmen to set my ships on fire, and destroy us all.

Now this similitude of our destinies having endeared you to me, I thought my comparing our notes together might mitigate part of your affliction. Nay, thus far we are again alike in the frowns of insulting fortune, that they will make new medals with the old inscription, *dux fœmina facti*. Indeed, you must give me leave, Sir, to be a little free with you, that is to tell you, for aught I know, Providence may have ordered it so, to shew that the wisdom of man is really but a chimera. As Spain, when in the highest exaltation of her glory, with a vast fleet that was three years equipping, and consisted of no less than 130 sail of ships, enough to have forced her way thro' the universe ; yet with all this preparation, a single woman, embroiled in her state at home, not only made head against us but even quite destroyed us, insomuch, that the kingdom of Spain was never fully able to recover the vast expense of this fleet, and the continual losses that attended its being beaten. In like manner, Sir, what know we but that the kingdom of France, being even now at the summit of glory, and by the accession of the Spanish interest, so entirely devoted to the king, may not see all his laurels torn from his brows by a queen, and to the dishonour of the

Salic law, make the greatest of all its monarchs truckle to a woman, whom they thought incapable of reigning.

I don't say this will be certainly so, but examining all occurrences hitherto, it looks but scurvily upon the Spanish and French side. For France was never so many times and so considerably defeated as since she sat upon the throne, and that too both by sea and land. Indeed the English in these parts grow very pragmatical upon it, and at every turn call for a son of a whore of a Spaniard to make snuff of. Cardinal Granvil, that was the ablest head-piece of his time, avers it so positively, that I dare not aim at contradiction ; and his opinion is, that the English, who are naturally good when they are yielded to, and only obstinate and angry when they are opposed, will ever be happily governed by a queen. He assigns this for a reason, that the monarchy of England having a great alloy of a republic, are more jealous of their warlike princes than of their weak ones, and lest they should happen to give a daring prince an unhappy opportunity of treading upon their necks, if they should stoop, they will always in Parliament keep him at some distance. But as a woman cannot pretend to guide the reins of empire by a strong hand, she must do it by a wise head ; therefore not trusting so much to her own judgment, as hot-headed man does, she does nothing without the advice of her council ; and that is a small Parliament, as a parliament is a grand national council. This method of government suits best with the English temper ; from whence I conclude, that England never was in so fair a prospect of doing herself justice, and asserting her rights, since that miracle of a woman Queen Elizabeth, as it is at this juncture. For so glorious and triumphant beginnings open all her subjects' hearts, and their coffers with them, which cannot tend but to our ruin and shame. Make haste hither, and get out of the confusion that you cannot long defer.

Marcellinus to Mons. Boileau

Nay, this is beyond the possibility of patience ! Tho' there is much due to the character of princes, yet there is more to ourselves and truth ; and I cannot without the highest injustice and ingratitude possible, but remind you of some of the actions of your idol monarch, which with so much reason dispute with each other, as to which was the most enormous and tyrannical.

I only endeavoured to make Julian the Apostate pass upon posterity for a hero, and you call me an insolent brazen-faced rascally flatterer.

If I exceeded the exactness of an historian, it was because in that treatise I set up for a courtier, and sincerity in such people is of the most dangerous consequence imaginable. If the Emperor Julian had been the first monster in nature that met with a willing pen to set his actions in a less inglorious light than others expected, and naked truth required ; yet I am sure he is not the greatest. Your master has traced all the footsteps of his cruelty and policy ; for if he managed matters so swimmingly between the Catholics and Arians that he secured himself by their divisions, Lewis has all along done the same. If he countenanced the Jews, Lewis supported the Turks ; if he destroyed the Christians, Lewis has done it in a much more barbarous and perfidious manner ; if he threw down the image of Christ at Cæsarea Philippi, Lewis has acted the same in the front of the Jesuits' Church.¹

Now, since you have dared to consecrate the reputation of your king, why so many bitter invectives against me, a petty Pagan, for speaking in favour of my master ? You modern wits, that value yourselves so much upon having refined our dross, have sunk as scandalously low in matters of flattery as any of us. We are continually pestered here with disputes, and every court rings with the different claims. The popes send legates hither for their saints, Pluto won't let one of them go, because they are damned. Others will have it that their time is fulfilled in Purgatory, therefore would be discharged, but the Devil knows better. Father Garnet² too, that execrable engine of the Powder-Plot, storms and raves, but the horned gentlemen with cloven feet laugh at him, and his canonization. Where was there ever so much innocent Christian blood shed as on Bartholomew's Day at Paris ? Yet even that unparalleled murder has been justified a thousand times by your Church ; as if the accurateness of a man's pen could make that pass for a virtue which will be an everlasting and detestable blot. Pelisson is a man of prodigious parts, Boileau has the smoothest pen and noblest genius of his time, because their prince is alive, and as generous to reward their flattery, as he is greedy to have it. But poor I, because I have been dead one thousand four hundred years and more, I am an idle rascally fellow.

¹ The taking down the image of Our Saviour, and setting up the French king's in the room of it, occasioned this distich :

Abstulit hinc Jesum, posuitque insignia regis
Impia gens ; alium non habet illa Deum.

(Note by Brown.)

² Henry Garnett (1555-1606) became the Jesuit provincial in England in 1587. He was accused of complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, and, after twenty-three examinations by the Privy Council, was condemned and executed in 1606.

But even at this distance I am no stranger to the transactions of Versailles ; and since you have spit out so much of your blackest venom against me and my hero, I shall take the freedom to call to mind some of those very remarkable particulars which give so glorious a lustre, as you call it, to your *viro immortalis*. His life has been but one continued series of rapines and murders, perjuries and desolations. For though the first disorders in Hungary were in some measure owing to the injustices Count Teckelej¹ received from the ministers of the empire, yet it is undeniably true that France fomented the war and solicited the Turk to espouse Teckelej's quarrels, and promised to assist him himself. The negociations of the French ambassadors at the Porte, the vast sums of money remitted to Teckelej, and the endeavours to disengage the king of Poland and the duke of Bavaria from the interest of the empire ; these things, Mons. Boileau, were not managed with such secrecy, but that the more essential particulars are come to many peoples' knowledge. His other underhand dealings with several princes and cities of Germany shewed his formidable army in Alsatia was not to succour the empire, but to seize on it. But the raising of the siege at Vienna broke all their measures at Versailles, and the king of France, confounded at this disappointment, vented his rage upon his own subjects, and that part of them too that set the crown upon his head, when the most considerable of the Roman Catholics abandoned his interest. The ravage he committed in the territories of the three ecclesiastical electors, and in the Palatinate at the same time, shewed him rather the scourge of mankind, than the eldest son of the Church.

'Tis true, there never was any prince but had his flatterers ; but you French have been guilty of the grossest to the present king of France, that ever were recorded. My Julian would have blushed, or rather trembled, at such blasphemous adulation. Lewis has been adored for his mercy, and yet exceeded our Nero in barbarity and bloodshed. Fire and sword were mild executioners of his cruelty ; for his impetuous lust of mischief has been so fruitful in inventing torments that he has made all those forms of death desirable to his subjects that were the reproach of tyrants. His ingenious malice has contrived exquisite pain, without destroying the persons that suffer it ; and if he could compel man to be immortal, he would invent miseries to vie with

¹ Emeric, Count de Tekeli, was a Hungarian who entered the service of the Turks and continued his submission even after assuming the crown of Hungary. He fought against the Austrians, but was finally compelled to retire to Turkey, where he died in 1705.

those of hell itself. He scorns all the humble paths of Domitian's perfidiousness : such puny perjuries are too mean for Lewis le Grand ; and since he could not possibly make them greater in their nature, he aggravated them by their number. The peace of the Pyreneans, that of Aix la Chapelle, that of Nimeguen, the truce for twenty years, the Edict of Nantes, the treaty at Ryswick, are sufficient arguments that he only promised so that he might not perform ; and vowed to observe treaties, that he might have the lechery of breaking them afterwards with a more execrable guilt.

Your servile flattery styles him the restorer and preserver of the peace of Christendom, yet he armed the Crescent against the Cross, and carried desolation through every corner of Europe. There is no prince but he has invaded, no neighbour that he has not oppressed, no law that he has not violated, no religion that he has not trampled on, and shewed the successors of St. Peter, that he had one sword sharper than both theirs. His panegyrists have refined the impious wit of Commodus's sycophants ; and lest books should not transmit their blasphemies to posterity, they have raised superb monuments of his arrogancy and their own shame. What statues, what pictures of him at Versailles, Fontainebleau, Marly, the Louvre, the Invalides, the Palace Royal, etc. Where have I, Mons. Boileau, armed my Julian with a thunderbolt ?¹ Have I any thing equal to your *viro immortalis*, to your *divo Ludovico* ? Why, then, am I such an infamous flatterer, such a sneaking cringing rascal ? I have nothing comparable to your fustian bombast, nor to the hyperboles of Pelisson, nor the impertinent titles of every Frenchman that sets pen to paper. I leave the world to judge if my hero has not a juster claim to all the eulogies I have given him, ten thousand times preferable to Lewis le Grand, and yet you have said ten thousand times more of him.

Postscript

Just as I was dispatching this, a mail came in from Spain that gave us an account of the king of France's having extended his dominions over the Plate-fleet ; but while he was drinking Chateau-Renault's health, some two or three merry English boys ran away with it all.

¹ Over the door of the great hall of the Invalides he is drawn guiding the chariot of the sun, with beams of glory round his head, and a thunderbolt in his hand, the four quarters of the world kneel before him in a very humble posture, and the motto is *Je plais à tous*. (Brown's note.)



For many years Temple Bar was the scene of many noisy demonstrations, when the Pope, unpopular ministers, or others who had incurred the dislike of the crowds, were burned in effigy. Although rather later than the period of Tom Brown this picture gives a good impression of such a scene. It also shows Temple Bar adorned with two heads and the leg of some dismembered traitor

A POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION NEAR TEMPLE BAR

(From a print in the Crace Collection)

This has given Lewis and his grandson such a fit of the cholic that they are not expected to live long under such terrible agonies ; whereupon the devil has ordered a thousand chaldron of fresh brimstone to air their apartments against they come.

Cornelius Gallus to the Lady Dilliana at Bath

CHARMING DILLIANA,

I shall not blush to own I have been in love, since the wisest men that ever were have found their philosophy too weak to prevent the tyranny of the blind boy. However, though they were sensible of the powers of beauty, yet they were all ignorant of its cause. The painter that first drew Cupid with a fillet over his eyes did not mean that they were blind, but that it was impossible to express their various motions : sometimes eager desire adds new darts to their sparkling rages ; sometimes chilling fear in a minute overcasts their glittering beams ; joy drowns 'em in an unusual moisture, and irresolution gives 'em a gentle trembling ; despair sinks 'em into their orbits : jealousy re-kindles the expiring flame ; and one kind look from the person we adore sweetly soothes 'em again, so that it is easy to remark from their sudden composedness the new calm and tranquillity of the mind.

We may say as much of love as of beauty, we all know there is such a thing, but none of us can tell what it is. 'Tis not youth alone that is exposed to the fatal tempest of this raging passion. Age itself has yielded to its attacks ; we have seen some look gaily in their love, tho' they were stepping into their graves. It laughs at the most ambitious man, and makes a monarch turn vassal to his own subjects ; it makes the miser lavish of his adored dust and the hoarded ore profusely scattered at his charmer's feet. Nay, the poets themselves did not feign Cupid so extravagant as many philosophers felt him. However, love is the great spring-head from whence all our felicities flow ; and our condition would be worse than that of the very beasts, if it were exempted from this darling passion. Yet it is as true, too, that there is nothing upon the earth so enormous and detestable, but love has been the occasion of it at one time or other. That glorious emanation of divinity, that breath of life which gave us the similitude of our Creator, is often stifled by this raging passion ; reason revolts, and joining partly with love, proves our ruin by justifying a thousand absurdities, and

there is no misery to which mankind may be said to be subject, that is not caused by love. There would be no sorrow, no fear, no desire, no despair, no jealousy, no hatred, if there were no love. The soul becomes a restless sea, whose tumultuous waves are continually foaming. Every sense is an inlet to this violent passion ; and there are but few objects which can affect the soul, that do not give it birth. As heat produces some things and destroys others, so love is the original of good and evil. It may be called the school of honour and virtue ; and yet not improperly a theatre of horror and confusion too.

'Tis the powerful and pleasing band of human society ; without it there would be no families, no kingdoms. Yet we read of an Alexander that sacrificed a whole city to a smile of his mistress. Anthony disputed the world with Cæsar, yet chose rather to lose it than be absent from Cleopatra's arms. David forgot the august character of a man after God's own heart, and tho' so famous for prowess as well as piety, basely murdered the injured Uriah the more freely to enjoy the lovely adultrous. Charming Sempronia, fire is pure in itself, 'tis the matter only that sends up all those offensive clouds of smoke, and if nature were not depraved, love would not cause these disorders ; 'twould not mix poison with wine to destroy a rival, and thro' a sea of blood and tears wade to its object. Love is the most formidable enemy a wise man can have, and is the only passion against which he has no defence. If anger surprize him, it lasts not long, and the same minute concludes it as commenced it. If by a slower fire his choler boils, he prevents its running over ; but love steals so secretly, and so sweetly withal, into every corner of our hearts, into every faculty of our soul, that it is absolutely master before we can perceive it. When once we discover it, we are quite undone : at the same time he triumphs over our wisdom, and our reason too, and makes them both his vassals to maintain his tyranny. What else could mean those numerous follies of the adulterous gods descending in viler forms to commit their rapes ? ——

The first wound that beauty makes is almost insensible, and though the deadly poison spreads through every part, we hardly suspect we are in danger. At first, indeed, we are only pleased with seeing the persons or talking of 'em, affecting an humble complaisance for all they say or do ; the very thinking on them is charming, and the desires we have as yet are so far from impetuosity that no philosopher could be so rigid as to condemn us.

Hitherto 'tis well, but 'tis hardly love, for that, like a bee, forfeits

its name if it has no sting. But alas ! the lurking fire quickly bursts out, and that pleasing idea which represented itself so sweetly and so respectfully to the soul one moment before, now insolently obtrudes upon our most serious thoughts and makes us impious even at the horns of the altar ; she perfidiously betrays us in our very sleep itself, sometimes appearing haughty and scornful, sometimes yielding and kind ; and this, too, when there is no reason for either. The infant passion is now become a cruel father of all other passions ; cruel indeed, for he has no sooner given birth to one but he stifles it to introduce another, whose short-lived fate is just the same, to be destroyed the next moment it is born.

Hope and despair, joy and sorrow, courage and fear, continually succeed each other ; anger, jealousy, and revenge, distract the mind ; and all these mingled, their fury is like a storm blowing from every corner of the heavens. Then the lover is like the ocean ; agitated by such boisterous winds, he foams and roars, the swelling waves of his boiling appetite dash each other to pieces, the foggy clouds of melancholy and disappointment intercept the glittering rays of reason's sun, the rattling thunder of jealous rage breaks thro' his trembling sphere. When his understanding returns but for a moment, 'tis like darted lightning piercing thro' the obscurity of violent passions, and shews nature in every lover a confusion almost equal to her original chaos.

Whoever was really in love, charming Sempronia, will readily confess the allegory to be just. Tho' nothing has surprised me more in affairs of this nature than that most men who have been sensible of this passion do not care to own it, when once their more indulgent fate has put a period to it ; as if it were a calling their judgment in question to believe they thought a woman handsome. Your eyes justify our adoration, and will ever constitute the felicity of

CORN. GALLUS

From Bully Dawson to Bully W——¹

CONFOUND YOU FOR A MONUMENTAL SLUGGARD,

I have been dead and damned these seven years, and left your talkative bulkiness behind me as the only fit person in the town to

¹ Bully Dawson was a notorious rogue about town. In his *Table Talk* Brown says : ' Half the world bullied by Captain Dawson ; and Captain Dawson bullied by half the world.' Of the same breed was his friend Bully Watson, whose prowess, as related in the following letter, seems to have been considerable—at any rate in words.

succeed me in blustering bravadoes and non-killing skirmishes ; and you, like a lazy hulk, whose stupendous magnitude is full big enough to load an elephant with lubberliness, sot away your time in Mongo's fumitory, among a parcel of old smoke-dried cadators, and since my departure, have not so much as cut a link-boy over the pate, pinked a hackney-coachman, or drawn your sword upon a cripple, to fill the town with new rumours of your wonted bravery, and make the callow students of the wrangling society wag their unfledged chins over their pennyworth of Ninny Broth ? Adds fleshly wounds ! in what sheep's-head ordinary have you chewed away the meridian altitude of your voracious stomach ; and where squandered away the tiresome minutes of your evening leisure, over sealed Winchesters¹ of three-penny guzzle ? In all this time you have never exerted your hectorian talent, but have kept your reputation growing musty upon an old foundation, which is ready to sink, for want of being repaired by some notable achievements.

Do you think the obsolete renown of cutting off a knight's thumb in a duel, and keeping it in your pocket three weeks for a tobacco-stopper ; lying with the French king in your travels, and kicking him out of bed for farting in his sleep ; answering the challenge of a life-guardsman for tearing a hole in his stocking with the chape of your sword when his jack-boots were on ; disarming three highwaymen upon the road with twopence-halfpenny in your pocket, and letting them go upon their parole of honour ; wearing a wig for ten years together without losing the curl or combing out one hair ; taking a tiger by the tooth, and the Grand Seignior by his whiskers ; bearing an ensign in a mimic fight upon your atlantic shoulders ; knocking a shifting porter down, when you were drunk, backwards in his own sir-reverence ; your duel with *Johannes in nubibus*, in behalf of a lady you never set eyes on ; eating five shillings-worth of meat, at a nine-penny ordinary, and at last entreated by the man of the house to have no more of your custom ; do you think these or a hundred such like antiquated exploits are sufficient to maintain the character of a staunch bully, without new enterprizes ? No, an old reputation is like an old house, which, if not repaired often, must quickly fall of necessity to decay, and will at last, for want of new application, be totally obliterated.

Therefore, if ever you intend to be my rival in glory, you must fright a bailiff once a day, stand kick and cuff once a week, challenge some

¹ A Winchester pint pot held a quart.

coward or other once a month, bilk your lodging once a quarter, and cheat a tailor once a year ; crow over every coxcomb you meet and be sure you kick every jilt you bully into an open-legged submission and a compliance of treating you. Never till then will the fame of W—n ring like Dawson's in every coffee-house, or be the merry subject of every tavern tittle-tattle.

To let you know I am not like a cock or a bull-dog, to lose my courage when I change my climate, I shall proceed to give you a very modest account of some of my bold undertakings in these diabolical confines, these damned dusky unsavoury grottoes, where altho' there are whole rivers of brimstone for the convenient dipping of card-matches, yet if a man would give one ounce of immortality for so much as a rush-candle, 'tis as hard to be purchased as if you were to buy honey of a bear, or a stallion of a lascivious duchess that wants frication more than she does money. At my first entrance into this damned dark cavern I staggered about by guess, like some drunken son of a whore tumbled into a Newcastle coal-pit ; and finding myself in this ugly condition, I could not forbear breathing out a few curses upon the place, which, by the lord of the territories, were thrown away as much as if I had carried lice to Newgate, or wished the people in Bedlam mad.

As I thus blundered about like a beetle in a hollow tree, I happened to break my shins against a confounded poker ; upon which I made a damnable swearing for a light, that I might see whereabouts I was, but to no purpose. I found I might as well have called upon Jupiter to have lent me his hand to have dragged me out of Pluto's dominions. This sort of stumbling entertainment so provoked my patience that tho' I knew I was under the devil's jurisdiction, yet I could not tell but that like a debtor in a prison, or bully in a bawdy-house, I might fare the better for mutinying ; so I discharged such a volley of new-coined oaths, and made such damned roaring and raving, that the devils began to fear I should put hell in an uproar. Upon this a couple of tatterdemalion hobgoblins, that looked like a brace of scare-crows just flown out of a pease-field, seized me by the shoulders, and run me into the bilboes.

'Confound you,' said I, 'for a couple of hell-cats, what's this for ?'
'For,' cries one of the grim potentates, as saucily as a reforming constable, 'for your tumultuous noisy behaviour. Why sure, you don't think you are got into a bear-garden.' 'Wounds,' quoth I, 'thou talkest as if the devil kept a conventicle ; why, hell at this rate is worse

than a parliament-house, if a man mayn't have the liberty of speech, especially when 'tis to redress his grievances.'

Just as we were thus parlying, who should come by but Bob Weden,¹ jabbering to himself like a jack-daw in a cherry-tree that had lost his mate. I knew him by his hoarse voice, which sounded like the lowest note of a double courtel. 'Who's there, Bob!' said I? 'Captain,' says he, 'I am heartily glad to see you: yes, yes, I am that very drone of a bagpipe, you may know me by my hum. I have got my quietus at last, and I thank my stars, by the help of rum and hot weather, have bilked all my English creditors.' 'Why where the devil,' said I, 'did you die, then, that you give your creditors the epithet of English?' 'Just over our head,' says he, 'in that damned country Barbadoes, where my brains used to boil by the heat of the sun like a hasty-pudding in a sauce-pan; I had been in a sweat ever since above seven months before I died; all the while I lived in that damned treachy colony, I fancied myself to be just like a living grig tossed into a frying-pan; and now death, pox on him for a raw-head and bloody-bones, has tossed me out of the frying-pan into the fire.' 'Indeed, Bob,' said I, 'I could wish myself in an ice-house heartily, for I have been in a kind of hectic fever ever since my admittance.' 'Zounds,' says he, 'tis so hot there's no enduring on't; it's a country fit for nothing but a salamander to live in: if Abednego's oven had been but half so hot, if any of them had come out without singeing their garments, I'd have forsworn brandy to all eternity. Well but, prithee captain, how came your pedestals to be in this jeopardy?' I told him the truth (tho' I was in a damned lying country), only for cursing and swearing a little. 'Oh!' says he, 'you must have a great care of that, for here are a parcel of whiggish devils lately climbed into authority, who tho' they were the forwardest of all the infernal host in the rebellion against heaven, yet of late pretend to such demurity as to form a society for the Regulation of Manners, tho' themselves are a parcel of the wickedest spirits in all hell's dominions. But, however, have a little patience; I have a justice of peace hard by of my acquaintance, who tho' he be one of their kidney as to matter of religion, yet I know he'll be as drunk with burnt brandy as a sow with hogwash; will bugger a Succubus, when his lust's predominant; and as for cursing and swearing, he's more expert at it than a losing gamester, but if I meet him in a merry humour, I don't doubt but to prevail.'

Thus Bob left me for a few moments, and, indeed, had we been in a

¹ See note, page 326.

brandy-shop where we had had any thing to have paid, I should have much questioned his return; but being in a strange country, where friends are always glad to meet one another, and being free from the predicament of a reckoning, I had some hopes of his being as good as his word, which in the other world all his acquaintance knew as well as myself he was never over careful to preserve.

During his absence I had little else to do but to curse the country, and for want of liberty scratch my ears, which were terrified with the buzzing of a parcel of fanatical souls, who swarmed as thick as bees at a Hampshire farmer's, some damning Doctor B——ges,¹ others confounding of Timothy Cr——soe, some raving against Me——d of Stepney, others cursing of Salters'-Hall, etc., as if the ready road to hell was to travel through Presbytery.

By this time my friend Bob was as good as his word, which was the first time I ever knew him so. 'Well,' says he, 'you may see I am as sure as a robin, I have got your discharge. But the justice swears that had you been confined for any thing besides whoring, drinking and swearing, you should have been shackled and damned before he'd ever have released you. However, here's a little *Scribere cum dasho* will set you at liberty.' Upon this we called the constable of the ward, who, upon sight of the discharge, freed my supporters from confinement, which was no sooner done, but with a reciprocal joy for my happy deliverance we began a ramble together thro' all the neighbouring avenues, in hopes to meet with something that might give us a little diversion.

We had not travelled above an hundred yards, but who should we meet but the old snarling rogue that used to cry '*Poor Jack*,'² with his wife after him. He no sooner espied us, but he attacked us open-mouthed after the following manner: 'Two sharpers without one penny of money in their pockets; a couple of bullies, and both cowards, ha, ha. Now for a fool with a full pocket, a good dinner at free-cost, a whore and a tavern, a belly-full of wine without paying for't, ha, ha, ha; a hackney-coach for a bilk, or a brass-shilling; a long sword, never a shirt, White-Friars i'th' day-time, a garret at night; ha, ha, ha.'

¹ Dr. Burgess; see note, page 89. Timothy Crusoe, who died in 1697, was a Presbyterian divine. He held a pastorate in Crutched Friars, and was the author of many sermons and works of piety. Matthew Mead was an Independent minister who had been appointed to the living of Shadwell by Cromwell. He was ejected in 1662, did good work during the Plague, was suspected of implication in the Rye House Plot. He was minister at Stepney in 1771.

² Poor Jack was dried hake.

Thus the old rascal ran upon us as we passed by him, so that we were both as glad when we were out of his reach, as a hen-pecked cuckold that has shunned the hisses of that serpent he hugs every night in his bosom.

We had not gone twenty yards farther, scarce out of the reach of the noisy tongue of this railing peripatetic, but we met Bowman that kept the Dog-Tavern in Drury Lane, whose first salutation was, 'Pox take you both for a couple of shammocking rascals; if it had not been for you, and such others of your company, I had been a living man to this day, for you broke my tavern, and that broke my heart. When I went off, besides book-debts never paid, but crossed out and forgiven, I had as much chalk scored up in my bar, upon your account, as would have whitened the flesh of twenty calves at Rumford, or have cured half the town of the heart-burn; and as certainly as you are both damned, I would arrest you here in the Devil's name, but that I know a foreign plea, or the statute of limitation are pleadable in defiance of me. And that whore, my wife, too, that used to open her sluice and let in an inundation of shabroons to gratify her concupiscence, she lent her helping buttock among ye to shove on my ruin; but if ever I catch the strumpet in these territories, I'll sear up the bung-hole of her filthy firkin, I'll reward her for her bitching.'

'Confound you,' cries Bob, 'for a cuckoldy cidermonger; do not you know damnation pays every man's scores, and tho' we ticked in the other world for subsistence, it was not with a design to cheat you or any body else, for we knew we should have the Devil to pay one time or other? And now you see, like honest men, we have pawned our souls for the whole reckoning, and so a fart for our creditors. You see we had rather be damned than not to make general satisfaction, and yet you are not satisfied. Why, a man, at this rate, had better live in Newgate to eternity, than be thus plagued with creditors after his arse, to put him in mind of old scores wherever he travels. Besides, 'tis against the law of humanity for a man to be dunned for a domestic debt in a foreign country.' 'Well, gentlemen,' says he, 'I find you have not forgot your old principles; and so good-bye to ye.' And thus, as old Nick would have it, we got rid of our second plague.

As we went from thence, turning down into a steep narrow lane, irregularly paved with rugged flints, like the bottom of a mountain in North-Wales, a damned greasy great fellow, with his hair thrust under a dirty night-cap, in a dimity-waistcoat and buff-breeches, with a huge buckshorn-handle knife hanging by a silver-chain at his apron-strings,

came puffing and blowing up the hill against us, like a grampus before a storm, sweating as if he had been doing the drudgery of Sisyphus. And coming near us he makes a halt, and looking me full in my face gives a mannerly bow, and cries, 'Your servant, noble captain!' 'Friend,' said I, 'I don't know thee.' 'Ah! master,' said he, 'time was, when you condescended to eat many a sop in the pan in my poor kitchen. I kept the sign of the Gridiron in Water-lane for many years together, but have been damned, the Lord help me, above these nine months, for only cozening my customers with slink veal.'¹ I told him I was sorry for his condition, and hoped I did not owe him any thing. 'No, worthy master,' says he 'not a farthing, for you never had more at a meal than a halfpenny roll, and I always, because you were a gentleman, allowed you the benefit of my dripping-pan, and every time you came, you paid me for my bread very honestly.' I did not much approve of the rogue's memory, so bid him farewell; but my friend Weden, like a bantering dog, did so terrify my ears about my half-penny ordinary, that I had rather for the time have been flung naked into a tuft of nettles.

As he was thus teasing me, who should we stumble upon but Captain Swinny the Irishman. You cannot but imagine that a very joyful congratulation passed between us, who had been staunch friends, such old and intimate acquaintance. No sooner was our salutation over than we began to inquire as we used to do upon earth, into one another's circumstances. Says Swinny, 'By my shoul and shalvation I have got my good old lord here, that I used to procure and pimp for in t'other world; and as he gave me money upon earth to indulge him in his sins, and provide him whores to cool his lechery, now that he's damned for't, like a grateful master, he allows me every day a dish of snap-dragons to fetch him water from Styx, to cool his entrails.' 'I think,' says Bob, 'you were always very careful of your lord's health, and never brought any thing to his embraces but unpenetrated maids, or very sound thornbacks.' 'By chriesh and shaint Patrick, 'tis very true,' says he, 'for I always made myself his taster for fear he should be poisoned, and first took a sip of the cup to try whether the juice was good or no. And tho' he was as great a wencher as any was in England, I'll take my swear, excepting the gout, he's come as sound a nobleman into hell, as has took leave of the other world these fifty years, and was so very bobborous two days ago, tho' he's near seventy, that he bid me look out for a soft-handed she-devil to give him a little frication, and said nothing

¹ The flesh of a prematurely born calf.

vexed him but that he was damned among a parcel of spirits, with whom he could have no carnal copulation. Well, gentlemen, I must loiter no longer, I am travelling in haste to Styx to fill my lord's bottle, but all won't cool his lechery, tho' he be turned a perfect aquapote : so, my dear joys, farewell.'

We had not parted with him as many minutes as a man may beget his likeness in, when who should we meet but Mumford¹ the player, looking as pale as a ghost, sailing forward as gently as a caterpillar across a sycamore leaf ; gaping for a little air, like a sinner just come out of the powdering-tub ; crying out as he crept towards us, ' Oh my back ! confound 'em for a pack of brimstones ! Oh my back ! '

' How now, Sir Courtly,' said I, ' what the devil makes thee in this pickle ? ' ' Oh, gentlemen,' says he, ' I am glad to see you ; but I am troubled with such a weakness in my back, that it makes me bend like a superannuated fornicator. ' Some strain,' said I, ' got in the other world with overheaving yourself.' ' What matter how t'was got,' said he, ' can you tell me any thing that's good for't ? ' ' Yes,' said I, ' get a good warm *Girdle* and tie round you, 'tis excellent to strengthen the loins.' ' Pox on you,' says he, ' for a bantering dog, how can a single girdle do me good, when a *Brace* was my destruction ? ' ' I think,' said I, ' you did die a martyr for a pair of penetrable whiskers, fell a bleeding sacrifice to a cloven tuft that was as glad, I believe, of your going out of the other world, as old Nick was of your coming into this ; for I hear you kept the poor titmouse under such slavish subjection that a peer of the realm could not so much as come in to be brother-sterling with you. Nay, some say you put an Italian security upon't, purposely to indict anybody for felony and burglary that should break open the lock.' ' Pox confound you,' says he, ' for a liar ; how can that be when half the pit knows they had egress and regress when they pleased, without any manner of obstruction ? But tattling here won't do my business, I must seek out Needham, Lower, or some other famous physician, that may give me ease. So, gentlemen, adieu to ye ! '

We had not gone much farther but at the corner of a dirty lane we found a wondrous throng of attentive scoundrels, serenaded by a couple

¹ William Mountfort, the actor and dramatist, whose murder by Captain Hill and Lord Mohun was one of the great sensations of the period. These two bravoes suspected him of intimacy with Mrs. Bracegirdle, who had spurned their own advances. They waylaid him one night as he was returning to his lodgings in Norfolk Street, Strand, and while one engaged him in conversation the other ran him through the body with his sword. Hill escaped and Lord Mohun was tried by his peers—and acquitted. Mountfort had made the character of Sir Courtly Nice in Crowne's play of that name.

of ballad-singers, who stood in the middle of the tattered audience, with their hands under their ears, singing, '*With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, in and out, in and out, ho!*' Who should come limping by but Mr. Dryden the poet. 'There's a delicious song for you, gentlemen,' says he, 'there are luscious words wrapt up in clean linen for you; tho' there is a very bawdy mystery in them, yet they are so intelligibly expressed, that a girl of ten years old may understand the meaning of them. My lord Rochester's songs are mine arse to it. Well, my dear Love for Love,¹ thou deservest to be poet laureat, were it only for the composure of this seraphic ditty; 'tis enough to put music into the tail of an old woman of fourscore, and make a girl of fourteen to be as knowing in her own thoughts as her parents that got her. Oh, 'tis a song of wonderful instruction, of incomparable modesty, considering its meaning.'

Who should come puffing into the crowd in abundance of haste, with a face as red as a new pantile, but Nat Lee?² 'Hark you, Nat,' says Dryden, 'did you ever hear such a feeling ballad in your life before? egad, the words steal so cunningly into one's veins that nature will scarce be pacified till she has dropt some loose corns into one's breeches.' 'Foh, you old lecherous beast,' says Nat Lee, 'here's a song indeed for a poet of your gravity to admire! I have heard twenty better under White-Friar's gate-way.' 'You're a madman,' says Dryden, 'you never understood a song in your life, nor any thing else, but jumbling the gods about as if they were so many tapsters in a lumber-house.'

Thus we leave them squabbling together, which song should have the preference, and so step forward.

We had not jogged on above a quarter of a mile further, when a parcel of spirits in the shape of screech-owls came hovering over our heads, crying out, 'Make room, make room, for the chief pastor of the flock will be here to night.' Think we, here's some great guest or other a coming; for my part, I thought nothing less than an archbishop of Canterbury. My friend Bob was much of my opinion, and cried there was some fat priest coming in to pay his garnish. But who should it prove at last but a dissenting doctor, tricked up in a band and cloak, and all the factious ornaments becoming a squeamish conscience, attended with abundance of bald crowns and grey hairs, who came hobbling after

¹ A play by Congreve, staged in 1695.

² Nathaniel Lee was one of the later Restoration dramatists. His best-known play is *The Rival Queens*, which was produced in 1677.

him like the old men of the Charter-house behind their chaplain to eleven o'clock prayers. My friend Bob and I both having a curiosity to know what Don Prattlebox it was, inquired of a devil who had a discerning countenance, if he knew who this newcomer was? He answered us, 'twas Doctor Ma—th—w T—y—r of Salters'-hall,¹ and those that attended him were some of his congregation, who were come in order to take up lodgings for the rest, who would not be long after. 'Adsheart,' says Bob, 'they are the most faithful flock in the universe, for if their shepherd comes to the devil, I see they will be sure to follow him, whilst the churchmen are such a parcel of straying sheep that tho' their guides go to heaven themselves, they can persuade but very few of their congregation to bear them company.'

The next person that we met with as we were rambling about, was Harry Care,² the Whiggish pamphleteer, who was stuffed all over with papers as thick as a buttock of beef with parsley. Coming near us, he asked how long we had been in? 'Sir,' said I, 'we are both but lately come from the other world.' 'Pray, gentlemen,' says he, 'can you tell me how my old friend Sir Roger l'Estrange does, and whether you hear any thing of his coming into these parts, for I am at a great loss for some body to exercise my talent with?' 'I left him very well,' said I; 'but when he takes leave of the upper world, whether he goes up hill or down hill to eternity, I can't inform you.' 'Sir,' says he, 'your humble servant'; and away he trooped, and left us without further impertinence.

As we were passing by the door of a little brandy-shop, who should be sitting upon an old worm-eaten bench, but Sam Scott the fiddle-seller, and Will Elder³ the graver, each with a huge Dutch pipe of infernal mundungus in their mouths smoking, for two penny-worth of aniseed-water. Sam Scott had got the start of him, which Will Elder perceiving, exercised his lungs so very strenuously, that he overtook him at the last whiff, which they discharged with such remarkable exactness, that none of the standers-by could undertake to decide the wager. When their

¹ The Salters' Hall Meeting-house was in St. Swithin's Lane. The second minister was Nathaniel—not Matthew—Taylor, who died in 1702, and in his latter years was so infirm that he had to crawl into the pulpit on his hands and knees. Matthew Henry calls him 'a man of great wit, worth and courage.'

² Henry Care was editor of the anti-Catholic *Weekly Pacquet of Advice from Rome*, which appeared off and on between 1678 and 1683. He wrote a number of violent Whig pamphlets. He died in 1688.

³ William Elder was a well-known engraver at the end of the century. He engraved the portrait of Ben Jonson for the folio edition of his works, 1692. Of Sam Scott I know nothing.

pipes were out, we saluted one another with abundance of friendship, and Sam Scott having an ascendancy over the house, invited us to take part of a bowl of punch. And just as we were stepping in, who should come by but O——n P——ce,¹ that died drunk at the Dog tavern in the company of my friend Weden. Mighty joyful we were to meet thus fortunately together; and to crown the happy juncture with an hour's mirth, we stepped into the little conveniency, every soul seating himself upon an empty runlet like a godson of Bacchus, in order to receive the promised blessing.

By the time we had every one rammed a full charge of sot-weed into our infernal guns, in order to fumisy our immortalities, the skull of Goliah was brought in for a punch-bowl, filled with such incomparable Heliconian juice, that six drops of it would make a man a better poet than either Shakespear or Ben Jonson. By the time a cup or two were gone about to Pluto and my lady Proserpine, we began to fall into a merry inquisition about one another's damnation. 'Prithee, Sam Scott,' said I, 'what the devil were you damned for?' 'Why, I'll tell you,' says Sam, 'I was found guilty of a couple of indictments, one was for consuming 975 papers of tobacco in six months, without any assistance, to the poisoning of many a consumptive citizen about Temple Bar; and the other was for smoking my dog to death, without any provocation.' 'Come, Bob Weden,' said I, 'tis your turn next, let us go round with it. Prithee, what charge did the hellish informers bring against you?' 'To tell you the truth,' says he, 'they proved me guilty of two great crimes too; one was for dealing by my friends very knavishly, and the other was for living by my wits very foolishly.'

'Come, captain Dawson,' says the company, 'what sort of conviction are you under?' 'As for my part, gentlemen,' said I, 'the chief thing that condemned me was the sin of forgetfulness; 'twas only for bilking my lodging, and being so careless to leave my periwig-comb behind me.' 'Well, neighbour P——ce,' said I, 'what was it brought you into these territories?' 'Twas for living like a rake,' says he, 'without money, and dying drunk in a tavern with twelve shillings in my pocket.' Will Elder being the last, we summed up our inquiry with his confession: 'Truly,' says he, 'mine was a very great fault, I must acknowledge, no less than the damnable sin of omission: you must

¹ Presumably Owen Price, a scholar who was made headmaster of Magdalen College School, Oxford, in 1657, and ejected at the Restoration. He subsequently became a schoolmaster, and died in 1671

know, gentlemen, the chief of my business was to grave the Lord's Prayer within the compass of a silver-penny : but to tell you the truth, I never thought of it but when I was at work, since my eyes were open, and 'tis chiefly for that neglect I suffer this confinement.'

'Well,' says Bob Weden, 'for my part, now I have got a bowl of punch before me, and such good company, I would not give a nit out of my shirt-collar to return back to my old quarters upon earth, for that was but a life full of extremes, and this can not be varied. There I was always very drunk or very drowsy, surfeited or very hungry, generally very poor and very pocky, afraid to walk the streets, and with no money to keep me within doors ; thought very witty by fools, and by wise men very wicked ; was every body's jester that wanted wit, and a blockhead to all those that had it ; dunned everywhere, and trusted nowhere ; not cared for any body, and beloved by no body : and what station, on this side death, can be worse than such a miserable life ? What signifies a little hot weather, when a man's assured it can't endanger his health ? Nothing can be subject to sickness but what is liable to death, and that immortality is free from.' 'Come then,' said I, 'if it be so, here's a bumper in memory of the cellar at the Still, and honest Jack Ni——ls the harper, count C—ni—s,¹ captain Wa—k—er and all the jolly lads of our loving acquaintance, with a huzza.'

In this manner we spent the evening as merrily as so many tars under the tropics, till at last we had the devil to pay with empty pockets. But Sam Scott, who was the undertaker of the treat, having made his coffin into a bass-viol, gave my landlady a lesson, two or three kisses, and a few fair words, and prevailed with her to trust him for the reckoning : so being all saluted with 'you're welcome, gentlemen,' we all arose like a company of coopers from our tubs and our runlets, and went away whooping for more liquor.

These are all the remarkable passages that at present I think worth transmitting to you : so I hope you will requite me after the like manner, with something that may be entertaining to a gentleman under my warm circumstances ; if it be an essay upon ice, or a treatise of the sovereign efficacy of rock water, it will be a very cooling satisfaction to your parboiled friend,

DAWSON

¹ The only one of the jolly lads I can account for is Count Cornelius, who was the second son of Henry Nassau, Count Auverquerque, and was made Master of the Robes to William III in 1700.

Mr. Henry W——'s Answer to Bully Dawson

NOBLE CAPTAIN AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF ALL THE COWARDS IN
CHRISTENDOM,

If being smoke-dried up a chimney, like a flitch of bacon, thro' fear of bailiffs, being kicked thro' the whole town by every coxcomb, being poked by every whore, and dunned by every scoundrel, starving, lousing, begging, borrowing, bullying, and all the plagues of human life would never mend your manners upon earth, I have little reason to believe the strict discipline of hell can make any reformation in so incorrigible a libertine. What reason have I ever given you to affront a poet, a gentleman of the law, a member of an inn of Chancery, an officer in the trained-bands, a man of invention, known courage, worth and integrity; a gentleman of my stature, figure and parts, that am able to crush a thousand such nits as thou art under my thumb nail?

'Tis well known to the world that I have fought many duels with success, writ many lampoons with applause, managed many causes to my clients' satisfaction, told many a pleasant story to the benefit of coffee-houses, flirted out many a jest to the delight of my companions, marched out often to the credit of St. Clement's trained-band, when I have been the only wonder of all the little boys that followed us, who, to the pleasure of my own ears, have cried aloud, 'there goes a tall ensign, there's a swanking fellow for you between the two blunderbusses'; 'there's a Goliath,' say the men; 'there's a strong-backed Samson,' say the women. And shall I, because I have been guilty of two or three little slips, which no man is exempt from, be put in mind of 'em by such an arrogant crackfart as thou art? I tell thee, bully, if thou wert but to be found upon earth, I would grind thee in a paper-mill for thy insolence, till I had made bumfodder of thee. But, however, since charity obliges every good Christian to forgive a man when he is dead, I shall pass by your affront, and take no more notice of it; but upon the word of a man of honour, had you been living, I would no more have forgiven you than I would have gone one day without a dinner if I had but one book in my library; therefore all things shall be forgotten, tho' you have deserved the contrary. And since you have obliged me with a short journal of your transactions on the other side Styx, I think myself obliged in honour to make a return of your civility after the like manner,

for the world knows me to be a man of a forgiving temper, and I scorn by bearing malice, or studying revenge, to forfeit my character.

I happened the other night to be in company with some men of honour, brave fellows, who were a little nice in their conversation, as well as their wine, that tried every word that was spoke by the touch-stone of good manners. One of them happened to say he was a lieutenant on board one of his majesty's small frigates, when so violent a storm rose upon the coast of Ireland that a monumental sea washing over the topmast head, by the very pressure of its weight sunk the vessel to the bottom of the ocean, which gave such a prodigious knock against the sand with her keel, that the very rebound, being a tight ship, sent her up again to the surface, without damage; and that by a watch of Tompion's, which he had in his pocket, they were three-quarters of an hour and some odd minutes in this dangerous expedition, that is, in going down and coming up again.

'Lord Sir,' says I, 'how did you breathe all that while?' 'Zoons, Sir,' says he, 'tis an affront to ask a gentleman such a question, and I demand satisfaction? Am I bound to tell every blockhead how many times I fetch my breath in three-quarters of an hour?' 'Nay, Sir,' said I, 'if you are for that sport, have at you; I'm a man of honour, and dare wait upon you anywhere.' With that he whispered me to go downstairs, which we both did accordingly, and drawing at the door, the first pass I made was a home thrust (for I never love to dally in such cases), and I run him thro' the centre of the fifth jubilee button of his coat, and just scratched him in the breast. Upon this he dropped his sword, believing I had killed him; but I, taking up the fallen weapon, stepped to him and unbraced him, to find he was more afraid than hurt; and that it was but a small prick that signified nothing. 'Now, pray, Sir,' said I, 'how did you breathe, I think I may make bold to ask you?' 'I'll tell you, Sir,' said he, 'I took in the water at my mouth, just as a fish does, but having no gills to give it vent, I let it out at my fundament.' Upon which answer, I was well satisfied, gave him his sword, and we became as great friends as the devil and the earl of Kent.

Another duel I had since (for you must know challenges come thick and threefold upon me, like actions upon a breaking shop-keeper), which I hope for its singularity will prove a little entertaining to you. I happened lately to be invited to a gentleman's chamber in Grays-Inn, to drink part of a bowl of punch. I went and was very plentifully entertained among some other gentlemen of my acquaintance, with a capacious

vessel of this most noble Diapente, insomuch that we were all elevated above the use of our legs, as well as our reason. The gentleman that gave us the entertainment, by the assistance of his man, made a shift to get to bed about twelve at night, but the rest lay up and down in the corners of the room, snoring like so many gorged swine, and battenning in their own snivel, which tobacco had drained from their moist entrails. I guarded the garrison of good liquor the very last man, and maintained my post at the table like a true English hero, till between Bacchus and Morpheus, like the rest of my companions, I was lulled into a lethargy ; and falling forward in my chair upon the table, my forehead happened to take the edge of the punch-bowl, and turned it clear over my head, so that it served me for a night-cap, my nose being drowned in the remains of the punch. Every time I drew up my breath, up went a spoonful, so that in a little time my nostrils were syringed as clean as a lady's honour, that has drank two quarts of Epsom waters for her morning's draught.

But after some time being almost suffocated, nature finding itself oppressed, gave me a jog, and waked me out of this drunken slumber. I had not scratched my ears, and rubbed my eyes above three minutes, before another awakes ; ' O lord,' says he, ' that a man should lead this wicked life, to be married but a fortnight and play these tricks. My wife will think I am a-whoring already, or plague herself with some damned whimsy or other.' By this time a third awakes, starts up like a ghost out of a grave, crying, ' A little drink for the Lord's sake, for I am as parched as if I had been dried in an oven all night,' and with that whips up the punch-bowl to his head, and drinks off the rinsings of my nostrils as heartily as if it had been sherbet made on purpose for a cooler (and by the way, ever since that time he has found such an alteration in his faculties, that from a very dull fellow he is become an absolute wit, to the admiration of all that knew him, tho' I never durst tell him it was from the dripping of my brains that he derived his ingenuity).

But to be short in my story ; when I was thoroughly awaked, I began to have a wambling in my stomach, as if I had supped over-night with a mountebank's toad-eater. The chamber-pot being full, I was unwilling to defile the room, and before I was aware, let fly into my *lignum-vitæ* night-cap, and being then pretty well at ease, I opened the chamber-door, and staggered homewards. At the end of Turnstile I happened to trip on a drunkard's enemy, a stump, and down I tumbled ; who should come by before I could get up again, but the constable

going his rounds, who quickly made me the centre of a circle of jack-o-lanterns, and seeing me grovelling on the ground, did not know but some body had mischieved me, upon which they asked me if I was wounded? 'Yes,' said I, 'sadly cut.' 'Where, where, Sir?' cried the watchmen. I replied, 'About the head.' They cried out, 'Who did it, who did it!' 'Punch, Punch,' said I. One of the watchmen being a fat short fellow, they used to call him Punch. 'By my soul, Sir,' said he to the constable, 'I never saw the gentleman before.'

With that they hauled me up, and perceiving their mistake, two of them, like honest fellows, handed me home to my chambers, without so much as stealing my hat, or picking my pockets, which was a wonder. I had not been many hours in bed, but the footman of the gentleman who entertained us comes to my door with a challenge, for affronting him for his civility, by spewing into his punch bowl. I sent him word I would not fail to meet him at the time and place appointed, God willing; so put on a clean shirt, and equipped myself for the adventure. But considering I had a man of fortitude to deal with, and one that would face any thing upon earth except a cat, which he hated much more than he did the sight of the devil. I therefore thought policy beyond strength against such an adversary, so resolved to set my wits to work to prevent bloodshed. And fortunately having a cat in my chamber that had not kitted above a week, I took the whole progeny out of the nest, which consisted of half a dozen, put three into one coat-pocket, and three into t'other, and away I marched behind Southampton-Wall¹ to meet my antagonist. I waited but a few minutes ere he approached the place in a great fury. I argued the matter reasonably with him, but found nothing would atone for the affront but downright fighting, so stepping a few paces back, he gave me the word, and drew. I, instead of applying my hands to my sword, applied them to my safer ammunition, the kittens, and fortified each fist with a young Mrs. Evans. I gripped 'em hard to make 'em mew, that the onset might be the more terrible. No sooner did he set his eyes upon his little squalling adversaries, but away he scoured, as if a legion of devils had been in pursuit of him, I after him, tossing now and then one of my hand-granadoes at him, but took care to pick them up again, lest my ammunition should be spent.

Who should follow me into the fields at a distance by the scent but

¹ The wall behind Southampton House, Bloomsbury, was the favourite meeting-place for duellists.

the old one in quest of her young, who seeing her hopeful issue thus terribly abused, flew about like a fury. At first he only traversed his ground at a little distance, but when he saw the mother of the family come cocking her tail, whetting her talons, and staring worse than a dead pig, he ran outright to Tottenham-Court¹, as if vengeance had pursued him, and took sanctuary at Inman's; since which retreat I have not yet seen him. But for self-preservation, which you know is nature's law, I have ever since walked armed with a brace of kittens in my pocket, for fear of farther danger.

These are late testimonials of my courage, to let you see I dare yet meet any body upon the old killing spot, tho' he be a better man than myself.

So much for my courage, and now for a few certificates of my wit, for which the world, as well as yourself, knows I am equally famous. I happened, the other day, to be at Nando's Coffee-house² in company with a person who was exclaiming heavily against a weaver of whores' hair for cheating him in a wig. 'Sir,' said I, 'next time you have occasion for a new noddle-case, I'll recommend you to the honestest periwig-maker in Christendom. I bought this wig on my head of him, it cost me but fifteen shillings, and I have wore it *de die in diem* these nine years and upwards, and you see it's not yet dwindled into scandalous circumstances. And, Sir, if you please I'll tell you for what reason he can afford better pennyworths than the rest of the trade; in the first place, you must know he dwells at Chelmsford, in Essex, and the country you are sensible admits of cheap living; in the next place, he has nineteen daughters in his family, all bred up to his own trade, who being kept unmarried, that their radical moisture should by no means be exhausted, their own hair grows so prodigiously fast that it keeps them all employed from the first day of January, to the last of December, setting aside holidays. Once in four years he mows the family round, never failing of a very plentiful crop. Much about this time I reckon his harvest is ripe, and all the neighbouring gentlemen are flocking in to bespeak their periwigs; some are fair girls, some brown, some black, so that he can mix up a colour to suit any complexion.'

'And is this true, Sir?' says the young priest. 'True, Sir,' said I. 'I hope you don't think me so little a Christian to impose upon a scholar,

¹ In the neighbourhood of the Adam and Eve tavern, now at the junction of the Euston and Hampstead Roads.

² Nando's was upstairs at the back of the Rainbow Coffee-house, opposite Chancery Lane, and was reached by a passage and stairs from Fleet Street.

a gentleman of your function. 'Tis so true, Sir, that it brings a great trade to the town, and every body knows that Essex, for Chelmsford wigs, and Rumford calves, outdoes all the counties in England.' 'Say you so,' says the Levite, 'I am come up to town about a little business that will require my attendance about a fortnight, and having a horse that has nothing else to do, I'll e'en make a journey there to-morrow, and try if I can chaffer.' 'Sir,' said I, 'there is not such hair in the kingdom of England as in his family, for they are all virtuous girls, and that makes their hair the stronger. Besides, all the clergy round him are his customers, because he makes up his wigs without any mixture of whores' hair; for as contagious fumes we are sensible will corrupt the body, who knows but the effluvia emitted from the locks of a polluted woman, hanging so near the nostrils, may be sucked in, to the strengthening of loose inclinations, and may beget an appetite to fornication, too rebellious and powerful for reason to curb into an orderly subjection.' 'Well,' says the young doctor, 'I'll have one of the wigs to carry into the country with me and please the pigs; at Chelmsford, you say?' 'Yes, Sir, at Chelmsford,' said I, 'the least child in the town knows him; ask but for the barber and his nineteen daughters, and you cannot miss him.'

Having thus laid the scene, I took my leave, and adjourned about the business of the day, and three or four days afterwards, I stepped into the same coffee-house, where I happened to meet with the spiritual pastor just coming to town, who had been erring and straying like a lost sheep in quest of *Tonsor in nubibus*. As soon as ever he set eyes upon me, he attacked me tooth and nail, with as much fury as if I had been brother to the Whore of Babylon, and told me I was some Papist, or Fanatic, or else I would have had more religion in me than to have made a fool of a man of his function, for that he had taken a journey on purpose to Chelmsford, and could find no such barber. 'Pray, Sir,' said I, 'don't be so angry, for since I never gave ear to your preaching, why should you listen to my prating? And since you make fools of a whole parish every Sunday, how can you be so angry with a man to make a fool of you once in his life time?' So I turned my back, and left the whole company to laugh at him.

You must know I love dearly to put a jest upon a priest, because it was always my opinion they put more jests upon the world than any people. Besides anybody may put a trick upon a blockhead, and that conduces but little to a man's reputation; but I love to put my jokes

upon men of parts, that the world may see I can bite the biter. Nothing carries the burthen of another man's wit with a greater grace than a sacerdotal dromedary ; therefore to let you see the wonderful regard I bear to religion, I have one more story, or piece of wit to entertain you with, that I hope may further divert you.

I chanced to be in company with a parcel of grave sermon-hunters, and among a long catalogue of reverend orators, whose name should bring up the rear of the eminent *Black List* but my honest neighbour the dean's. I took not their flattery for my example, but gave my tongue the liberty to speak as I thought, and said he was a learned blockhead. Some of my good friends had the civility to report my saying to him. Upon which he sent the reader of the parish to admonish me, who came one morning very solemnly to my chamber, and took upon him to tell me how dishonourably and unchristian-like I had been, in aspersing the doctor with the calumny of being a learned blockhead. 'Truly, Sir,' said I, 'I am sorry I should be so unmannerly to express my sentiments so freely ; however, since it is done and can't be helped, I desire you will go back and tell him it's more than I can say by you : for thou art a blockhead without any learning at all, and a fit man to be sent upon such errands.' Upon this answer he lugged his hat over his eyes, and ran away as sullen and as silent as the devil pinched by the nose did from St. Dunstan, when the old gentleman had loosened his barnacles.

Now for a piece of my poetry, to let you see my talent is universal, and then I believe I shall have quitted scores with you. In a hot sunshiny day this summer, when the sun was climbed to his meridian height, and the progeny of every cow-turd had taken wing, and was buzzing about streets in search of cooks-shops, sugarbakers and grocers, when a man could not walk London streets without having his nose persecuted by gnats, wasps or blue-bottles, my stomach, which is generally as froward without sustenance at that hour, as a hungry sucking child without the bubbly, would not let me be at rest till I had purchased its pacification at the expence of nine-pence. In order to gratify the cormorant, I stepped into a cook's shop where a sixpenny slice of veal was brought me, so garnished with fly-blows that there lay a whole covey of the little embryos upon every morsel. I had more picking work than a surgeon has with a patient whose buttocks are peppered with small shot, which put me in such a poetic fury that I plucked out my pen and ink, and whilst my fancy was warm, writ a satire against Fly-Blows,

wherein perhaps you may find as much wit and ill-nature mixed artfully together as you may in that incomparable satire, *The True-born Englishman* ; so pray read and judge favourably.

A Satire against Fly-Blows. By Mr. W——

Ye worst of vermin that our isle affords,
 Spawn of cursed flies, engendered first in t—rds :
 Ye nitty off-spring of a winged plague,
 That swarms in mutton from the rump to th' scrag :
 Tormentors of our cooks, all England's foes,
 From rural gluttons to our London beaux,
 In every cloven joint thy mother's blow,
 Where if not crushed, you will to maggots grow,
 Raise your black heads, and crawl about our food,
 And poison what was eatable and good ;
 Pollute that flesh which should our lives maintain,
 To dogs condemn what was designed for man.
 Ye eggs of mischief that in clusters dwell,
 Hateful to the eyes and nauseous to the smell,
 Ill omens of a worse succeeding harm,
 That makes good housewives blush, the husbands storm.
 For thee the faultless cook-maid bears the blame,
 More salt, you slattern, cries the angry dame,
 And then the falchion-ladle goes to work :
 I'll teach you, jade, to salt the beef and pork.
 May showers of brine each powdering-tub o'erflow,
 Pepper and salt in every orchard grow ;
 Then may each hand to seas'ning be employed,
 That thy cursed race may be at once destroyed.

I'll assure you, Captain, these verses are highly in esteem among all dealers in flesh, I have had many a dinner for a copy of them, to be put into a gilt frame, and hung up in a cook's shop to give people a con-cocting laugh after dinner, that their victuals mayn't lie heavy upon their stomachs. By this time I believe I have pretty well tired your patience, so think it full time to conclude myself,

Your Humble Servant,

W——

From Nell Gwynn to Peg Hughes¹

SISTER PEG,

Of all the concubines in Christendom that ever were happy in so kind a keeper, none sure ever squandered away the fruits of her labour so indiscreetly as yourself. Whoring and gaming, I acknowledge, are two very serviceable vices in a commonwealth, because they make money circulate ; but for a woman that has enriched herself by the one, to impoverish herself by the other, is so great a fault that a harlot deserves correction for it. Some people may think copulation a very easy and delightful way of getting money, but they are much mistaken ; for the pains, you know as well as myself, which we take to please our benefactors, destroy our own pleasure, and make it become a toil we are forced to sweat at. Then who but you, that had acquired such plentiful possessions by the labour of her body and sweat of her brows, would have tossed away thousands in a night upon the chance of a card, or fate of a die, as if you believed your honour was an Indian mine, which would furnish you with gold to eternity for the trouble of digging. But now, Madam, you find yourself mistaken, for those crow's-feet that have laid hold of the corners of your eyes, and wrinkly age, that in spite of art supplies the places of your absent charms, fright away the amorous and generous from your experienced embraces.

Besides, women, I hear, are so plentiful upon earth that a lady of our quality must be the true copy of an angel in appearance, whose favours shall be thought worth meat, drink, washing, lodging, and clothes ; so that a pretty woman now-a-days may make a slave of her body for thirty years together, and not get money enough to keep her out of an hospital, or an almshouse at the age of fifty. I, you see, thro' the whole course of my life, maintained my post, and as I was mistress to a king, lived as great as a duchess to my last minute ; and you, like an extravagant concubine, in few years game away an estate large enough to have maintained a score of younger brothers listed into your ladyship's service, who would have drudged to oblige you as much as you did to delight the good old gentleman that gave it to you.

¹ Margaret Hughes was a well-known actress and the mistress of Prince Rupert, who took her off the stage in 1669 and bought a magnificent house for her at Hammer-smith. She was back on the stage by 1676, when she was playing in the Dorset Garden Theatre. She died in 1719.

Fie upon't, I am ashamed to think that a woman who had wit enough to tickle a prince out of so fine an estate, should at last prove such a fool as to be bubbled of it by a little spotted ivory and painted paper? If that mouth could have spoke that had laboured hard to earn the penny, and miser-like was always gaping for more riches, sure it would have scolded at your profuse hands for flinging away that estate so fast which they had but a small share in getting of. But, indeed, it is not fit the silent beard should know how much it has been abused by the other parts of the body, for if it did, it would be enough to put it into a pouting condition, and make it open its sluice to the drowning of the low-countries in an inundation of salt-water.

I would advise you, Madam, with the small remains of your squandered fortune, to go into a nunnery, turn Roman Catholic, which is the best religion in the universe (for ladies of your occupation grow wonderful pious, and make a virtue of necessity), and there remain till death, as a living testimony of the truth of the old proverb, that what is got over the devil's back, is spent under his belly; which is all the consolation you deserve from your sister in iniquity,

NELL GWYNN

Peg Hughes's answer to Nell Gwynn

MADAM,

I am sorry a mistress of a king should degenerate so much from that generosity which was always applauded as a virtue in us ladies, who, like the industrious beaver, do our business with our tails. For a woman of my quality to value money looks mean and mercenary, and is becoming nobody but an unmerciful miser, or a common strumpet; should I have placed an esteem upon the riches that was left me, the world might have supposed it was the greediness of gain that made me yield my favours; and what had I been better than Madam Ja—es, or Mrs. Knight of Drury Lane; had I exposed my honour for the lucre of base coin, and sinned on for the sake only of advantage? Beauty's the reward of great actions, and I generously bestowed mine upon a prince that deserved it, abstractedly from the thoughts of interest, but rather to shew my gratitude, in return for his noble passion for me. And since he had made me the object of his affections, I resolved, through the true principle of love, to surrender the ultimate of my charms to make him happy. My embraces were all he wanted, and the utmost I

could give, and if a prince would submit to take up with a player, I think on my side there was honour enough, without interest, to induce me to a compliance.

I know I am old and past recovering an impaired fortune, after the same manner that I first got it ; but then consider what a small matter is sufficient to keep a superannuated grannum, past the pleasures of this life. Warm clothing and a few sugar-sops, what else can an old woman want, that is fit for nothing but to mumble over her prayers, or sit nodding in a chimney-corner like an old cat, when her company becomes as nauseous to all that are younger than herself, as a sober divine is to a profane libertine ? What conversation need she have besides one maid to exercise her lungs upon, and keep life's bellows open ?

I am so far from repenting the loss of my estate, that I look upon it my glory, and the only piece of carelessness I ever committed worth my boasting. It's a pleasure to me to behold the vicissitude of fortune, and see her snatch that out of my hand which before she had dropped into my mouth ; besides, without a taste of poverty there can be no true repentance, for I always observe that affliction goes a great way in making a good Christian. I have said my prayers within these few months as heartily as ever I neglected them, and am oftentimes pleased I am grown poor, because it makes me the more pious. Every fifty guineas I now lose makes me when I come home read a chapter in Job, and take his patience for my own example. The gold that I thus fling away puts me in mind how sinfully it was got, and to that cause I ascribe the badness of my fortune. To be rich and godly, I have found very difficult, but to be needy and religious is the easiest thing in the world ; which inclines me to believe poverty and piety are as great companions as impudence and ignorance, or love and jealousy. When I have lost all, perhaps I may take care to save myself, which will be much better than like you, to be damned with a full pocket. It often makes me laugh to see hungry quality, craving courtiers as insatiate as the barren womb, how industrious they are to add to their own estates, by the ruin of an old fornicatrix, who can part with her money as freely at one sport as she got it at another, and therefore desires you will rest but as quietly under your damnation, as she does under her losses, and she believes you will find yourself much easier : So,

Farewell

From Hugh Peters¹ to Daniel Burgess in Rogue Lane

MOST REVEREND BROTHER IN INIQUITY,

If you don't remember of your own knowledge, you can't but have heard from some of our grisly historians that in the late times of confusion, when the pious scoundrels of England rose with their arses uppermost, I was not a man inferior in my function to your learned and most eloquent self, or any other fanatic cackler of the holy law, by the corruption of which (thro' the spirit of nonsense, and grace of blasphemy) our party has always supported the worst of causes in the best of times. And be it known to you, brother doctor, for so I presume to greet you, that I had not only the practical knack of moistening the eyes of my congregation with the dreadful doctrine of predestination, but could also dry up their tears with a sponge of comfort, and make 'em laugh as heartily whenever I pleased, as a city-audience at a Smithfield comedy. In which most excellent and renowned faculties you are the only modern chatterer that I hear has since succeeded me ; for which reason, I am very desirous of corresponding with you after this manner, till fate shall give us your good company in these territories, to which (if our subterranean governor changes not his opinion) you need not doubt of being heartily welcome.

I am sensible that news from another world to a man of curiosity, cannot but be acceptable ; I shall therefore proceed to give you some account how our party (who are very numerous) fare in these sultry dominions, towards which I hope in a little time you will set forward on your journey.

My *quondam* master Oliver Cromwell, of ever famous memory, to whom upon earth, you must know, I was not only chaplain in ordinary but also jester to his excellency, an honour which I hear most noblemen confer upon the black-robe, now good old house-keeping and the parti-coloured coat are quite thrown out of fashion : my master, I say, who in honour to his exit was fetched away out of the upper world in a whirlwind, and conducted into these parts with all the solemnities of a usurper, was established in a notable post at his first admittance into Pluto's court,

¹ Hugh Peters was the famous Independent divine who accompanied the Parliamentary Army on various of its campaigns and was made chaplain to the Council of State, 1650. For his activities in connection with the execution of Charles I he was put to death at Charing Cross, October 16, 1660.

in which eminent employment I (that like a faithful servant followed him) found him, to my great satisfaction, Alecto, one of the furies, having taken a surfeit with over-flogging Guido Vaux (which is a ceremony performed here in public every fifth of November) for discovering the Gunpowder-Treason Plot, and defeating that notable design, which by the indefatigable industry of the most skilful politicians on this side Acheron was so hopefully projected ; and fearing some disorders should arise in our infernal commonwealth for want of strict discipline, my old master Oliver was pitched on to be deputy firker to the sick beldam, and a scorpion-rod was accordingly presented him, with all the usual ceremonies of so grand an instalment. This news of his advancement was so terrible a conflict to the cavalier part, who dreading the severity of his correction, that they petitioned Pluto to remove him, but to no purpose. This insolence so inflamed my choleric master, that his nose swelled as big at the end as an apple-dumpling, and looked as fiery red (to the terror of those who come under his lash) as if his magnificent gig had been a living salamander ; so that wherever he met with a cavalier, he did so firk and jirk him, that Busby was never a greater terror to a blockhead, or the Bridewell flog-master to a night-walking strumpet, than he is at this day to a high-flyer or a Jacobite.

Great regard has been shewn by his infernal majesty to all that in '48 were members of the high court of justice : some are made master and wardens of the devil's mint, for the coining of new sins ; some commissioners of the temptation-office ; others, barons of the diabolical stinkports. Particularly, Solicitor-General Cook¹ is made lord-keeper of hell's punishments, and Bradshaw and Ireton, two of his imperial smuttiness's privy-councillors : so that all the posts of honour and preferment in these lower regions are in the hands of our party, and we hope those of the same kidney who live over our heads enjoy the like advantages, as we have heard below by a certain courier from Amsterdam, you are all pretty firmly possessed of.

There lately arrived in these parts a certain woollen-draper out of Covent-Garden parish, who being touched with a deep sense of ingratitude, could not rest quietly in his wigwam till he had made a public confession of a great indignity he had put upon Mrs. Meg's chaplain, by which he gave us to understand you were the worthy gentleman he had most sordidly affronted. The manner of this he declared with as much sorrow and concern for the action as ever was beheld in the face

¹ He conducted the prosecution at the trial of Charles I. Executed 1660.

of a dying penitent, between the severity of a halter and decency of a night-cap, the substance of his report being to this purpose: after he had fetched two or three deep sighs, as loud as the puffs of a smith's bellows, 'Alas!' says he, 'to you I speak, good people, that are here about me. I was blessed with a wife of such singular piety in the other world, who rather than not hear that reverend teacher of the gospel D. B. twice every Sunday, would cackle for a whole week far worse than an old hen that has dropped a benefit to her owner; whilst I, like a true profligate suburban, used to confound her zeal, stop the current of her devotion, and damn her hypocrisy. But the good woman was too strict a Protestant to be thus seduced, and still persevered, in spite of all restriction, in her accustomed righteousness, till at last I bethought myself the best way to reclaim her from this disagreeable purity (for so I thought it) and bring her over to be a good sociable sinner, like me her husband, was to keep a close guard over my pocket, and another over my till, well considering, that if the flock could not live without spiritual consolation, the shepherd could not spend his lungs without temporal subsistence. After I had tried this experiment for about a fortnight before the time of contribution, when the hearts of the hearers are usually as open as their teacher's conscience, I found my wife's extraordinary zeal had stirred up a tumultuous spirit within her, so that nothing would pacify her stubborn disposition but ten times the price of a fat pig, to gratify the great benefits she had often received from her soul-saving physician. But I, looking into the merits of the cause and finding other men's wives used to be saved (or at least made believe so), at a much cheaper rate, would by no means comply with her religious generosity. Upon which the good woman my wife, lest she should be thought an ungrateful reprobate by her deserving guide, conveyed a present to the worthy doctor of a whole piece of black cloth, without my knowledge, and like a true lover of peace and quietness, conjured my apprentice to keep it secret. But my man's honesty being equal to my wife's religion, a little time after he informed me of the matter, upon which (forgive me, good people) I waited upon the doctor with a bill, and without any tenderness to his piety, or regard to his function, gave him such a tally-man's dun, that he swore through divinity, and denied the matter of fact as sturdily as if he had been bred a citizen. Yet at last, upon positive proof thereof, he paid the money like an honest gentleman, but huffed away as if the passion of envy had overcome the patience of the priest. But since I find, most worthy gentlemen, that fate has doomed me

to these sulphureous mansions, where the devil rules the roast, and presbytery flourishes, I here, before the protector of this commonwealth and all his infernal host, submit myself to the present government in hell established, and heartily declare a penitential sorrow for the indignity offered upon earth to that famous and most spiritual kidnapper, who I cannot but acknowledge has contributed more toward the peopling of these dominions, than the States of Holland have ever done towards the peopling your neighbouring country the East-Indies.'

But now, brother doctor, to make you sensible of the interest you have in these parts, the audience (notwithstanding the offender's submission) were so highly inflamed that so disgraceful an affront should be put upon so worthy a benefactor to the *good old cause*, that some cried out with a true spirit of dissension, 'Flay, flay the rogue, flay him for a cavalier!' 'What, abuse the doctor!' said others, 'scald him, scald him, he's a Church Papiſt'; others, 'geld him, geld him, he's certainly a Priest!' But the women were against the last sentence, and cried the devil had no law for that severity. So that a great hurliburly arose about the manner of his punishment; but at last the crowd hurried him away as the rabble in your world do a pickpocket to a pump, or a horse-pond, and what became of him afterwards I have not yet heard.

We have abundance of souls flock hither daily, that bring us in very comfortable tidings from Mincing Lane, Salters'-Hall, Bishopsgate Street, Jewen Street, Moorfields, Bartholomew Close, Fetter Lane, Stepney, Hackney, Bethnal Green, etc., but more particularly from Covent Garden; among whom, to your credit be it spoken, I have always picked out the most agreeable conversation. For you must know, a little before I absented myself from the pleasures of the upper world 'twas my fortune to be hauled before a dozen of damned crabbed cavaliers, revengeful fellows who looked as if they would lose a dinner to hang an honest Roundhead at any time; and as three or four tun-bellied lumps of gravity, and those twelve unlucky disciples ordered the matter (to shew they were all fire and tow) they told me a dreadful story of hanging and burning at Charing Cross, in sight of that old palace we before had plundered. About which ugly sort of business, when I came to find they were in good earnest, I began to grow as dizzy in my brains as a hog troubled with the megrims, and could no more endure the thoughts of it than I could of Popery. On my dying day I strove all I could to make it easy, but I protest it was in vain, for it proved still as hateful to me as castration to a priest, or barrenness to a young woman:

in short, it made me think of nothing but rattling of chains, and picking of straws, insomuch that when they fagotted up my thumbs together, and tumbled me into a hell-cart well littered with straw, but the devil a wheel to it, I did but just shut my eyes, and fancied myself to be in a dark room in Bedlam. In this manner they rumbled me through a long lane of spectators, who stared at me as if I had been a rhinoceros with a Bantam queen upon my back. At last they dragged me into an ill-favoured piece of timber, in the shape of a Welsh sign-post, where they tucked me up to a beam and made me kick a little, as if something had gone the wrong way ; upon which I fell into a kind of a hag-ridden slumber for a quarter of an hour, dreaming I sunk a thousand leagues into the bowels of the earth, and no sooner awaked, but found myself, as I told you before, in company with my old master.

My sleep proved much too short for the recovery of my senses, and tho' I saw several of my old friends about me, the pain of my neck and terror of my fall made me rave worse than a narrow-scudded punk under the hands of a man-midwife ; till by the advice of a consult of physicians, who are here as numerous as crocodiles in the land of Egypt, a vesicatory of devil's dung was applied to my costern, which restored me to my wits in a few minutes, which in the time of adversity, like ungovernable rebels, had abdicated their master. But that which most troubled me when I found myself *compos mentis*, was the circular impression the hempen collar had left about my gullet, by which my fellow-subjects discovered I swung into hell the back way ; for which reason some prodigal jack-a-dandies refused to keep me company, despising me as much as a butcher does a bulldog that instead of running fair at the head catches hold of the tail, and hangs at the arse of his enemy. For you must know, doctor, the most reputable way of entering into this subterrestrial country is to come in at the fore-door, through which none are admitted but such as spend their full time in wickedness in the upper world without flinching ; such as be proud of a notorious sin as a jockey that has won a horse-race is of his riding, and glory more in the invention of a new vice than a coward does of a victory, till at last, by the effects of debaucheries, pox, gout, and rheumatism, they are lifted out of your world into ours, without one thought of repentance.

These are highly rewarded here for the glorious examples they have left behind them ; but he that comes hither like a dog, with a print of a collar about his neck, is no more respected than a prophet in his own

country. The reason is, that they who pass gallows-way into these shades, generally at their exit show a sorrow for their sins ; so that if heaven did not take their contrition for a kind of death-bed repentance, the devil would be a great loser ; besides, they soften the hearts of sinners by their sniveling and howling, and deter others from the like wickedness. These considerations occasion the Tyburnians to be very much slighted by other company ; but, thro' good fortune, by the time I had been here a fortnight, I met with a good honest shoemaker, who had cut his throat in a garret in Russell-street, upon the point of Predestination, which he had heard you handling of for three hours together the very same afternoon, before he could find in his heart to perform the decent execution. Upon serious examination, I found the fellow talked very notably of religion ; nay, much better than he did of a shoe-sole, or an upper-leather. He had such an assurance of his parts, as to challenge Bunyan the tinker to chop logic with him ; and Nayler the quaker, who was of a principle between both, was thought the best qualified person in all hell for an impartial moderator. But your nimble-chopped pupil was too cunning for the *Pilgrim* author, as a fox is for a badger, so that at last the shoemaker got his ends, and left the poor tinker without one argument in his budget.

By the assistance of this honest cordwainer (who hearing I had been a minister of the gospel in the other world, was mighty respectful to me) I got acquainted with several others, who had been of your congregation. Some were old women, who had hanged themselves in their garters, thro' fear the Lord had not elected them. Others, had waited for a call to heaven till their last dram of patience, as well as their patrimony, were quite exhausted, the first in religious exercises, and the last in holy offerings to you their teacher ; and finding very little come of either, they resolved the king should lose a poor subject, and yourself a pious communicant ; and so by the judicious application of either knife or halter, conveyed themselves thro' death to these infernal shades which they always lived in dread of. But not finding the climate so terribly hot on this side Styx as you have often represented it, they rest well satisfied in their condition, and all heartily present their humble service to you, hoping with myself, you will always stick close to your old doctrine, and labour hard to support and infuse into your followers the true enthusiastic principles of Fanaticism, and you need not question but to wallow in the pleasures of human life whilst above board, and be doubly damned hereafter among us for the signal services you have done

to the sable protector of these populous territories, which can never want recruits whilst there is a Burgess in the upper world, and a Lucifer in the lower one.

HUGH PETERS

Daniel Burgess's Answer to Hugh Peters

I received your insolent epistle with no small dissatisfaction, and had you not informed me, I should have guessed it came from hell, and that none but the devil, besides yourself, could have handled a pen after so scurrilous a manner. How I came to be your brother, as you are pleased very saucily to call me, I can't tell, for thou wert no more than a mere pulpit merry-andrew, fit only to jest poor ignorant wenches out of their bodkins and thimbles ; and I, Daniel Burgess, am known through all England to be a reverend teacher of the good word, the gospel, and a saver of souls by the means of grace, and the help of mercy.

'Tis true, I cannot but acknowledge that you were a serviceable agent in the promotion of the *good old cause* ; but when you came to die a martyr for it, the whimsical fear of damnation so disturbed your fly-blown brains that a dog hanged by a cleanly housewife for dropping somewhat in a room new washed, or a cat condemned to the same punishment for licking up the children's milk, were never certainly such a scandal to a halter as thy frantic self. When, like a true teacher of spiritual dissention, thou shouldst have gloried in all the past actions of thy life that had the least tendency to the pulling down of that papistical government, that whore of Babylon, monarchy, and setting up in its stead those wholesome and inseparable twins, Presbytery and a Commonwealth, you hastened on your own damnation by foolish fear and cowardly repentance, and shewed fifty times more distraction than a horn-mad cuckold, that had caught his wife playing at flip-flap with her tail like a live flounder in a frying-pan.

As for that woollen jack-a-dandy that fed his family by the product of a sheep's back, that unrighteous tell-tale rogue that used to curse his wife for being godly, if ever you will do me a piece of good service in your damnable country, I beg you to entreat Lucifer on my behalf to freeze him once a day into a cake of ice, and then thaw him without mercy in one of his hottest hell-kettles ; or let him be flogged three times a day by your old master worse than Titus Oates or brother

Johnson ;¹ for he's as rank a cavalier as ever had the impudence to spit in a Roundhead's face, or speak treason against the Rump Parliament. And tell him though he made me pay for the cloth given me as a just reward of my pastoral care of his wife's immortality, yet she had the Christian gratitude to make me doubly amends before a fortnight was expired. But how the donor came by the benefit she bestowed, I thought was a little ungrateful for the receiver to inquire into, and unbecoming a minister of the Word, bearing my figure and character.

As for the sorry wretches you mention, who by the virtue and efficacy of my doctrine took a by-path into the other world that happened to lead them into your territories ; I must tell you, they were a parcel of scoundrels whose diminutive souls I looked upon to be mere trumpery, damaged goods, not worthy their freight, fit for nothing but to be thrown over-board ; poor tattered scraps of immortality crouded into skins, each of less value than a hog's pudding. Lucifer himself, I'm sure, should he wage new war with heaven, would not have given threepence a piece to have lifted them into his service. They would not have been fit for so much as powder-monkeys, to have handed fire and brimstone after the army. For my part, I wonder, now you have got them, how you bestow them, or what use the devil can put them to ; I protest, when they were living upon earth, I found them such needy communicants, I thought them only fit to be confined within the narrow limits of some old almshouse, there to read and practise Mr. Tryon's water-gruel directory and enjoy the charitable income of three-half-pence a day (settled by some old rogue who had cheated the world of thousands, and hoped to make an atonement by starving perhaps twenty old women every year in his little row of charity pigeon-holes, endowed with nine-pence per week, and a thimbleful of coals ; as if providing a miserable life for one person, was a sufficient recompence for cheating another), I say, they were fitter to be made close tenants to some such bountiful nest of drawers than to come like a parcel of threadbare zealots into a meeting, like bullies into a tavern, without a penny of money in their pockets, and disturb people of good fashion and credit, zealous benefactors to their guide, in the height of their devotion, an intolerable grievance to a pious congregation, that pay well for the assurance of salvation. If we did not sometimes by the frightful doctrine of *non-election* and *damnation* make these ragamuffin reprobates take up the knife of despair, and clear the garden of the righteous from those rascally

¹ See note, page 219.

poor weeds which are always sucking juice from the more valuable plants, in a little time the fruitful soil would be so overrun with docks and nettles that there would be no living for the gardener, whose profits must arise from the products of those trees laden with rich fruit, which for yielding plentifully in due season become more worthy of his care.

This is the case, and therefore who can blame me for my doctrine, if it should be a means of making two or three garreteers, and as many cellar-divers, by the help of twisted hemp, or cold iron, forward their journey to the Lord knows whither? The world has the less to provide for, and those that are gone have, according to the opinion of our forefathers, nothing to care for. So to tell you the truth on't, I am never without a score of such communicants to spare, and if they were all to be with you before night, I should think it a very comfortable riddance.

I am sorry I have not so much time to abuse you as I could heartily wish I had, for you cannot but be sensible how much you have deserved it, and how well qualified I am for such an undertaking, if I had but leisure to exert my talent. Why we of the same function should treat one another scurvily, should be no wonder, because two of a trade can never agree; however, I shall reserve my fury till another opportunity, being just now invited to a supper by a devout communicant whose husband is in the country, and I am sure she will have provided something worth my nibbling at, which I scorn to lose the benefit of for a piece of revenge. So farewell,

D. BURGESS

Ludlow¹ the Regicide to the Calves-Head Club

MOST DIABOLICAL SONS OF DARKNESS,

Of all the villainies perpetrated upon earth that the greatest rebel could be proud of or Lucifer blush at, I myself had so large a share in it that the devil for my hearty sincerity, and trusty management therein, gives me the right-hand, and has dignified and distinguished me with the superb title of his elder-brother. No man ever gloried more in wickedness than myself, and that which now makes my punishment a

¹ Edmund Ludlow, the regicide, escaped to Switzerland at the Restoration, but came back to England in 1689, hoping to find employment under William III. A proclamation was issued for his arrest, however, and he made his way again to Switzerland, dying at Vevey in 1692. The Calves Head Club was founded about 1650, in exultant memory of the execution of Charles I. Calves' heads served at supper were supposed to be symbolical of the adherents of the Stuarts; a boar's head represented voracity and a pike tyranny. The suppers were held on January 30. After the Restoration the meetings were held in secret, and the further history of the Club is wrapped in mystery.

pleasure is to think how nobly I deserved it. Many I know are the treasonable plots and contrivances transacted in the upper world, but never was any magnificent piece of wickedness, or superlative deed of devilism, ever performed with more ostentation and alacrity than that most impious and audacious act in which I was so highly concerned, and the very monarch of hell might have been proud to have had a hand in it. To fire churches, commit sacrilege, ravish virgins, murder infants, or spit in the faces of our parents, are trifling sins that a man of my figure in iniquity would be ashamed to be caught in ; but to murder the best of princes and glory in the deed, is an infernal evil that hell can't blacken, or earth can't parallel ; a sacred piece of villainy, becoming only the treachery of a Puritan to execute, and the pen and principles of a Tutchin to endeavour to justify.

Lucifer and all his kingdom of hob-goblins drink a health to your society every thirtieth of January, in burnt brandy, and are well assured the interest of these infernal territories can never sink, as long as there is a Calves-Head Club upon earth, to glory in the remembrance of the worst of villainies ; and a Whiggish Society of Reformation, for the better establishment of hypocrisy. We who had the honour to be his majesty's judges, or rather as some call us, Regicides, are all messed together in an apartment by ourselves, the murderers of Henry III and Henry IV of France are appointed to attend us at our table ; and Felton, that stabbed the duke of Buckingham, is our lacquey to run errands.

In all Lucifer's extensive dominions there is not one society so much respected as ourselves, and the greatest villains that ever were upon earth are by the devil, when they come here, scarce thought wicked enough to wait upon us in the most servile station ; the very Jesuits themselves, known by all the world to value royal blood no more than a Jew does a hog's pudding, are not suffered to walk within a hundred yards of us ; nay, the very dissenting shepherds of that rebellious flock, who always followed me as their only bell-wether, are not here thought worthy of our conversation. Only now and then a member of your sanctified society, the Calves-Head Club, drops headlong in among us, and Old Nick indeed appoints him to grind mustard and scrape horse-radish for us his well-beloved brethren the Regicides. For you must know 'tis the custom in this sweating climate for people to deal much in very hot sauces, and that most delicate palate-scorching soup called pepper-pot, a kind of devil's broth much eat in the West-Indies, is always the first dish brought to our table.

All hell applauds you mightily for your zeal and integrity in the *good old cause*, and your cordial approbation of the great effects thereof, which you annually shew upon every thirtieth of January, that derisionary festival which you keep like the bold sons of confusion, that the true spirit of rebellion may never die, and the dreadful consequences of a damnable reformation may never be forgotten. In this most notable, audacious, and courageous piece of insolence you not only declare yourselves the brave defenders of all king-killing principles, but plainly show that your undaunted souls are ready upon all occasions of the like nature to solemnly engage in the most startling mischief that hell's most politic Divan is willing to contrive, or a body of the most resolute infidels in the universe able to perpetrate. This do I speak to your eternal reputation, that Lucifer and all his sable legions have publicly acknowledged their pride and malice, are much outdone by your private assembly, and the expertest devils among all the infernal host turn pale with envy and degenerate from their blackness, to see their impudence out-brazened by a club of mortal Puritans. So I would advise you as a friend, when death, by virtue of his incontrollable *Habeas Corpus*, shall remove you to these dusky confines, you will put on a little modesty, tho' you play the hypocrite, lest if you behave yourselves here as you do in the upper world, you shall dash the devil out of countenance.

So farewell

An Answer by the Calves-Head-Club to Ludlow the Regicide

MOST NOBLE COLONEL,

We received your letter, wherein your hatred to kings is discernable in your style. You scorn, like ourselves, the flattery of a courtier, and write to your friends in the rough language of a bold soldier that did not only dare to uncrown, but to unhead a monarch, to advance the authority of the good people of England above sovereign domination, and free them from the bridle of the laws, which are no more in our opinion than a restraint upon their natural freedom. This was an act worthy of so indefatigable a patriot, who would leave no stone unturned that the wrong side of every thing might be raised uppermost, and that those who had long, against their wills, been brought under a compulsive subjection, might have an opportunity of trampling upon that ambition to which they were once slaves, and of raising up their groveling snouts above that aspiring head, which for many ages had oppressed millions



A MEETING OF THE CALVES-HEAD CLUB

(From Ned Ward's Secret History)

of mankind, by the dint of power, eclipsed their native liberty, and crushed them into a slavish obedience.

What ass in the universe would not kick at his master, if he was sure he could knock his head off, and shake off that burthen beneath which he groans, if he was not such a coward as to be fearful of a greater ? Rebellion is always sanctified, if it succeeds well ; and the end proposed, obtained with safety, always gives glory to the achievement. Authority is only obeyed, because 'tis feared ; and if once trodden under foot, nothing appears so despicable. He that mounts a resty steed is counted a good horseman, if he tames the beast ; but if the stubborn courser throws his rider, he falls a laughing-stock to the glad spectators.

You seem to be truly sensible how much we glory in that act which ought to be as much your pride, as it is our satisfaction. We reverence the valiant arm that did the deed, and daily signalize our gratitude to the pious memory of those illustrious heroes who, by their undaunted magnanimity, brought their unparalleled undertaking to a hopeful issue, and left behind them such a glorious example, which we shall never neglect to imitate when we have opportunity. We have long hoped for the lucky minute wherein we might shew the world the strength of our resolution and the constancy of our principles, and make those cowardly slaves know, who pretend an abhorrence to your past bravery, that we are cocks, when we dare crow, that will make the lion tremble. We have at all times when we meet, an axe hung up in our club-room, *in pia memoria* of your sacred action ; but had we the true weapon, much as we hate popery, we should turn idolaters, and worship it much more than Roman Catholics do their pictures. We have every thirtieth of January a Calves-head Feast, in contempt of that head which fell a glorious sacrifice to your justice ; over which we drink to the pious memory of Oliver Cromwell, confusion to monarchy, to the downfall of episcopacy, a health to every noble regicide, and to the universal propagation of all king-killing principles ; and if these are not meritorious formalities, and decent observances, we know not how to oblige our honest brethren, who are co-habitants with you, at such a distance beneath us.

To be accounted rebels and bold villains does not in any measure make us uneasy ; for believing ourselves otherwise is a complete satisfaction to balance their envy that so think us ; besides the pleasure we find in accounting them fools, slaves, and cowards, is really more to us than a sufficient recompence ; so that by our vilifying our opposites,

we deny them opportunity ever to be even with us. The author of the dialogue between Vassal and Freeman, is our secretary ; you guessed his name very right in your letter, and a notable fellow he is either in verse or prose, for the justification of our principles ; and is such a desperate tongue-stabbing hero at *pro* and *con*, that wherever he comes he clears the house of all people but those of his own kidney. He vindicates all the proceedings of the High Court of Justice, with such admirable obstinacy and impudence that the best lawyer in Westminster-Hall is not able to cope with him, and justifies the bringing of a king to a scaffold, when the people dislike his stewardship, with so much insolence and arrogance, and drags him to a block as you would a bear to a stake, with so much decency, that had he lived in the happy days when you erected a High Court of Justice, he would have been the fittest man in the universe for two posts under you : to have been Attorney-General, and then executioner. He would, I am confident, have so strenuously exerted himself in both offices, that he would have gained a double reputation with our godly party : first, for the discharge of the one with the utmost malignancy, and, secondly, for the dispatch of the other without disguise. For I dare be confident, he has assurance enough to go thorough-stitch with any thing that the world calls villainy, if we but think it virtue without the fear of shame, or dread of punishment. Indeed, had our principles at this day but such another champion to defend 'em, I do not question but in a few years we might bring matters to bear, and by downright dint of our own weapon, calumny, make way to play the old game over again, to a far better purpose than has yet been effected. With the great hopes of which we take leave at present, desiring your brother Lucifer upon all occasions to lend us his assistance. So we subscribe ourselves both his and your

Humble Servants,

J. T.¹ S. B. J. S. etc.

From J. Nayler,² to his Friends at the Bull and Mouth

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN IN THE SPIRIT,

You who are the true transcript of the people originally called Quakers may perhaps expect that I, James Nayler, in the dark, should commend my hearty love to you my friends in the light, in such

¹ John Tutchin, see page 219. ² See note, page 218.

like manner as the spirit used to dictate to me upon earth, before I unhappily fell under this wonderful transfiguration, which I now am appointed to maintain thro' the whole course of eternity.

I had no sooner set foot into the deep abyss of midnight, to which the sun, moon, and stars are as great strangers as frost and snow are to the country of Ethiopia, than a parcel of black spiritual janizaries saluted me as intimately as if I had been resident in these parts during the term of an apprenticeship. At last, up comes a swinging, lusty, overgrown, austere devil, armed with an ugly weapon like a country dung-fork, looking as sharp about the eyes as a Wood Street officer, and seemed to report himself after such a manner that discovered he had an ascendancy over the rest of the immortal negroes. As I imagined, so it was quickly evident; for as soon as he espied me leering between the diminutive slabbering-bib, and the extensive brims of my coney-wool umbrella, he chucks me under the chin with his ugly toad-coloured paw, that stunk as bad as brimstone card-match new lighted, crying, 'How now, honest James, I am glad to see thee on this side the river Styx, prithee hold up thy beard, and don't be ashamed; thou art not the first Quaker by many thousands that has sworn allegiance to my government. Besides, thou hast been one of my best benefactors upon earth, and now thou shalt see like a grateful devil, I'll reward thee accordingly.' 'I thank your excellence kindly,' said I. 'Pray, what is it your infernal protectorship will be pleased to confer upon me?' To which his mighty ugliness replied, 'Friend Nayler, I know thou hast been very industrious to make many people fools in the upper world, which has highly conduced to my interest.' Then turning to a pigmy aerial, who attended his commands as a running footman: 'HaSte, Numps,' says he, 'and fetch me the painted coat.'

This was no sooner brought, but, by Lucifer's command, I was shoved into it neck and shoulders, by half a dozen smutty *valets de chambre*, and in a minute's time found myself tricked up in a rainbow-coloured coat, like a merry-andrew. 'Now, friend,' says the ill-favoured prince of all the hell-born scoundrels, 'for the many fools you have made above, I now ordain you mine below.' So all the reward of my great services was to be made Lucifer's jester, or fool in ordinary to the devil; a pretty post, thought I, for a man of my principles, that from a Quaker in the other world, I should be metamorphosed into a jack-adams in the lower one. I could not but think it a strange kind of mutation, and knew no more how to behave myself in my

gaudy-coloured robes, than if I had been damned, and crammed into a tortoise-shell, and must have walked about hell upon all fours with a house upon my back.

A little time after this new dignity was conferred upon me, the devil happened to make a splendid entertainment for all the souls in his dominion, who in the upper world had been professed Quakers, where I was ordered to give my attendance for the diversion of the company. But I found myself so strangely disappointed when I beheld the guests, that had I been messed in Noah's ark among lions, bears, and alligators, I could not have been more amazed than I was at the unexpected appearance and deportment of such a confused assembly. My master Lucifer, and Ramsey¹ the Jesuit at his right hand, sat at the upper end of the table, and the rest of the scrambling company were seated like so many hungry mechanics at a corporation-feast. But instead of their conversation being Yea and Nay, there never was heard such swearing and cursing at a public gaming-table, nor all the points of copulation more lewdly discussed at a bawdy-house ; blasphemy was the mode of their talk, and there I came in with them for a fool's share, and exerted my talent to the approbation and applause of the whole society.

Observing such a wonderful change in these our infernal friends, from what they appeared to be in the upper world, made my curiosity itch mightily to know the reason of this surprizing alteration, upon which, said I, 'Prithee, Lucifer, in plain words' (for we fools you must know may say any thing to our masters), 'what is the meaning that these people who were *quondam* Quakers when upon *terra firma*, should turn such debauched libertines in these lower regions, and from the most religious and precise of all hypocritical heaven-servers, become the most degenerate reprobates in all your damnable dominions?' 'I'll tell you,' says Lucifer ; 'always those that pretend to the greatest purity in the other world put on the cloak of religion, not to save their souls, but to hide their vices, as some women wear masks, not to preserve their beauty, but to hide their ugliness. And when that veil is taken away which obscured the sinfulness of their natures, or when opportunity gives them leave to be wicked without damage to their interest (as they may here), you see how loose and wanton the most zealous of both sexes will be, notwithstanding all the external promises of piety and virtue.' These words, though they came from the father

¹ Thomas Ramsey was a Jesuit missionary who arrived in England in 1653, under the name of Horsley. He was arrested almost as soon as he arrived.

of lies, yet their satirical force gave me such a stab in the conscience that had my label of mortality been stung by a wasp or a hornet, it could not have grieved the outward man more than this diabolical saying did the inward ; and knowing by experience it savoured of a little truth, I thought I could do no more than communicate his answer to you my friends, who are lovers of verity, from whence you may discern with half an eye, that Satan understands you as well as he does the college of Jesuits or a Dutch conventicle, and if you take not timely care, will certainly prove too cunning for you.

Perhaps you will think me a very imperfect intelligencer, to tell you of a feast and give you no account of the provisions or what sort of food the devil in his sultry dominions entertains his friends withal. Therefore in the next place I shall venture to give you a bill of fare, that you may know at present what you may expect hereafter, lest otherwise I should leave your curiosities unsatisfied, and keep you ignorant of those Avernous dainties by which immortality is here subsisted.

The first course consisted of a huge platterful of scorpions spitch-cocked, a fricassee of young salamanders, a bailiff's rump roasted, basted with its own dung, and a cock-phoenix scalded in his feathers, smothered with melted soap and boiled arsenic ; these were gross, substantial meats, designed chiefly for keen appetites. The second course contained six dozen of West-India iguanas roasted in their own shells, a dish of squab-hickories poached, a brace of flying dragons stewed in their own blood, and a dish of shovel-nosed sharks fried with a leviathan in the middle, tossed up with what's as good for a sow as a pancake ; these were dainties that could not but be acceptable to the most squeamish stomachs. But now for rarities that must please the guts of an emperor. The third and last course consisted of such spiritual nutriment that the nicest palated soul on this side the adamantine gates, without a surfeit, might subsist on to all eternity, and was served up to the table in much greater order than any of the foregoing part of the entertainment. In the first place, a dish of metaphysical curds, swimming in the cream of eloquence, was brought to the upper end of the table, by a devil in a long gown, upon which piece of cookery Lucifer and the Jesuit fed very heartily. In the next place a dish of pickled enthusiasms well-peppered with obstinacy, and covered with the vinegar of dissention, was handed to the board by a meagre-faced devil in a little band and long cloak, and by abundance of the company was highly approved on. The third dish was a mess of melancholy humdrums,

mixed with sobs and sighs, and garnished round with blasphemy and nonsense, served up with a she-devil in a green apron, which the whole assembly in general commended, and devoured as greedily as a gang of Welsh drovers would do a mess of leek-porridge, or a dish of cows' bubbly.

When every soul had fed plentifully, and refreshed his immortality with a cheerful dose of spirit of sulphur, I, for the jest's sake, was appointed to say grace after meat; and when I had discharged the office of a chaplain, as comical as I could, the guests staggered away like so many flustered long-tails from a Kentish feast, and so the solemnity was ended.

I have little more news to communicate from these parts, only that within these few months, we have had five or six thousand diabolical spirits returned from their embassies in the upper world, who were many years ago commanded thither by Prince Lucifer, to the assistance and further establishment of our party and opinion, and had every one of them possessed themselves of good quarters, and lay snug in the bosoms of our sanctified friends. But they reported when they came back, that an old trout-back apostate, who lately fell from Quakerism to the Church, arming himself cap-a-pie with the armour of truth, took up the sword of the gospel, and by downright dint of scripture and sound reason, made so large a conquest over Satan's subjects, that the devils were forced to quit their possessions, and leave great numbers of our friends to the mercy of G—d and their ecclesiastical enemies. But fresh recruits are daily sent among you from these infernal territories, hoping in a little time to recover our lost interest.

I would have troubled you a little further, but that Lucifer being put in a merry mood by the pleasing news of your European differences, has ordered all his jesters to be in waiting, and you know, all princes upon public rejoicings at court, must have their fools as well as knaves to attend them. So farewell.

J. NAYLER

The Quaker's Answer to James Nayler

JAMES NAYLER,

Thy friends are all very much afflicted to hear that Satan, the father of the wicked, has laid violent hands upon thee, and has drawn thee out of the light into the land of utter darkness. If the dross of the world,

that ungodly mammon which tempts the unwary often into the sins of the flesh and many other iniquities, would redeem thee from thy woeful prison, where nothing is to be heard but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, we would lend thee our assistance with all our hearts ; but the spirit within us has declared the truth, and told us that thy unmerciful jailer will take no bribe or bail, and that the debt thou art in for, the world cannot pay, and therefore we all fear thou art trepanned into a loathsome gaol from whence there is no redemption.

We thought the many persecutions thou underwenteſt for the Lord's sake in this world, such as peeping thro' the yoke of infamy, and losing thy two members of attention ; hugging the vagabonds' landmark against the will of the spirit, and undergoing the rod of correction ; and suffering the clack of the spirit to be bored thro' with a hot wimble, for warranting thyself to be the true son of thy father, would have been merits sufficient to have raised thee upon the pinnacle of Mount Sion, and there to have fixed thee as a standing evidence of the truth to all eternity. But since the spirit within thee proved a lying spirit that extinguished the light and led thee like a blind guide into the dark ways of destruction, we that were the followers of thy false glimmerings must forsake thy errors, and seek the Lord by a more perfect illumination, for the false fading jack-a-lantern which thou lesteſt among us, is burned into the socket, and now stinks in the nostrils of the righteous far worse than the dying snuff of a cotton-candle. Besides, what spiritual pilgrim in his progress to the land of the living would follow a wicked Will-with-a-wisp who has led a friend before into dark ways, and there left him to grope among the filthiness of sin and pricks of conscience to all eternity ? No, if we follow thy ways, we shall err like strayed sheep, and be pounded by Satan for wandering into the paths of the wicked.

That the father of lies, upon thy first entrance into his wicked habitation, should put thee into a fool's jacket, we do not much wonder at, for the painted marks of folly are Satan's gay livery, with which he clothes his wicked servants in this world as well as in his own dominions. For didſt thou ever behold on earth the sons of darkness, who follow the lust of the flesh, and delight in those pomps and vanities which the inward man forbids our frail natures to pursue, but they always were distinguished by some gaudy badge, which discovered their pride, or other infirmities ? Do not the high priests of Baal wear lawn coversluts, and their head journeymen red pokes upon their backs ? Do not

flatterers of princes wear badges on their breasts, and adorn their spindle-shanks with glittering gimcracks? Do not their lazy slaves wear blue and yellow, that the world may know whose fools they are? Do not the blessers of their food wear silken ornaments dangling from their proud necks to their ancles, that the public may mistake them to be wiser than their neighbours? Do not the captains of the host hoop their loins with golden sashes, and stick feathers in their caps to fright their foes with their finery? Do not judges wear gowns of a crimson dye, and the great men of the law wear the skull-caps of knavery, with the edges tipped with innocence, to deceive the vulgar? Do not physicians ride in coaches with the weapons of destruction tied dangling at their arses, as if they were hurrying on a full trot to kill and not recover their patients? Do not haughty vintners hypocritically tie on their blue ensigns of humility, to cozen their customers into an opinion of their lowliness? Do not whoremongers and adulterers thatch their empty noddles with whole thickets of whore's-hair? And do not wanton women wear turrets on their heads, and cover their tails with the bowels of the silk-worms? Do not drunkards wear red noses, knaves hawk's-eyes, and liars impudent faces? In short, friend Nayler, most people upon earth have some badge or other of Satan's livery; even kings themselves wear purple, and the whore of Babylon scarlet. Therefore, our friends are all of one opinion, that since thou departest so far from the light as to suffer wicked Satan to decoy thee into his trap-soul of eternal darkness, he has done thee but justice to put thee into a fool's coat, that every time thou art thoughtful of thy miserable confinement, thou may'st look upon thy party-coloured livery, and cry with a pitiful voice, 'Alas, what a fool am I!' which is all the comfort thy friends, who are sorrowful for thy condition, are able to administer unto thee at this immensurable distance.

We are very glad to hear that Satan is no niggard in his family, but, like a generous host, provides so plentiful a table for his numerous guests. We, thy friends upon earth, have taken his infernal food into our serious consideration and have resolved, *nemine contradicente*, to lead a starving life upon earth, rather than enter his palace-gate to be beholden to him for a dinner. We shewed thy bill of fare to our friend Roberts, at the White-hart in Chancery-lane, approved by the wicked men of the law, who love to profane their stomachs with fine feeding, to be as nice a gratifier of luxurious palates as ever handled ladle; and he declareth for truth, that though he has often roasted a cod's head larded

with bacon without tying it upon the spit, boiled a pound of butter stuffed with anchovies without melting it, grilliadoed jelly of hartshorn without dissolving it, fried a jackboot into incomparable tripe, stewed pebble-stones till they have become as soft as stewed prunes, and has made good savoury sauce with an addled egg and kitchen-stuff; yet he acknowledges himself wholly ignorant how to dress any one dish thou hast mentioned in the catalogue of thy dainties, and therefore desires thou wilt do him the friendly kindness to acquaint us in the next letter what sort of cook Satan has got in his kitchen; and if he be a friend, whether thou thinkest our friend Coquus's wife mayn't be admitted as his scullion, in case she would become a servant in thy master's family, for she is grown so peevish, he is willing to part with her. So hoping thou wilt give us an account the next opportunity, we rest thy loving friends.

From Lilly¹ to Cooley the Almanack-maker in
Baldwin's Gardens

MY DEAR OLD BOTTLE-FRIEND AND COMPANION,

Ever since I took a trip into this lower world, and left you (by the help of moon-groping and star-fumbling) to project almanacks, predict prodigies, and conjure up lost spoons, stolen goods, and strayed cattle, I have had no opportunity of paying my respects to you; for 'tis so abominably up hill from our world to yours, that none but the devil himself is able to climb it, he being forced to creep upon all fours, like a squirrel up a nut-tree, all the way of his journey. Had I sent a letter by his cloven-footed worship, I was fearful you would not have thought him, at your years, a proper messenger.

I hear, since I left you, you are grown as grey as a badger, and that you are approved by all cook-maids, porters' wives, and basket-women to be the most eminent bodkin and thimble-hunter of all the Ptolomeans in the town, and by the help of the twelve heavenly houses and their seven twinkling inhabitants, not only to undertake, but make wonderful discoveries. Flat-caps and blue-aprons,² I hear, haunt your door every

¹ William Lilly, the famous astrologer, published *Merlinus Anglicanus Junior, the English Merlin Revived*, in 1644, and followed this with an almanack every year until his death in 1681. Henry Coley (or Cooley), also an astrologer, was Lilly's amanuensis and adopted son. He carried on the almanack as *Merlini Anglicani Ephemeris* until 1695, and also produced other almanacks, though several were issued under his name without any authority. ² Market-women and shopmen.

morning, as hawkers do a publisher's, or journeymen-tailors a Smithfield cook's at noon; some for a sixpenny, and some a twelve-penny slice of your astrological judgment, of which, to shew your honesty to the world, you give them such lumping pennyworths, that you have made the noble science of heaven-peeping as cheap to the public as boiled tripe in Fee-lane, or baked sheeps-head in your own element, Baldwin's-gardens.

I am joyful to hear you are grown so great a proficient in the celestial gimcracks; but, indeed, when I first knew you a joiner at Oxford, that used to make cedar cases for close-stool-pans, I thought you as ingenious a mechanic in your way as he that invented a mouse-trap, or a nut-cracker. But I little thought then that you would have laid down the plane and the hand-saw, of which you were an absolute master, to take up Albumazer's weapons, the celestial globe and compasses, to which you were a mere stranger. However, astrology being a kind of a liberal science, all men I know are free to dive into the mystery, from the whimsey-headed scholar, to the strolling tinker; therefore your leather-apron and glue-pot are no disparagement to your pursuit of the seven wandering informers, any more than it is a scandal to a mountebank to be first a fool, and then a travelling physician. Gadbury¹ we know was no more than a country botcher, before he was admitted as a tenant into the twelve houses; and Partridge was no more than a London cobbler, before he was made running footman to the seven planets; yet both these students in astrology have arrived, I hear, to as great an eminency in their heavenly profession as ever was acquired by the famed Dr. Saffold,² or his successor Case, by long study and experience in the noble arts of poetry and physick. Therefore why may not that spurious issue of a carpenter called a joiner, make as legitimate an astrologer, as profound a conjurer, as infallible a fortune-teller, as the best of them; nay, better, if he knows but to use his tongue like a smoothing-plane, and can take down the roughness of some people's incredulity, then may he work them as he does his deal boards, till he has glued or nailed them fast to his own interest.

¹ John Gadbury was an astrologer and charlatan who mingled in politics and got himself into trouble over the Popish Plot. He died in 1704. John Partridge had been a shoemaker before he took up astrology and issued his famous almanack, *Merlinus Liberatus*, 1680. His quarrel with Swift, who under the name of Bickerstaffe predicted and announced his death, does not, unfortunately, lie within our period.

² Thomas Saffold was a poetical quack who flooded London with rhyming advertisements of his cures; John Case, another astrologer quack, succeeded to Partridge's business.

These are the talents for which I hear you are famous above other astrologers, and that by downright dint of craft, pout and banter, in your time you have wheedled more money out of chamber-maids, cook-wenchs, old bawds, midwives, nurses, and young strumpets, than ever was got by the rug and leather, luck in a bag, or that most excellent juggle on the cards, called preaching the parson. Nay, if all the gains that you have made of these three profitable inventions were to be joined together ; besides a whole mustard-pot full of broad-pieces, a drudging-box full of guineas ; a meal-tub full of crowns and half crowns, and an old powdering-tub full of shillings and sixpences, which lie parcelled up in your own house, I hear that you have several hundreds of pounds in the Stationers' Company, which, besides the interest of the money, entitles you every year to four good dinners in the hall, as many noddles full of rare claret, and four pockets full of venison-pasty for your female deputy, who is said to be a notable understrapper to you in the business of astrology, and is of as much service to you as a second to a merry-andrew, for without the one the other could no nothing.

I cannot but highly approve of the method I observe in your almanacks, for since you write every year four, i.e. three in other persons' names, and one in your own, you have wisely projected a way to be infallibly right in your predictions of the weather, which are commonly varied under no more than four several denominations in any one of the four seasons. So that by making your prognostications in every almanack different, one must certainly tell right, and by keeping all four in your pocket, which I am informed you have cunning enough to take care of, by plucking out that which you know falls right, and declaring yourself to be the author, you gain reputation, and by this juggle make some fools in your company believe that you have the stars at more command than a haberdasher of dead bodies has his linkmen at a funeral. None of the celestial fraternity can justly blame you for this piece of cunning, every artist well knowing a juggler and an astrologer are as inseparable companions as a bawd and a midwife, or a lawyer and a knave, for either without the other, like an adjective without a substantive, would be unable to stand by himself.

Of all the almanacks that are extant, none are so valuable in these subterranean regions as your own ; few hawkers travel into these parts but they bring whole baskets full along with them, and the cry of *Cooley's Almanack* for two months in the year, is as universally bawled about hell's metropolis, as mackerel among you when they come to be

six a groat, or Chichester lobsters when they stink at midsummer. Of all the almanacks brought among us, prince Lucifer gives yours the preference, and never goes without one in his pocket, to put him in mind of an Holy Rood day, that his devilship may not lose his nutting-time. Your last *English Merlin* but one wanted one of the four cardinal points, for which piece of forgetfulness the devil in a great rage cried he owed you a shame ; and I was since informed that one of our infernal plenipotentiaries upon earth discharged his master's promise in a short time after, at the Darby alehouse in Fulwood's Rents. By the same token, the liquor had so eclipsed your distinguishing faculties that instead of a tankard of warm ale, that stood by you, you took hold of the candlestick, and in a drinking posture conveyed the lighted candle to your mouth, the taste of which was so intolerable to your lips that you flung it away in a great passion, believing 'twas the tankard of drink, and swore the bitch of a wench had made it so scalding hot there was no drinking it. This unhappy accident occasioned some ill-natured people to reflect on you and say, how should you know a star from a kite-lanthorn, that could not distinguish between a tankard of warm ale and a lighted candle ?

I have no news from these parts that can be welcome to a man of your gravity and profession. As for astrologers, they are no more regarded in this kingdom than an honest man in your world, or a modest woman in a theatre ; for the best employment that most of them aspire to here, is to carry a close-stool-pan upon their back after a quack-doctor, which savoury receptacle being put in a square case, makes our fraternity look like so many raree-show men loaded with their boxes of dancing baubles.

I must confess Doctor Saffold, that famous student in physic, poetry, and astrology, whose verse was as good an emetic as his pills were a purge, being Lucifer's peculiar favourite, was advanced to the dignity of being flea-catcher to his royal consort ; but the other day had like to have lost his place by chasing one of his lady's little enemies into her mount of Venus ; and beating the bush to start the game, was so wonderfully pleased at the pastime, that the old fool could not forbear laughing. This ill-manners so inflamed the infernal duchess that she vowed, except he would down on his knees and kiss what he laughed at, she would never forgive him ; upon which the poor doctor was forced to join beards, or else would have been turned out, to his eternal shame as well as misery.

Albumazar and Ptolomy are set up like the two logger-heads at

St. Dunstan's church, and once in an hundred years they strike upon an huge bell the number of the centuries from the fall of Lucifer, that the devils and the damned may know how eternity passes ; for, as a quarter of an hour is to the time of your world, so is an hundred years to the eternity of ours, every watch goes here at least ten thousand years with but one winding up. Their movements, like our form and substance, are all spiritual, and the worst artist we have among us, your Fleet-street Tompion,¹ seems but a mere blacksmith.

For my own part, I trudged for the first six months after Dr. Ponteus, with a steeple-crowned conveniency, as I mentioned before, but having always such a stink of devil's-dung in my nostrils, I petitioned for a remove, and was admitted to be a yeoman of the bason to Lucifer's cloven-hoofs, to pick, wash, and refresh them after his return from earth, which he visits very often for the preservation of his interest in the upper world ; and the worst inconveniency I find is, that his worship's feet smell worse after much walking than a sweating negro's.

However, my old friend, let not this discourse discourage you from venturing to come among us, or frighten you into a repentance of your frauds and subtilties, that may carry you another way ; for a man of your merits, learned in astrology, from the very nose of the Great Bear to the extreme point of the Dragon's Tail, and skilful in the mathematics, from the mensuration of a surface to the most profound nicety in solid geometry, need not question, but that your old acquaintance and assistant Satan, who has faithfully stood by you upon all occasions, will bestow some reputable post upon you, answerable to the gravity and skill of so understanding a wiseacre, to whom I subscribe myself a loving friend and brother Philomat.

LILLY

Cooley's Answer to Lilly

SIR,

I would have you to know I am not so far in my dotage but I have reason enough left plainly to discern I am very much affronted in your ironical letter. For my part, Mr. Mean-it-as-you-please I take it in good earnest, for it is not consistent with my temper and gravity, at these years, to like such unmannerly jesting. Time was that I was a young fellow that would have scolded with a butter-whore, boxed a

¹ Tompion, the great watchmaker, had his shop under the sign of the Dial and Three Crowns at the corner of Fleet Street and Water Lane (now Whitefriars Street), 1688 until 1713.

carman, or have scribbled scurrilously with any Lilly in the universe ; but, alas ! when a man has lived in this world to the age of near seventy, and has had familiar conversation with all the foolish women in the town, puzzled his brains with more angles, circles, squares, pentagons, hexagons, heptagons, and parallelopipedons, etc., than ever has been yet found in that most famous introduction to the mathematics, called *Euclid's Gimcracks*, poured as much Derby ale thro' his guts every year as would have filled the great vat at Heidelberg, and metamorphosed as much tobacco into smoke every month as would have put a whole county into a mist ; I think 'tis high time for a man to have done with discord, and begin to compose himself into a little harmony. Therefore I take it ill you should attack me in my old age, especially when you have hell on your side, and the devil and all to help you.

What tho' I was a joiner at Oxford, and once to shew myself a good workman, made a cedar close-stool case for the dean of Christ Church ; I question not but one time or other for the excellency of its work it will be carried into the library, and be there preserved as a monument of its maker's glory to all succeeding ages, when you will have no remains to put the world in mind of you but your old conjuring countenance, painted upon a sign, and hung up over Blackfriars gateway, subscribed with a little paltry poetry fit for no body's reading but a parcel of country hobbies, who have left the plough and the flail, to come up to London to be cozened out of the fruits of their labour. It is well known I was born and educated in a learned air, and tho' a man be bred a cobbler in that climate, he cannot help being a scholar, if he be but furnished with as much brains as will fill a cockle-shell. I confess I have not had the honour to be entered of a college, yet by my own chamber-study, without a tutor, having a good natural genius, I could tell you how many parts of speech there were by the time I was eighteen years of age ; and I will appeal to the world, who may judge by my conversation, whether I have not made a wonderful advancement within these fifty years, insomuch that you may see I dare write Philomath, in the very title-page of my almanack ; and therefore, Mr., I am not to be bantered at these years.

You have the assurance in several parts of your letter to call me conjurer ; tho' I must tell you, Mr., by the way, you are the first person that ever thought me so. 'Tis true, when I am well paid for it, I do sometimes concoct a scheme in search of lost goods, or strayed cattle, and do presume *secundum artem*, to send the searcher east, west, north,

or south, a mile or two distance from the loser's house, to search within six doors of the sign of the four-footed beast, and if they cannot find the thief one way, I can send them as far another for a new fee. All this I can justify by the rules of astrology as well as any man; but must an artist for this be called a conjurer, and by a person, too, who has been a professor of the same science? Indeed, old acquaintance, I take it very unkindly, because you yourself must needs know we are honest men, who deserve no such character. As for mistaking the lighted candle for a tankard of hot ale, I remember nothing of the matter; but Bacchus, tho' he be no planet, yet all men know he has a great ascendancy over us mortals, and what he might influence me to do when the light of reason, by which we see to distinguish, was eclipsed I know not. But I am morally sure that when my senses are about me, I am not easily to be so deceived; for I presume to know a pig from a dog, or the difference between a thing and cart-wheel, as well as Ptolomy himself, were he now living.

You say, to my reputation, that my almanacs fell beyond any body's in your subterraneous country, and that Lucifer himself is never without one in his pocket. I am very glad to hear he is so much my friend as to give mine the preference, and for his civility intend to send him one next year well gilt on the back, and bound up in calves'-leather, by the hand of some friend or other that shall swim in Derby ale to the very gates of his palace; such a wet soul that shall be as welcome as a shower of rain to your parched dominions. The pleasing news you have sent me is that my works are so vendible in your parts; for I assure you upon your intelligence I shall raise the price of my copy the next year; for if my almanacs sell as well in hell as they do upon earth, I am sure the company of Stationers must get the devil and all by them. So I rest yours, between enmity and friendship,

H. COOLEY

From Tony Leigh to Cave Underhill¹

BROTHER CAVE,

Considering how often you have jested in the grave to please Betterton, Prince of Denmark, I wonder the grave by this day has not

¹ Cave Underhill was a leading member of the Duke of York's company and of the joint company formed in 1682. He was a brilliant comedian and created many parts. Aston gives a vivid picture of Underhill—six feet high, fat, a large face, a flattish, short nose, thick upper lip, wide mouth and short chin, a gruff voice and a curiously awkward manner. He was born in 1634, and was thus over sixty when Brown wrote.

been in earnest with you, that in process of time, when the churchyard-vermin have feasted themselves upon your cadaver, your own skull may become a jest to some other grave-digger. I must confess, when I left you you were a sociable sort of a drunkard, and a pretty little peddling sort of a whoremaster ; but I hear since, that you have drooped within a few years into such a dispirited condition that 'tis as much as a plentiful dose of the best canary can do to remove the gloom for a few minutes, that you may entertain your friends with a little of your comic humour, graced with that agreeable smile that has always rendered what you say delightful ; and that it is not in the subtle power of intoxicating Nantz to add new life to that decayed member which has in a manner taken leave of this world before the rest of your body.

You have been so often used to a grave in your life-time, that I think you never wanted a *memento mori* to put you in mind of mortality. Death can be no surprize to a merry mortal who has so often jested with him upon the stage ; and I long to hear, when the grinning skeleton shall shake you by the hand, and say, 'Come, old duke Trinculo, thy last sands are running, thy ultimate moment is at hand, and the worms are gaping for thee,' what a jocular answer you will make to the thin-jawed executioner. Every comedian ought to die with a jest in his mouth, to preserve his memory ; for if he makes not the audience laugh as he goes off the stage, he forfeits his character and his fame dies with his body. Therefore I would advise you to set your wits to work to prepare yourself, that as you have always lived by repeating other peoples' wit, you may not make your exit like a fool, but show you have some remains of your own juvenile sparklings to oblige the world with at your last minute.

I hear the effects of your debaucheries are tumbled into your pedestals, and make you walk with as much deliberation as Mr. Cant preaches. When a man is once so foundered by the iniquity of his life that his full speed is no faster than a snail's gallop, and his memory and his members both fail him, it is full time that he was travelled to his journey's end ; for with what comfort can a man live in the world when it is grown weary of him ? Young men I know look upon you as superannuated, and had rather see a death's head and an hour-glass in their company than see you make wry faces at your rheumatic twitches, or hear you banter upon your old gouty pains and the past causes thereof, between jest and earnest. When once a man comes to answer a bawdy question over the bottle silently, that is, with a feigned simper and a

shake of the head, no body cares a fart for him, he is good for nothing at those years, but, like Solomon's proverbs, to let young men foresee that worldly pleasures, when they come to be old, are but vanity and vexation of spirit, and to stir up young women to despise the impotency of old age which their fumbling fathers in vain admonish them to reverence.

A young comedian is apt to make everybody his jest ; but when arrived at your years, he himself becomes a jest to everybody. Youth gives an air to wit that renders it delightful, but for an old man to pretend to talk wisely is like a musician's endeavouring to fumble out a fine sonata upon a wind-broach ; though the time be good the instrument is imperfect, and the organs want that sound which should give a grace to the harmony. Some men at sixty are apt to flatter themselves in public upon the imbecilities of nature, and will boastingly say that they can do every thing as well as they could at thirty. But experienced women, who are the best judges of human decay, are too sensible of their error, and, if modesty would give 'em leave, could easily demonstrate the difference. I thank my stars, I knew not by experience the winter of old age, but made my exit in the beginning of my autumn ; but yet I found that what nature at midsummer esteemed a pleasure, was even then become a drudgery, and what used to be a refreshment to life, was found but a slavish exercise to the body. Therefore I heartily pity your impotent condition, for having nearly twenty years survived your grand climacteric, thou art forced to crawl about the world with a load of diseased flesh upon thy back, and art no less than a sumpter-horse to thy own infirmities.

Methinks I see thee creeping upon the surface of the earth, upon a feeble pair of gouty supporters, thy loins swathed up in flannel, leaning upon a crutch-head cane, and bending towards thy mother earth, who catches thee at every stumble ; sometimes reflecting on the past pleasures of human life, and sometimes looking forward with imperfect eyes towards the doubtful state of immortality, grinning as you walk at the gaiety of youth, and snarling in thy thoughts at those delights the weakness of thy age has put thee past enjoying ; pursuing only that pleasure which, tho' thy youth made vicious, is in age become thy support—that is, the bottle, which in thy younger days was oft made nauseous by excess. But wise experience has taught thee to make the darling comfortable by a seasonable moderation : methinks I see thee use it now with caution, as if you hoped by every glass you drank, to

strengthen nature's union, and keep your soul and body still from separation.

The ghost of a comedian in these shades is but a useless piece of immortality, for all the entertainments upon the stages of our infernal theatres are very tragical. No smile, no merry looks, or monkey-gestures used by your merry-andrews upon earth to provoke your listening audience to a laughter, are fashionable in these parts. If you intend to come among us, you must learn to howl, to grin, and gnash your teeth, unless you can make yourself so complete a philosopher as to laugh at your own misery. Horror, darkness and despair overspread the whole dominion, and our tyrannical prince is never better pleased than when he sees his subjects the most miserable. For my part, merry representative of some foolish plebeian as I was in the upper world, I cannot in these melancholy grottoes frame so much as one cheerful conceit to mitigate those torments, which by virtue of our diabolical laws, are perpetually inflicted upon me. Therefore, those who betake themselves to these regions ought to arm themselves with abundance of resolution; for whoever flinches beneath their pains does but increase their punishment. For this reason I advise you to consider what you have to trust to, if your journey be downwards; and if you find it in your power, to divert your coming hither with prayers and tears to heaven, or else I must tell you in good earnest, you may jest on as I did, till you die and be damned, like your humble servant,

ANTHONY LEIGH

Cave Underhill's Answer to Tony Lee

HONEST FRIEND TONY,

When I first read your letter, merry as the world thinks me, I was struck with such a terrible tremulation that it was as much as three gulps of my brandy bottle could do to put my chilled blood into its regular motion. I had no sooner recovered myself, but on thinking of death and the devil, which I had scarce done in sixty years before, I fell into such an extravagant fit of praying, that if anybody had heard me, they would sooner have guessed me, by the length of my devotion, to have been a Presbyterian parson than Duke Trinculo the comedian. It was the first time that ever I found myself in earnest in my life, and I was suddenly sensible of so vast a difference betwixt that and jesting, that I believe for a whole hour together I was changed from an old

comical merry-andrew into a new sorrowful penitent ; and were I to con over your letter but once in a day, I believe it would go near to fright me into abundance of religion, which we players, you know, seldom or never think on, except we are put in mind on't by some extraordinary accident. The main reason, I believe, why we are not over-burthened with zeal, is our drolling upon the clergy, by representing Mr. Spintext the preacher, or Mr. Lovelady the chaplain, after a ridiculous manner, for the loose audience to laugh at ; which we repeat so often that at last we are apt to fancy religion, as well as the teachers of it, to be really no more than what we make it, that is a mere jest, worthy only to be smiled at, and not to be listened to.

Certainly you have a very good knowledge in your world of the circumstances of us who dwell above you, of else you are the devil of a guesser, for in your letter you seem to have as true a sense of my condition as if you were an eye-witness of it. To tell you the truth, I find all the members of my body in such a fumbling condition that I begin to think of a leap in the dark, and to wonder what would become of me in a little time. The people are still pleased to see me crawl upon the stage ; indeed, the shuffling pace that age and decay hath brought me to makes the audience as merry as if it were a counterfeit gesture to provoke laughter ; but, i'faith, brother Tony, that which makes them glad makes me sad, insomuch that these five years my heart has ached every time I have played the sexton in *Hamlet*, for fear that when I am once got into the grave, the grim tyrant should give me a turn over the perch and keep me there for jesting with mortality.

Nature, which finds herself declining in me, is so greedy of new breath that I gape as I crawl for the benefit of the fresh air, as if I was jaw-fallen, and those humming insects that are a pestiferous calamity to all cooks-shops and sugar-bakers this hot weather, are so unmannerly that they fly over those few palisadoes of my breathing-hole that are left, and dung t'other side the pails, as if they took my mouth for a house of office. Nay, sometimes in creeping along the length of a street, I have had my tongue so fly-blown that had I not gone into a tavern and washed them off with a pint of canary, I don't know but my whole head might have been in a little time as full of maggots as a sheep's arse at Midsummer.

I find the greatest curse of my old age is my desire surviving my capacity, for, I protest, my inclinations are as youthful as ever, tho' my ability is quite superannuated.

I am just now entering into a fit of the gout, which so terrifies me that I pray one half minute, and curse the other, like a true-bred seaman in a storm, therefore am forced to break off, blood and wounds, abruptly.

So farewell,

CAVE UNDERHILL

From Alderman Backwell¹ to Sir Charles Duncombe

Hearing what a noisy reputation you have acquired within the walls of England's metropolis, and what a popular rumble your generosity makes over the heads of us out of whose ruins you have, true citizen-like, erected your own welfare, I could no longer forbear putting you in mind of some of your former managements, lest some rake-helly rhyme-tagger or other should flatter you into believing that you have honesty and integrity enough to qualify you for a bishop. I took you as a mere bumpkin, and taught you your trade, for a basket of turkey-eggs, and therefore it highly concerns your prudence to consider the obligation you lie under of carrying yourself towards the world with all humility, tho' you have risen to the very pinnacle of prosperity since the first cause of your advancement dropped out of the fundament of a turkey. The eggs, as an argument of their being newly laid, were besmeared with excrementitious tokens of good luck, which made me fancy, when I received them, they were beshitten omens of your future fortune, in whose behalf they were presented me.

Birds have often shewed their tenderness and compassion to mankind. Eagles have preserved infants in their nests, who have afterwards become singularly prosperous in the ages they have lived in. Sappho raised himself to the reputation of a god among the Persians by parrots, and you have raised yourself to the grandeur of an alderman by your mother's hen-turkeys; for in all wonderful effects the leading cause ought to be revered and respected.

¹ Edward Backwell was a goldsmith and banker, at the Unicorn, Lombard Street, and originated the system of bank-notes. He had extensive financial dealings with Cromwell, Charles II and Louis XIV, and was ruined by Charles closing the exchequer in 1672 when it owed him many thousands of pounds. He fled to Holland for a time, but returned later and was M.P. for Wendover. He died in 1683. Sir Charles Duncombe had been his apprentice and stepped into much of his business. He was expelled from Parliament in 1698 for falsely endorsing some Exchequer Bills, was tried but acquitted, as the information against him was false. He was immediately elected a sheriff and shortly after was knighted. He became Lord Mayor in 1708, and when he died, in 1711, was reputed the wealthiest commoner in the country.

Nothing conduces more to the rise and riches of a citizen, than these three qualifications, nor can a man be a complete trader without them : First, to be a hypocrite undiscernably ; Secondly, a knave, and not mistrusted ; and Thirdly, to be diligent in all matters that concern his own interest. These profitable talents, I must needs confess, you are absolute master of, and manage them with such admirable cunning that I always conceived a different opinion of you, till I had given it irrevocably into your power to feather your own nest by completing my ruin. Like a true politician, I thank you, you made an excellent use of the lucky opportunity ; for when the vicissitude of fortune had put my affairs in a little disorder, and I thought it best for the safety of my person to take foreign sanctuary, what friendly protestations did you make, from the teeth outwards, of the faithful service you would do me in my absence, in order to compose and settle matters after such a manner that all the difficulties that had lessened my credit, and occasioned me to withdraw, should be removed and made easy ? Upon which, being too ready to believe that a person I had raised from sheep-skin breeches and leathern shoe-ties to the substance and reputation of a topping citizen, could never so forget the obligation he lay under to do me justice as to prove treacherous to his master, I trusted you alone with my whole effects, and the sole power of managing my affairs according to your own discretion : but you, like a faithless steward, instead of endeavouring to support my declining reputation, when my back was turned, lessened my circumstances to my creditors far beneath their real estimate, till you had bought up my notes, to the sum of a hundred thousand pounds, for an eighth part of their value. This was on your own behalf, with the ready specie I had left you to compound my matters ; and like an honest man you returned them to me at their full value, cheating my creditors of seven parts in eight of their due, sinking the money to yourself, and like an ungrateful wretch, leaving the kindest of all masters to die a beggar. In this, I say, you shewed yourself a complete citizen : First, a hypocrite, in dissembling friendship to me ; Secondly, a knave, in cheating me and my creditors ; and Thirdly, an industrious man, in diligently converting so fair an opportunity so foully to your own interest.

Upon this basis (when downright knavery, according to the City phrase, was termed outwitting) you passed in popular esteem for being a wealthy man, and a cunning one, and as I have since heard, daily improved your riches as honestly as you got them ; and by changing

broad money into less,¹ made your sums the larger. A pretty sort of a paradox, that a man by diminution should raise an increase : but the deed was darker than the saying, yet both very intelligible to moneyed citizens in the age you live in. It is no great wonder, if rightly considered, that a man of your dealing should acquire such vast riches, since you were so well beloved by your under-agents that scarce a sessions passed for seven years together but one or other was hanged for the propagation of your interest, whilst you yourself stood secure behind a bulwark of full bags, that screened your person from the law, and your reputation from the danger of common slander.

Another fortunate opportunity that you had of heaping more muck upon your fertile possessions, and manuring those mighty sums you had before collected, was the misfortune of your prince, which largely contributed (as you honestly ordered the matter) to your further prosperity. Fourscore thousand pounds added to your preceding stock was indeed enough to make a reasonable man contented ; but as nothing less than the conquest of the whole world could satisfy the ambition of Alexander ; so nothing, I am apt to think, but the riches of the universe, can quench the unbounded avarice of so aspiring a Cræsus. But, oh ! the disappointments that attend the proud and wealthy ! What signifies three hundred thousand pounds to an ambitious alderman, if he cannot take a peaceable nod in his elbow-chair of state, and be registered in the City-annals as Lord Mayor of London, so that posterity may read Duncombe and his turkeys were as much renowned in the age they lived in, as Whittington and his cat ? I am heartily sorry (since fortune's favours, and your own indefatigable knavery, have so happily concurred to make you rich) that the electors of the city would not also agree to make you honourable ; and that your gilt oracle of time, that public monument of your generosity, with your promise of a mansion-house for the city-magistrate, and the twelve apostles to be elevated at the east end of St. Paul's, will not prevail upon the liverymen of London to place you into the trust and dignity which would very highly become a person of your worth, honour and integrity. But, as I well remember, one of the eggs was rotten, which I have since reflected on and think it reasonable to judge, if there be any divination by eggs, that it predicted your hopes would be addled in this very affair ; and do therefore advise you, for the future, to decline all thoughts of the mayoralty.

¹ The coinage was reformed in 1695-6, and all the old coins, of various dates and countries, then current were withdrawn. Great sums of money were made by the bankers who exchanged the old pieces for new currency.

I am very well pleased that you deal barefaced to the world in one particular, which is, that tho' you keep a chaplain in your house, to feed your ears with a few minced instructions, yet you entertain two mistresses publicly in your family, to reduce the rebellious flesh into an orderly subjection ; from whence your neighbours may see that in matters of religion you are no hypocrite, but openly do that which more secret sinners would be ashamed to be caught in, for, though full as wicked, they hide their vices with a sanctified coverslut, whilst you professing not much religion, scorn to make so ill a use as a cloak of that little you are blessed with.

I fear you are grown too bulky in estate to be long-lived in prosperity ; you are a well-fed fish to be caught nibbling at the bait, and abundance of great men are angling for you ; if you are once caught by the hook, you will not shake yourself off easily. Methinks it's pity a man that, I have some reason to say, has got an estate knavishly, should ever run the hazard of losing it foolishly ; so preserve it according to the custom of the City, to build an alms-house after your decease, that may maintain about the thousandth part of as many people when you are dead, as you have cheated when living.

So farewell.

BACKWELL

The Answer to Alderman Backwell

SIR,

Who would ever be a servant, if it were not for the hopes of being at one time or other as good a man as his master ? It's the thought of bettering our own conditions without danger, that makes a man submit with patience to a servile subjection. He that can govern his master will never truly obey him ; and he that finds he can outwit him, will be no longer his tool. Nature made us freemen alike, and gave us the whole world to seek our fortunes in ; and he that by either wit, strength, or industry can straddle over the back of another, has the riding of him for his pains. If one man, that is poor, worms a rich man out of his estate, it is but changing condition with one another, and the world in general is not a jot the worse for it ; besides, in most men's opinions, he best deserves an estate that has cunning enough to get one, and wit enough to keep it when he has got it.

I know no injustice but what is punishable by the laws of the land ; and if I can acquire an estate that the laws will protect me in, tho'

fifty men starve for it, I think myself as rightfully possessed as any man in the kingdom. He that is cheated out of an estate will certainly fall under the character of a fool, and he that gets one will be as surely suspected for a knave. No man enjoys the reputation of an honest man but he who bribes the world by courtesies into that opinion of him ; and he who, like myself, scorns to be at the charge of purchasing it, will be sure never to enjoy the character. Honesty and courage may be said to stand upon one bottom, for all men would derogate from both, and be knaves and cowards if they durst ; it's the fear of being pissed upon by everybody that makes men fight soberly, and the fear of punishment that makes men live honestly ; yet for want of being tried a cursing coward often passes for a brave man, and an arrant knave, for want of opportunity, for a very honest fellow.

You blame me for building my own welfare out of your ruin, and charge me with knavery for taking advantage of your folly. I am of the old opinion that all mankind are either fools or knaves ; and it is a maxim in my politics that the world will make a fool of him who will not be a knave. One man's oversight is always another's gain. How, then, can you condemn me for laying hold of that opportunity which your weakness gave me as a trial of my wit ? Had I neglected making a true use of it to my own advantage, I had made myself a greater fool than he who trusted a single man's honesty with so large a temptation. Could you have kept your estate in your own power, how great was your indiscretion to deliver it into mine ? And since I found, when I had it in my custody, I could secure it to myself beyond the power of the law to recover it, how foolish should I have been to have omitted the opportunity ? In short, I am very well satisfied at the usage I gave you, no check of conscience do I yet find that inclines me to repentance ; but I am heartily resolved, thro' the course of my life, never to let slip so luscious an advantage.

As for my sorting of broad-money for the royal snippers, it was grown so universal a practice among all dealers that it ceased to be thought criminal, and became a profitable trade ; and I never was so lazy in my life as to suffer any project to be on foot, wherein money was to be got, but I always had a hand in it. The Hollanders clipped it openly in their shops, and passed it afterwards among us ; shall we suffer a foreign nation to engross that advantage to themselves which was doubtless rather the property of a true-born Englishman to enjoy ? No, I am a true lover of my country, and do assert, it's better to be

rogues among ourselves and cozen one another, than it is to be cheated in our own way by a pack of knavish neighbours.

As for my master, King James, I dealt honestly by him as long as he continued my customer ; but, truly, when his credit was sunk and he was forced to take sanctuary in a foreign country, my conscience told me 'twas the safest way to serve my prince as I had done you my master ; for, indeed, I could not reasonably think providence flung so many lucky hits in a man's way for him to make no use of. Besides, what signifies cozening a king of a trifling sum of fourscore thousand pounds, when he was going into a country where every body knew he would be well provided for ? I considered it would do me more kindness by half ; and tho' some of his friends blamed me, yet I thought myself an honest man than those who stripped him of his sovereignty. For if it was a sin to cheat him at all, then those who cheated him most were doubtless the most wicked ; and to deal with you like an old friend, without dissimulation, as long as I can imagine there's a man upon earth more sinful than myself, I have a conscience that can fling nothing in my face but what I can withstand boldly without blushing.

You seem to reflect highly upon me for keeping two domestic conveniences publicly in my family, as if a man of my grandeur should abridge himself of those pleasures which every apprentice boy has the enjoyment of, between the mistress and the maid, without stirring over the threshold ; and, sure, an alderman in the City, a grave magistrate, a man worth three hundred thousand pounds, need not be either afraid or ashamed of being suspected guilty of that little snivelling sin practised daily in every citizen's house, from the very beds in the garret down to the stools in the kitchen. Why, at the rate you would muzzle one's appetite, a man had better by half be a Presbyterian parson, and have two or three pair of holy sisters to smuggle over every week, than to be an alderman of the City of London, and have his carnal inclinations priest-ridden with a curb bridle.

As for the fair promises I made to the City in order to coax them to choose me mayor, I designed them only as alluring baits to tempt the godly party over to my interest ; and in the common hall it took very good effect. But had I once got into the chair, I should have shewed them a trick like Sir Timber Temple, and have reduced my mountain promise into a mole-hill performance ; which our cunning fraternity mistrusting (for always set a knave to catch a knave) by a piece of

unpracticable subtilty they threw me out when I thought myself as cock-sure of the honour as a man is of a morsel he has got in his mouth. But the City is so corrupted that an honest churchman can put no confidence in a parcel of knavish fanatics, for he is sure to be deceived. Had the Church-party been strong enough to have brought me in, I had then caught what I gaped for, as sure as there's a cuckold in Guild-hall in the time of election. But knowing our court of wiseacres was at that time under the ascendancy of a Whiggish planet, I was fearful I should lose it; but they had better have chosen me, for I assure them I would sooner go into Barbary and feed ostriches with my money, than I would lay out one groat towards so much as the repairing of one of their old gates, or in adding any thing to the City's magnificence, though 'twas no more than a weather-cock. Nay, I have now so little charity for that ingrateful Sodom, that I would not be at the expense of giving them an engine, tho' I was sure 'twould save them from a second conflagration.

I fear, Sir, by this time I have quite tired your patience and shall therefore conclude with this acknowledgment, that I lived under one of the best princes in the world, and one of the best masters in the kingdom, and that under both, I thank my stars, I have patched up a pretty good fortune; and I profess, as I am a Christian of the true Church by law established, I would turn subject to the Grand Seignior, and servant to alderman Lucifer, to enjoy again two such precious opportunities. So I rest, with a quiet conscience, your thankful servant,

CHARLES DUNCOMBE

From Henry Purcell¹ to Dr. Blow

DEAR FRIEND,

To tell you the truth, I send you this letter on purpose to undeceive you. I know that the upper world has a notion that these infernal shades are destitute of all harmony, and delight in nothing but jarring, discord, and confusion; upon the word of a musician, you are all mistaken, for I never came into a merrier country, since I knew a whimsy from a fiddle-stick. Every body here sings as naturally as a nightingale, and at least as sweet. Lovers sit perched upon boughs in pairs, like murmuring turtles in a rural grove, and in amorous ditties

¹ The great composer died in 1695; Dr. John Blow was organist at Westminster Abbey, 1669-80, and master of the choristers at St. Paul's, 1687-93.

sing forth their passionate affections ; all people on this side the adamantine gates have their organs perfect, and *I burn, I burn, I burn*, which some persons thought a difficult song upon earth, is here sung by every scoundrel. The whole infernal territory is infested with such innumerable crowds of poets and musicians that a man can't stir twice his length but he shall tread upon a new ballad ; and as for music, 'tis so plentiful amongst us that there is a fellow scraping upon a fiddle at every garret-window, and another tinkling a spinet or a virginal in every chimney-corner ; flutes, hautboys and trumpets are so perpetually tooting, that all the year round the whole dominion is like a Bartholomew-Fair ; and as for drums, you have a set of them under every devil's window, rattling and thumping like a concert of his majesty's rat-tat-too's at an English wedding.

We have such a glut of all sorts of performers that our very ears are surfeited ; and any body may hire a concert large enough to surround Westminster Abbey, for the price of an hundred of chestnuts a day ; yet every minstrel performs to admiration. Every cobbler that dispatches a voluntary whilst he's waxing his thread, shall out-sing Mr. Abel,¹ and a carpenter shall make better music upon an empty cupboard strung with five brass-wires, than Baptist can upon the harpsichord. Every trumpet that attends a bodkin lottery sounds better than Shore ; and not a porter plies at the corner of a street but that with his stubbed fingers can make a smooth table out-grunt the harmony of a double curtell. We have catches, too, in admirable perfection : fish-women sit and sing them at market, instead of scolding as they do at Billingsgate ; hymns and anthems are as frequent among us as among you of the upper world, for to every church God Almighty has upon earth, here the devil has a chapel.

You are sensible I was a great lover of music before I departed my temporal life, but now I am so surfeited with incessant sound that I would rather choose to be as deaf as an adder than be plagued with the best *air* that ever Corelli made, or the finest *sola* or *sonata* that ever was composed in Italy. For, you must know, the laws of this country are such that every man, for sins in the other world, shall here be punished with excess of that which he there esteemed most pleasant and delightful. Lovers, that in your region would hang or drown, or

¹ See note, page 351 ; Evelyn says of John Baptiste (July 25, 1684) that he was ' famous for playing on the harpsichord, few, if any, in Europe excelling him.' For Shore, see note, page 317.

run thro' fire like a couple of salamanders, for one another's company, are here coupled together like the twins Castor and Pollux, pursuant to their own wishes upon earth, and have all the liberty they can desire with one another, but must never be separated whilst eternity endures. This sort of confinement, though 'tis what they once coveted, makes them so sick of one another in a little time, that they cry out, 'O damnable slavery! O diabolical matrimony!' and are always drawing two several ways with all imaginable hatred, endeavouring to break their fetters, and pursue variety. Thus every one is wedded to what they like best, and yet every person's desires terminate in their own misery, which sufficiently shews there is no other justice to punish us for our follies than the objects of our own loose appetites and inclinations; for that which we are apt to covet most when we are in the upper world, generally, if obtained, proves our greatest unhappiness. Therefore, since experience would not teach us to bridle our inclinations on the other side the grave, the pleasures we pursued when we were living are, after death, appointed to be our punishments.

Dr. Stag—s¹ is greatly improved since he arrived in these parts, and more crotchets flow thro' his brains in one minute than he can digest into music in a whole week. He had not been here a month, before his bandy-legs stepped into a very good place, and his business is to compose Scotch tunes for Lucifer's bag-piper. Honest Tom Farmer² has taken such an antipathy against music, upon hearing a French barber play Bannister's Ground in *Bmi* upon a jew's-harp that he swears that the hooping of a tub, and filing of a saw makes the sweetest harmony in Christendom. Robin Smith is still as love-mad as ever he was; hangs half a dozen fiddles at his girdle, as the fellow does coney-skins, and scours up and down hell, crying 'a Reeves, a Reeves,' as if the devil was in him. Poor Val. Redding, too, is quite tired with his fiddle, and has betaken himself to be a merry-andrew to a Dutch mountebank; and the reason he gave for it was this, that he was got into a country where he found fools were more respected than fiddlers.

Dancing-masters are also as numerous in every street as posts in Cheapside³, there is no walking but we stumble upon them; they are held here but in very slight esteem, for the gentry call them leg-livers,

¹ Nicholas Staggins was master of the King's music in 1675. He died in 1700.

² A favourite composer of part-songs and 'consort' pieces; John Bannister was a famous violinist and leader of the King's band in 1663; of Robin Smith and Val. Redding I can find no trace.

³ Before side-pavements were made foot-passengers were protected from passing vehicles by a row of posts on either side of the street.

and the mob, from their mighty number and their nimbleness, call them the devil's grasshoppers. Players run up and down muttering old speeches, like so many madmen in their own soliloquies ; and if any beau wants a bridge to bear him over a dirty channel, a player lies down instead of a plank for him to walk upon. The reason why they were doomed to that piece of scandalous servitude was because they were as proud upon the stage as the very princes they represented, and as humble in a brandy-shop as a scold in a ducking-stool ; therefore they were fit for nothing, when they had done playing, but to be trampled upon. I have nothing further at present to impart to you ; so begging you to excuse this trouble, I rest

Your humble Servant,

HENRY PURCELL

Dr. Blow's Answer to Henry Purcell

DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter was one of the greatest surprizes to me I ever met with ; for after giving credit to that fulsome piece of flattery, stuck up by some of your friends upon a pillar behind the organ which you once were master of, I remained satisfied you were gone to that happy place where your own harmony could only be exceeded, and had left order with some of your friends to put up that epitaph only as a direction where your acquaintance upon occasion might be sure to meet with you. But since you have favoured me with a letter from your own hand, wherein you assure me 'twas your fortune to travel a quite contrary road, I will always be of opinion, for the future, that when a man takes a step in the dark, those that he leaves behind him can no more guess where he is gone than I can tell what's become of the saddle which Balaam rid upon when his ass spoke. I find that just as people please or displease us in this world, we accordingly assign them a place of happiness or unhappiness in the next ; virtue shall be rewarded, and vice punished hereafter, 'tis true, but when or how, I believe every man knows as well as the pope.

Therefore, many people have blamed the inscription of your marble, and think it a presumption in the penman to be so very positive in matters which the wisest of mankind, without death, can come to no true knowledge of. The fanatics, especially, are very highly offended at it, and say it looks as if a man could toot himself to heaven upon the whore of Babylon's bag-pipes, and that religion consists only in the

true setting of a catch, or composing of a madrigal. I have had many a bitter squabble with them in defence of your epitaph, upon which they scoffingly advised me to get Monsieur D'Urfey to tag it with rhyme, then myself to garnish it with a tune, and so make it a catch, in imitation of *Under this stone lies Gabriel John*, etc. which unlucky saying so dumb-founded me, that I was forced silently to submit, because you had served another person's epitaph after the same manner.

I have no novelties to entertain you with relating to either the Abbey or St. Paul's, for both the choirs continue just as wicked as they were when you left them. Some of them daily come reeking hot out of the bawdy-house into the church; and others stagger out of a tavern to afternoon prayers, hiccup over a little of the Litany, and so back again. Old Claret-face beats time still upon his cushion stoutly, and sits growling under his purple canopy, a hearty old-fashioned bass that deafens all about him. Beau Bushy-wig preserves his voice to a miracle, charms all the ladies over against him with his handsome face, and all over head with his singing. Parson Punch makes a very good shift still, and lyrics over his part in an anthem very handsomely.

So much for the church; and now for the play-houses, which are grown so abominably wicked since the pious society have undertook to reform them that not a member of the fraternity will sit down to his dinner till he has repeated over a catalogue of curses as long as a Presbyterian grace, upon the crew of sin-sucking hypocrites, then falls to with a good appetite, and damns them as heartily after dinner; nor will they bring a play upon the stage, unless larded with half a dozen luscious bawdy songs in contempt of the reforming authority, some writ by Mr. C——, and set by your friend Dr. B——; others writ by Mr. D——, and set by your friend Mr. E——. You know, men of our profession hang between the church and the play-house, as Mahomet's tomb does between the two load-stones, and must equally incline to both because by both we are equally supported.

Religion is grown a stalking-horse to every body's interest, and every man chooses to be of that faith which he finds to be most profitable. Our parochial churches this hot weather are but indifferently filled, but our cathedrals are still as crowded as they used to be, because to one that comes thither truly to serve God, fifty come purely to hear the music. The blessing of peace has again quite forsaken us, and the people, tired with being happy, have drawn the curse of war upon their own heads; and the clergy like true Christians, confound their enemies

heartily. Money already begins to be as scarce as truth, honour and honesty ; and a man may walk from Ludgate to Aldgate, near 'Change time, and not meet a citizen with a full bag under his arm, or a jot of plain-dealing in his conscience. The ready specie lies all in the Bank and Exchequer, and most traders' estates lie in their pocket-books and their comb-cases ; paper goes current instead of cash, and pen-and-ink does us more service than the mines in the Indies.

I am very much in arrears upon the account of my business, as are also the brethren of my quality ; but whether we shall be paid in this world or the next, we are none of us yet certain. You made a timely step out of a troublesome world ; could I imagine you were got into a worse, I could easily pin my faith upon impossibilities. But fare as you will, it cannot be long e'er I shall give you my company, and discover the truth of that which our priests talk so much of, and know so little : till then

I rest Yours,
BLOW

From worthy Mrs. Behn¹ the Poetess, to the famous Virgin
Actress

MADAM,

I vow to Gad, lady, of all the fair sex that ever occupied their faculties upon the public stage, I think your pretty self the only miracle ! For a woman to cloak the frailties of nature with such admirable cunning as you have hitherto done, merits, in my opinion, the wonder and applause of the whole kingdom ! How many chaste Dianas, in your station, have lost their reputation before they had done any thing to deserve it ! but for a woman of your quality first to surrender her honour and afterwards preserve her character, shews a discreet management beyond the policy of a statesman. Your appearance upon the stage puts the Court ladies to the blush, when they reflect that a mercenary player should be more renowned for her virtue than all the glorious train of fair spectators, who, like true women, hear your praises whispered with regret, and behold your person with insupportable envy.

¹ Mrs. Aphra Behn, who had passed her youth in Surinam, was employed by Charles II as a political spy in Holland. She was a lively, amorous woman, who had many friends and protectors. She was intimate with the acting world and produced many plays gross in plot and language. She also wrote novels—the famous *Oronooko* among them—likewise marred by grossness. Mrs. Behn was the first professional woman journalist. The famous Virgin Actress here alluded to was Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose virtuous life continually aroused Brown's sneers.

The Roman empress Messalina was never half so famous for her lust as you are for your chastity ; nor the most Christian king's favourite, Madam Maintenon, more eminent for her parts than you are for your cunning. Nothing is a greater manifestation of a woman's conduct than for her to be vicious without mistrust, and to gratify her looser inclinations without discovery ; at which sort of managements you are an absolute artist, as since my departure I have made evident to myself, by residing in those shades where the secrets of all are open. For, peeping by chance into the breast of your old acquaintance,¹ where his sins were as plainly scored as tavern-reckonings upon a bar-board, there did I behold, among his numberless transgressions, your name registered so often in the black list that fornication with Madam B—— came so often into the score that it seemed to me like a chorus at the end of every stanza in an old ballad. Besides, had I wanted so manifest a proof as by chance I met with, experience has taught me to judge of my own sex to a perfection, and I know the difference there is between being really virtuous, and only accounted so. I am sensible it is as hard a matter for a pretty woman to keep herself honest in a theatre, as it is for an apothecary to keep his treacle from the flies in hot weather ; for every libertine in the audience will be buzzing about her honey-pot, and her virtue must defend itself by abundance of fly-flaps, or those flesh-loving insects will soon blow upon her honour, and when once she has had a maggot in her tail, all the pepper and salt in the kingdom will scarce keep her reputation from stinking. Therefore, that which makes me admire your good housewifery above all your sex is that notwithstanding your powdering-tub has been so often polluted, yet you have kept your flesh in such credit and good order that the nicest appetite in the Town would be glad to make a meal of it.

You must excuse me, Madam, that I am thus free with you, for you know it is the custom of our sex to take all manner of liberty with one another and to talk smuttily and act waggishly when we are by ourselves, though we scarce dare listen to a merry tale in man's company for fear of being thought impudent. You know the bob-tailed monster is a censorious creature, and if we should not be cunning enough to cast a mist before the eyes of men's understanding, sometimes there would be no living among them ; and therefore I cannot but highly commend you for your prudence in covering all your vicious inclinations

¹ Congreve, the dramatist, whose friendship with Mrs. Bracegirdle was invariably misrepresented.



MRS. BRACEGIRDLE AND THOMAS BETTERTON



by an hypocritical deportment. For how often have we heard men say, though a woman be a whore, yet they love she should carry herself modestly? that is as much as to say they love to be cheated. And you know, Madam, we can hit their humours in that particular to a hair's breadth, and convey one man away from under our petticoats to make room for another, with as much dexterity as the German artist does his balls, that the keenest eye in Christendom shall not discern the juggle. A woman ought to be made up of chinks and crannies, so that when a man searches for any thing he should not find, she may shuffle about her secrets so that the devil can't discover them, or else she's fit only to make a sempstress on, and can never be rightly qualified for intriguing. I have just now the remembrance of a few female stratagems crept into my head, which were practised by a pretty lady of my acquaintance; perhaps, Madam, if they are not stale to you, you may make them of some service hereafter. Therefore, in hopes of obliging you, I shall acquaint you with the particulars.

I happened long since, in the time of my youth, when powerful nature prompted me to delight in amorous adventures, to contract a friendship with a fair lady who, for her wit and beauty, was oftentimes solicited by the male sex to help to make up that beast of pleasure with two backs. Hating to submit herself to the tyrannical government of a single person, she never wanted a whole parliament of nipples to give her suck, though she flattered one man that kept her, to believe he was sole monarch of the Low Countries. But one time he unfortunately happened to catch her with a new relation, of whom he was a little jealous, believing for some reasons he had an underhand design of liquoring his boots for him, to prevent which he imposed an oath of abjuration upon his mistress and made her swear for the future to renounce the sight of him, which to oblige her keeper, she very readily consented to. But no sooner was his back turned, but she had invented a salvo for her conscience, as well as her concupiscence, and dispatching a letter to her new lover, told him what had passed, but withal encouraged him to renew his visits at such opportunities as she informed him were convenient.

At the time appointed her spark came: she received him with a blind compliment, and told him she would open any thing but her eyes to oblige him, but those she must keep shut for her oath's sake, having sworn never to see him if she could help it. The gentleman was very well satisfied he had so conscientious a lady to deal with. 'Love,

Madam,' says he, 'is always blind, and for my part, I shall be content to enjoy the darkeſt of your favours'; upon which he began vigorously to attack love's fortrefs, which you know, Madam, has no more eyes than a beetle. As ſhe told me the ſtory, he was beat off three times, and at laſt was forced to draw off his forces, ſo marched off to raiſe recruits againſt the next opportunity. The next day came the governor of the gariſon, as he fooliſhly thought himſelf, and made a ſtrict inquiry whether ſhe had any correſpondence with the enemy? 'Lord, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'what do you take me to be a devil? As I hope to be ſaved, I never ſet eyes on him ſince you engaged me to the contrary.' So all things paſſed off as well as if no evil had been acted.

The next freſh acquaintance ſhe contracted, ſhe would never ſuffer to wait upon her at her lodgings, otherwiſe than dreſſed in female apparel; ſo when a new fit of jealousy put her ſpark upon purging her conſcience upon oath, 'As I have a ſoul to be ſaved,' ſays ſhe, 'no creature in breeches but yourſelf has been near me ſince you had knowledge of it; therefore why, my dear, ſhould you harbour ſuch ill thoughts of a woman that loves you as dearly as I do my beads and crucifix?' Thus, though ſhe deceived him as often as ſhe had opportunity, yet her diſcretion kept all things in ſuch admirable decorum that I never knew any of the fair ſex, except yourſelf, like her.

If it were not for theſe witty contrivances, ſubtle ſhifts and evaſions, which we are forced to uſe to keep the male ſex eaſy, a pretty or an ingenious woman, to make one happy muſt make twenty miſerable; for wit and beauty are never without abundance of admirers. And if ſuch a woman were to ſacrifice all her charms to the miſerly temper of one ſingle lover, the reſt muſt run diſtracted, and at this rate the whole world in a ſhort time would become one great Bedlam. Beſides, ſince there is enough to make all happy, if prudently diſpenſed, I know no reaſon why one man ſhould engroſs more than he is able to deal with, and other men want that, which by uſing, cannot be miſſed. Therefore I commend you for the liberty you take to oblige your choſen friends, and the prudence you uſe to conceal it from the envious number you think unworthy of your ſmiles. So with this advice, I ſhall conclude; if you have twenty gallants that taſte your favours in their turns, let no man know he has a rival-ſharer in the happineſs, but ſwear to every one apart, none enjoys you but himſelf; and by this means you will oblige the whole herd, and make yourſelf eaſy in their numerous embraces.

A. BEHN

The Virgin's Answer to Mrs. Behn

It is no great wonder to me you should prove so witty, since so many sons of Parnassus, instead of climbing the Heliconian hill, should stoop so low as to make your Mount of Venus the barren object of their poetic fancies. I have heard some physicians say that the sweet sin of fornication draws mightily from the brain ; for which reason it is more affected with the pleasure than any other part of the body ; if so, how could the spirit of poesy be otherwise than infused into you, since you always gained by what the fraternity of the muses lost in your embraces ? You were the young poets' Venus ; to you they paid their devotion as a goddess, and their first adventure when they adjourned from the university to the town was to solicit your favours ; and this advantage you enjoyed above the rest of your sex, so that if a young student was but once infected with a rhyming itch, you, by a buttered bun, could make him an established poet at any time, for the contagion, like that of a worse distemper, will run a great way and be often strangely contracted. I have heard a gentleman say that when he has bedded with a poetess, or rivalled a poet in his mistress, he has dreamt of nothing but plays, ballads and lampoons, for six months after ; and has been forced to cuckold a critic before he could get cured of the distemper. From hence it appears that a man in his sober senses runs a greater hazard of his brains in having familiar contact with a daughter of the Muses, than a drunken man does of his nobler parts, in paving the common-shore of a town prostitute.

You upbraid me with a great discovery you chanced to make by peeping into the breast of an old friend of mine ; if you give yourself but the trouble of examining an old poet's conscience, who went lately off the stage, and now takes up his lodgings in your territories, I don't question but you'll there find Mrs. Behn writ as often in black characters, and stand as thick in some places, as the names of the generation of Adam in the first of Genesis.

But oh ! that I had but one glance into your own accounts ; there I am sure, should I find a complete register of all the poets of your standing, from the Laureate down to the White-friars ballad-monger ; at this rate, well might you be esteemed a female wit, since the least return your versifying admirers could make you for your favours was first to

lend you their assistance, and then oblige you with their applause. Besides, how could you do otherwise than produce some wit to the world, since you were so often ploughed and sowed by the kind husbandmen of Apollo ?

But give me leave, Madam, to tell you, after all your amorous intrigues to please the tag-lines of the age, and all the fatigue of your brains to oblige a fickle audience, I never could yet hear that your reputation ever soared above the character of a bawdy poetess. These were the two knacks you were chiefly happy in, one to make libertines laugh, and the other to make modest women blush ; and had you happened to have lived in a reforming age, under the lash of Mr. Collier, he would have so firked you about the pig-market, that you must have learnt to have writ more modestly, or he would have been apt to have said you certainly thinned your ink with your own water, or you could never have writ so bawdily.

You seem almost to think it an indispensable difficulty for a woman of my quality to preserve her reputation, especially if she has done any thing to deserve the loss of it ; I say, a prudent woman may do it with all the facility imaginable, by keeping up to a few maxims in female policy, which few women are strangers to. First, were I to give myself liberty (as whether I do or no, is no matter to any body) I would always bestow my favours upon those above me, and those beneath me, and never be concerned with any man upon an equal footing. And these are my reasons ; suppose the vicious eyes of a great man are fixed upon me, and my charms should kindle a love-passion in the cockles of his heart ; he writes, chatters, swears and prays, according to custom in such cases ; I still defend the premises by a flat verbal denial, but at the same instant encourage him by my looks, and am always free to oblige him with my company till by this sort of usage I make him sensible that downright courtship will never prevail, and that the citadel he besieges is not to be surrendered without bribing the governor. Then he begins to mix his fine words with fine presents ; he gives, I receive, returning a side glance for a diamond ring, two smiles for a gold watch, a kiss for a pearl-necklace, and at last for a round sum the ultimate of my favours ; of which, in one month's time, he is as much tired as a child is of a Bartholomew knick-knack. So we separate again, both fully satisfied. In this case, I say, a woman's reputation is pretty safe ; for if he has any brains he will be afraid to reveal I have been his bed-fellow, lest I should tell the world he has been my bubble ;

for he can't help believing, if he had never been my fool, I had never been his mistress.

In the next place, as why I would rather submit to make a friend of an inferior than an equal, I think these reasons are sufficient. If I oblige a man beneath me, he looks upon my condescension to be his greatest honour ; and 'tis but now and then furnishing his pockets with a little spending money, and he'll drudge like a stone-horse to give me a competent refreshment ; not only that, but he'll lie for me, swear for me, fight for me, and be always speaking in praise of my virtues upon every occasion. My mixing his pleasure with profit makes it so much the sweeter, and engages him to give my favours a more diligent attendance. I can govern, command, expect, and make him more my slave than a woman is to her keeper ; and he takes it to be his only happiness to be so. And for my part, I think there is more satisfaction in having a man that one likes in this sort of subjection than there is in being courtesan to any gouty peer in Christendom ; for I have always had the same ambition to be mistress over some of the male sex, as some of them have had to make me their humble servant.

These are the reasons why some ladies submit themselves to the lash of the long whip, and love to be jerked by their coachman ; and why lawyers' wives join issue with their husbands' clerks, and shop-keepers' help-mates court the benevolence of their apprentices : for a woman's business is seldom done by a man that's her master. And I must frankly confess, were I to be a slave to the best man's lust in the kingdom, tho' kept never so well for it, if I had not a man beneath me in the same classis, I should think my life but in a miserable confinement ; for there is no other pleasure in money got over the devil's back, but in spending it under his belly. Besides, if a woman's reputation be safe in any man's power, it must certainly be secure in the custody of an inferior so obliged ; for interest is the best padlock in the world to confine a tongue to silence. But if you make an equal your familiar, and there is no interest binding on either side, upon every little disgust it will be, ' Confound you for a whore, what made you disappoint me ? Damn you for a jilt, what spark were you engaged with ? ' And this sort of usage, in a little time, a woman must expect to be treated with and this is all the gratitude the poor loving fool shall meet with for her kindness.

Pray, Madam, tho' I have been so free with you as to deliver you my sentiments, don't you take me to be a person that ever put them into

practice. I only tell you, according to my present judgment,¹ what I believe I should do were I under the same predicament with many ladies whom I see daily in the boxes. But I thank my stars, I had always more modesty than to be lewd and more generosity than to be mercenary; and have hitherto took care to preserve a virtuous reputation, notwithstanding I know what I know. Therefore, I defy your conscience peeping; besides, that was in another world and when all comes to all, I believe 'tis only a piece of your own romantic wit, and as such I take it. So farewell.

From Madam Cresswell¹ of pious Memory, to her sister in
iniquity Moll Quarles of known Integrity

DEAR SISTER,

It is no little grief to me on this side the grave, to hear what a low ebb the good old trade of basket-making is reduced to in the age you live in. For I hear it is as much as a woman of tolerable beauty and reasonable share of experience can well do, to keep clean smocks to her back, and pay her surgeon. In my time, praised be the L—d for it, I kept my family as neat and sweet, poor girls, as any alderman's daughters in the City of London. I don't know what scandal our profession may be dwindled into since my departure from the upper world, but I am sure, through the course of my life, I was looked upon by the whole City to be as honest an old gentlewoman as ever hazarded her soul for the service of her country.

I always took care to deal in as good commodities as any shop-keeper in London could desire to have the handling of, true, wholesome country-ware; whole waggon-loads have I had come up at a time, have dressed them at my own expense, made them fit for man's use, and put them into a saleable condition. The clergy, I am sure, were much beholden to me, for many a poor parson's daughter have I taken care on, bought her shifts to her back, put a trade into her belly, taught her a pleasant livelihood that she might support herself like a woman, without being beholden to any body; otherwise must have turned drudge,

¹ Madam—better known as Mother—Cresswell was one of the notorious procurers of the time of Charles II. She died about 1684, and left £10 for a funeral sermon in which nothing but what was well should be said of her. Faced with his ticklish task the preacher concluded his sermon by saying, 'She was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well*; for she was born with the name of Cresswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell.' Moll Quarles was a less-known lady of the same profession.

waited upon some proud minx or other, or else have depended upon relations. Yet these unmannerly priests had the sinful ingratitude before I died to refuse praying for me in their churches ; tho' I dealt by all people with a conscience, and was so well beloved in the parish I lived in that the churchwardens themselves became my daily customers.

My home was always a sanctuary for distressed ladies ; I never refused meat, drink, washing, lodging, and clothes to any that had the least spark of wit, youth, beauty, or gentility to recommend them to my charity ; ladies' women, chamber-maids, cook-maids of any sort, when out of service, were at all times welcome to my table, till they could provide better for themselves ; and I am sure, tho' I say it that should not, I kept as hospitable a house for all comers and goers as any woman in England. For the best of flesh was never wanting to delight the appetites of both sexes ; the toppingest shop-keepers in the City used now and then to visit me for a good supper, and I never failed of having a tit-bit ready for them ; dainties that were hot and hot, never overdone, but always with the gravy in them ; which pleased them so wonderfully, that they used to cry that their own victuals at home was mere carrion to it. Nay, their very wives, sometimes, contrary to their own husbands' knowledge, have tripped in of an evening, complained they have been as hungry as hawks, and desired me to provide a morsel for them that might satisfy their bellies ; for you must know, both sexes were wonderful lovers of my cookery, and would feed very heartily upon such nice dainties as I tossed up for them, when no other sort of flesh would by any means go down with them.

Many hopeful babes have been beholden to my mansion-house for their generation ; who, though they were never wise enough to know their own father, yet some of them, for aught I know, may at this day be aldermen ; for I have had as good merchants' ladies as ever lived in Mincing-lane, apply themselves to my fertile habitation for change of diet ; and have come twice or thrice a week to refresh nature with my standing dishes ; for I always kept an open house to feast lovers, and, Jove be thanked, never wanted variety to gratify the appetites of mankind. Thirty pair of haunches, both bucks and does, have been wagging their scuts at one another within the compass of one evening ; and many noblemen, notwithstanding they had deer of their own, used to come to my park for a bit of choice venison, for I never wanted what was fat and good, tho' within my pale it was all the year rutting-time.

It is well known, I kept as good order in my house as ever was

observed in the nunnery ; a church-bible always lay open upon my hall table, and every room in my house was furnished with the *Practice of Piety*, and other good books for the edification of my family ; so that for every minute they sinned, they might repent an hour at their leisure intervals. I kept a chaplain in my house, and had prayers read twice a day as constantly as the sun rises in a morning, and sets in an evening. And though I say it, I had a parcel of as honest, religious girls about me as ever pious matron had under her tuition at a Hackney boarding-school ; nor would they ever dare to humble the proud flesh of a sinner without my leave or approbation, and, like good Christians, as often as they had sinned came to auricular confession. I always did every thing in the fear of the Lord, and was, I thank my Creator, so happy in my memory, that I had as many texts of scripture at command as a Presbyterian parson.

For my zeal to religion, and the services I daily did to the public community, I bless my stars that I never wanted a City magistrate to stand my friend in the times of persecution or any other adversity, but could have half the Court of Aldermen appear on my behalf at an hour's warning. I kept a painter in my house perpetually employed upon fresh faces, and had as good a collection of pictures to the life as ever were to be seen in Lely's showing-room ; beauties of all complexions, from the coal-black cling-fast to the golden-lock insatiate ; from the sleepy-eyed slug to the brisk-eyed wanton ; from the reserved hypocrite to the lewd fricatrix ; so that every man might choose, by the shadow, what kind of beauteous substance would give his fancy the greatest titillation.

Every room in my house was adorned with the picture of some grave bishop, that my customers might see what a great veneration I had for the clergy ; all my lodgings were as well furnished as the splendid apartments of a prince's palace, that every citizen whose wife had been kissed at Court, might fancy in revenge, by the richness of his bed, he was making a cuckold of a nobleman. I never was without viper-wine for a fumbler, to give a spur to old age and assist impotency. I also had right French claret, and the flower of Canary, to wash away the dregs of the last Sunday's sermon, that the bugbears of conscience might not fright a good churchman from the pleasures of fornication. I had orders in every room against cathedral exercise, or bestial back-slidings, and made it ten shillings forfeiture for any that were caught in such actions, because I would not be bilked of my bed-money.

These were the measures I took in my occupation to procure an honest

livelihood ; and, heaven be praised, I throve as well in my profession as if my calling had been licensable. How times are altered since, I know not, but I hear, to my great sorrow, that bawding of late years, which used to be a trade of itself, is now grown scandalous and very much declined, by reason that midwives, like a parcel of encroaching hussies, have engrossed the whole business to themselves, to the starving of experienced old ladies who have spent their days and worn out their beauty in the service of the public, and ought, in all equity, to be the only persons thought qualified for so judicious an undertaking, to support them in their old age, when father Time has stripped them of their charms, and their noble faculties fail them. Besides, I hear noblemen employ their own valets, ladies their own waiting-women, citizens' wives one another, and all to save charges, to the ruin of our poor sisterhood.

Alackaday ! what a pernicious age do you live in, that traders should trust one another to buy their commodities, and all to save the expense of brokerage ? I fear there are some instruments among yourselves, that have been the main occasion of your being thus neglected. I shall further proceed to give you a little advice, which, if but duly observed, may, I hope, in a little time, recover the ancient state of bawdery into a flourishing condition, and make it once more as reputable a calling as it was when clergymen's widows, and decayed ladies at Court, did not disdain to follow it.

Never neglect public prayers twice a day, hear two sermons every Sunday, receive the sacrament once a month, but let this be done at a church where you are unknown ; and be sure to read the scriptures often, and to fortify your tongue with abundance of godly sayings ; let them drop from you in strange company as thick as ripe fruit from the tree in a high wind. And whenever you have a design upon the daughter, be sure of the mother's faith, and ply her closely with religion, and she will trust her beloved abroad with you, in hopes she may edify ; for you must consider, there is no being a perfect bawd without being a true hypocrite.

Always have a lodging separate from your house, in a place of credit, where, upon occasion, you may entertain the parents without being suspected, and corrupt the minds of their children before they know your employment. You must first pour the poison in at their ears, infect their thoughts, and when their fancies begin to itch, they will have their tails rubbed in spite of the devil.

Whenever you have a maidenhead, be sure and make a penny of the

first-fruits, and at the second-hand let the next justice of peace have the residue on free-cost, tho' you must give her her lesson, and present her as a pure virgin. By this sort of bribery you may win all the magistrates in Middlesex, make Hicks's Hall your sanctuary, and gain an useful ascendancy over the whole bench of justices.

Never admit common faces into your domestic seraglio, 'tis a scandal to your family, a dishonour to your function, and will certainly spoil your trade ; but ply close at inns, upon the coming in of wagons and gee-ho-coaches, and there you may hire fresh country-wenchcs, sound, plump, and juicy, and truly qualified for your business.

Whatever you do, never trust any of your tits into an inn of court, or inn of chancery, for if you do they will certainly harass her about from chamber to chamber till they have rid her off her legs ; elevate her by degrees, from the ground floor to their garrets, and make her drudge like a laundress, thro' a whole stair-case ; and after a good week's work, will send her home with foul linen, torn head-gear, rumpled scarf, apparel spewed upon, without fan, with but one glove, no money, and perhaps a hot tail into the bargain.

This advice for the present, if put in practice, I hope will prove of use to you. I must tell you, there is nothing to be done in the world you live in without cunning ; religion itself, without policy, is too simple to be safe ; therefore, if you do but take care for the future, and deal by the world as a woman of your station ought to do, and play your cards like a gamestress, I don't at all question but the mystery of bawding, by your good management, may be raised again, in spite of reformation, to its pristine eminency ; which are the hearty wishes of

Your defunct Friend,

CRESWELL

Moll Quarles's Answer to Mother Creswell of famous Memory

LOVING SISTER,

Your compassionate letter has so won my affection to your pious memory, that it shall be always my endeavour to pursue your kind instructions, and to make myself the happy imitator of your glorious example, having often, with great satisfaction, heard of your fame ; which, as long as there is a young libertine, or an honest old whoremaster living upon earth, can never be obliterated. Were I to give you an

account of the severe usage and many persecutions I have been under of late days, since the mercenary reformation of ill-manners has been put on foot, it would soften the most obdurate wretches within your infernal precincts, and squeeze out of them a tear of pity, tho' your unextinguishable fire had so dried their souls that their immortalities were crusted into perfect cinder.

Of all the unmerciful impositions that ever were laid upon bum-labour, none ever so highly afflicted or so insupportably oppress us, the retailers of copulation, as this intolerable society, who have bribed those who were our pimps, to forsake our interest; and have made those scoundrels who were our meanest servants, our implacable masters. They come in clusters, like cowardly bailiffs to arrest a bully; distraint our commodities for want of money to pacify their greedy avarice; fright away our customers, and make us pawn our clothes to redeem little more than our nakedness from a cat-of-nine-tails, and the filthy confines of a stinking prison. At least five hundred of these reforming vultures are daily plundering our pockets and ransacking our houses, leaving me sometimes not one pair of tractable buttocks in my vaulting-school to provide for my family or earn me so much as a pudding for my next Sunday's dinner. Nay, sometimes I have been forced to wag my own hand to get a penny, for want of a journey-woman in my house to dispatch business.

To shun their fury, I once got sanctuary in the Rolls liberty, where I thought myself as safe as a fox in a badger's hole, and should have bid defiance to the rogues even to this day, for only sacrificing now and then an eleemosynary maidenhead to the fumbling of old impotency, but that some ill-natured observators beginning to reflect occasioned my good friend to look a little askew upon me, when he found his gravity and reputation began to be smeared a little. So I was soon tossed out by the untimely fear of him whose lust before had kindly given me protection: and now again, as true as I am a sinner, the rogues plunder me of at least eight pence out of every shilling for forbearance-money, and I believe will grow so unreasonable in a little time that they will not be content with less gain than an apothecary.

The officers of the parish, wherever I lived, had the scouring of their old rusty hangers for the asking, without so much as gratifying the wench for making the bed, or being ever at the expense of presenting one of my poor girls with a paper-fan, or a pair of taffeta shoestrings. One honest churchwarden, I must confess, when I lived in St. Andrew's parish,

after I had served him and his son with the choicest goods in my warehouse for above two years together, till they had got a wife between them, had the gratitude, like an honest man, to present me with a looking-glass ; which I took so kindly at his hands that I declare it, should he come to my house to-morrow, I would oblige him with as good a commodity in my way as a worthy old fornicator or adulterer would desire to lay his hand upon.

Thus plaguing and pillaging of all our known houses of delight, has been a great discouragement to young ladies from tendering their service at such places, or rendezvouzing in numbers upon the lawful occasions that concern their livelihood, for fear of trouble or molestation, and makes them rather choose to deal singly as interlopers than incorporate themselves with the company of town-traders, for fear of being scratched out of their burrows by those reforming ferrets who make worse havoc with the poor skulking creatures than so many weasles or polecats would do with conies in a warren. They sleep in fear, walk in dread, converse in danger, do their business, poor wretches, instead of with pleasure, with an aching heart. Oh, sister ! what a miserable age is this we live in that one part of mankind cannot obey the great law of nature, but the other part shall make a law to punish them for doing it ! Which sport, if totally neglected, would soon make lions and tigers princes of the earth, and turn the world into a solitary wilderness.

I cannot but reflect, with great concern, upon the unreasonableness of some men in authority, who loving the old trade of basket-making so well themselves, are so inveterate against the same practice in others that I cannot but believe they think the sweet sin of copulation ought to be enjoyed by none under the dignity of a justice of peace, or at least the authority of a high constable. Nay, they are so inveterate, when they grow old, against other creatures who they know use it, that a grave City magistrate, one of the Reformed Society, seeing a young game-cock of his own refresh his feathered mistress three times in about half an hour, grew so wonderful angry with the lascivious chauncicleer, that he ordered him forthwith to be deprived of his progenitors, for committing so foul an act with such indecent immoderation ; looking upon the intemperance to be a shameful example, sufficient to stir up inordinate desires in mankind, and to put the female part of his own family upon unreasonable expectancies. But the good lady of the house inquiring into the reason why the noble little creature was so

severely dealt by, and being informed by her chambermaid, she compassionately declared that she would rather have given five pounds than so barbarous an action had been done in her family, for that the bird committed no offence, and therefore deserved no punishment. Observe but in this particular the cruelty of sordid man, and the tenderness of the female sex ! and how can those poor girls, who have nothing to depend on but the drudgery of flip-flap, expect any other than severe usage from so morose a creature ?

For certain, whilst public magistrates are in their authority so stiff, and private women in their own houses so pliable, the ladies of the town must starve, and be firked about from one Bridewell to another. For the favours of a kind mistress, which were once thought the most valuable blessings beneath the clouds, are now become, thro' the universal corruption of the female sex, such unregarded drugs that the scene is quite reversed ; and as women used to take money formerly as just recompence for their soft embraces, they are forced to give money now, or else they will have a hard matter to procure a gallant that is worth whistling after. How therefore at this rate are the poor whores like to be fed, when the rich ones buy up all for their cats, and the middling whores in private lie and pick up the crumbs ? For what won't go down with the quality, are snapped up by citizens' wives, sempstresses and head-dressers ; insomuch, that I have several pretty nymphs under my own jurisdiction, that some weeks, I may modestly say, don't earn money enough to pay their three-penny admittances into Pancras-Wells,¹ but are often-times forced to tick half a sice a-piece for their watering. And were it not for the credit I always preserve in those places, the poor wenches might be dashed out of countenance by being refused entrance ; but money or no money, if they are my puppets, and name but who they belong to, they are as kindly received as so many butchers at the Bear-Garden ; for without them there would be no sport. You may from thence observe what an honest reputation I maintain abroad for a lady of my calling, that the word of the homeliest courtezán protected under my roof, will pass for three-pence any where that she's known, without the least exception, when many a poor house-keeper has not credit for a two-penny loaf.

We have nothing to hope for but that the national senate, thro' their

¹ St. Pancras Wells or Spa were near the graveyard of the old parish church. The gardens were laid out in long straight walks and were much resorted to by gay folk of both sexes.

wonted wisdom, will find out, without shamming on't, some real expedient to restrain the looseness of the age, and promote the practice of morality, and strict observance of religion ; for thro' all the experience I have had in the mystery of intriguing, I have ever found the lady-students in the school of Venus attended with the most prosperity when the people are most pious, whether it is that a good conscience teaches gentlemen to be more grateful to their mistresses, or that as the priests grow fat the petticoat flourishes, I will leave you to determine : so thanking you for the kind advice you gave me in your letter, which shall always be esteemed a guide to my future practice,

I rest,

Your loving Sister,

MOLL QUARLES

PART III

The third and last Letter from Seignior Giusippe Hanesio, High-German Doctor and Astrologer in Brandinopolis, to his Friends at Will's Coffee-House in Covent-Garden

GENTLEMEN,

I was forced to break off my last abruptly, by reason of the vast crowds of people which pressed upon me for advice, so that I could not present you with a full catalogue of my cures, which you will find at the conclusion of this, or acquaint you with what transactions of moment have lately happened in our gloomy regions. But having by miracle a vacant hour or two at present upon my hands, which, by the by, is a blessing I am seldom troubled with, I was resolved not to neglect so fair an opportunity of paying my respects to you ; and therefore, without any more preface or formality, will continue the thread of my narration.

I had no sooner published my bill and catalogue of cures, but my house has been crowded ever since with prodigious shoals of patients, so that I can hardly afford myself an hour to pass with my friends. They flock from all corners of this gigantic city, so that sometimes not only my court-yard, which is very large and spacious, but even my chamber, my ante-chamber, and if you'll allow me, gentlemen, to coin

a new word, my pro-ante-chamber, or my hall, is full of them. I will only tell you the names of a few customers of quality, that resorted to me for advice yesterday morning ; to give you an idea of my business, and how considerable 'tis like to prove.

About a month after my setting up, who should rap at my door but the famous Semiramis ? I remembered her royal phiz perfectly well, ever since my friend Nokes carried me to her coffee-house, and treated me there with a glass of Geneva. However, for certain reasons of state, I did not think it proper to let her Babylonian majesty know that I was acquainted either with her name or quality. 'Come, good woman,' said I to her, 'what is your business ?' 'Oh !' replies she, 'you see the most unfortunate, unhappy creature in the world.' 'Why, what calamity has befallen you ?' 'Only,' says she, 'too big for words to express.' With that she wrung her hands, stamped upon the floor, cursing the left-handed planet she was born under, and pouring down such a deluge of tears that one would have thought it had been the second edition of the Ephesian matron, lamenting the loss of one spouse in order to wheedle on a second.

When her grief had pretty well exhausted itself at the sluices of her eyes, she thus continued her tragical historietto : 'Were I minded, doctor, to trouble you with my genealogy, I could, perhaps, make it easily appear that few people are descended of better parents than myself ; but let that pass. The scene is altered with me at present, and rather than take up with ill courses, or be troublesome to my relations, I am content to keep a coffee-house. Now, as I was sitting in my bar this morning, and footing a pair of stockings for Alexander the Great, in came two rascally grenadiers, and asked for some juniper. But, alas ! while I was gone down into the cellar to fetch it, these lubberly rogues plundered me of a silver spoon and nutmeg-grater, and made their escape.' 'Come, mistress,' says I, 'this loss is not so great but a little diligence may retrieve it.' 'Oh never,' says she again ; 'unless you help me, by your art, I am utterly undone to all intents and purposes.'

Finding her so much mortified for the loss of her two utensils, I resolved to exert the fortune-teller to her, and banter her in the laudable terms of astrology. So putting on a very composed countenance, I seemed very seriously to consult a celestial globe that stood before me ; then inquiring the precise time when this horrid theft was committed, I drew several odd figures and strokes upon a piece of paper, and at

last the oracle thus opened : ‘ Mistress, it appears, I find by the Helio-centric position of the planets, that Jupiter, you understand me, is become stationary to retrogradation in Cancer, and consequently, you observe me, mistress, equivocal to him ; but how and why in Trine to Mercury in Scorpio, both posited in watery signs, and at the same time Mars being ascendant of the second house, as you may perceive, ’tis as plain that the culminating aspect of Saturn’s satellites, do you mind me, centres full in the foresaid configuration. So then, mistress, the hoary question thus resolves itself, viz. That your goods were carried away South-East by East of your house, under the sign of a four-footed creature, and if you’ll leave open your parlour windows a-nights, I dare pawn my life and honour, that both your silver spoon and nutmeg-grater will be flung into the house one of the nights.’ Semiramis was wonderfully pleased to hear such news, dropped me a fee, and went about her business.

She was hardly gone, but in came Queen Dido, who the last time I saw her called Virgil so many rogues and rascals in my hearing, for raising such a malicious story of her and the pious Æneas. It was a long time before I could get her to tell me what errand she came about ; at last, after abundance of blushing, and covering half her face with her hood, ‘ Seignior Hanesio,’ says she, ‘ I doubt not but a person of your experience has observed in his time but too many instances of female infirmity. To be plain with you, I am one ; and tho’ I made as great a splutter about my virtue as the soundest of my sex, yet I was a damned recreant all that while. In short, I find by several indications which I have not named to you, doctor, that I am with child—and being very tender of my reputation—which, doctor, is all we poor women have to depend upon—and loth to have my good name exposed in ballads and lampoons—I beg the favour of you, dear doctor—and you shall find I will gratify you nobly for your pains, to help me to something that shall make me—but you know my meaning, doctor.’—— ‘ To miscarry, is it not, Madam ? ’ ‘ You are in the right on’t, dear Sir,’ replied she. ‘ Why then, Madam, I must tell you, you are come to the wrong house ; for, whether you know it or no, I carry a tender conscience about me, mind me what I say, I carry a tender conscience about me, and would not be guilty of such a wicked thing as you mention for the world. But there is an Italian son of a whore at the corner of the street, that will poison you and the child in your belly, and half the women in the city, for half a crown. You may make your application to

him, if you think fit ; but for my part, Madam, I'll be perjured for no body, for as I told you before, my conscience is tender.' Upon this our famous coquette immediately withdrew in a great deal of confusion, and cursed me plentifully in her gizzard, I don't question.

My next visitant was Lucretia, who brought some of her water in an urinal, and desired me to give her my judgment on't. Finding her ladyship look a little blueish, and so forth, under the eyes ; what was more, having been privately informed of the correspondence she kept with *Æsop* the fabulist : 'Madam,' says I, bluntly to her, 'the party to whom this urine belongs is under none of the most healthful circumstances, but troubled with certain prickings and pains.' 'I'll swear, doctor,' says she, 'you are a man of skill, for to my certain knowledge the party is troubled with those concerns you were talking of.' 'You need not forestall me, Madam,' says I to her, 'but especially when she makes water ; I knew it as soon as ever I cast my eyes upon the urinal.' 'And pray, Sir, what may be the occasion of it ? for the party is at a horrid loss what is the matter with her.' 'Why, Madam,' says I, 'the matter is plain enough, the party has been committing acts of privacy with somebody, and has disobliged love's mansion by it : or to express myself in the familiar language of a modern versificator and quack ;

'Has been dabbling in private, and had the mishap,
In seeking for pleasure to meet with a clap.'

'How doctor,' says she, 'have you the impudence to say the party is clapt ?' 'Verily, Madam, and yet I am no more impudent than some of my neighbours.' 'Why, you saucy fellow you,' continues she, 'I'd have you to know that I am the party to whom the urine belongs, and my name is Lucretia, that celebrated matron in Roman history, who scorning to out-live her honour, preferred a voluntary death to an ignominious life.' 'Yes, Madam,' says I, 'I know your history well enough, and whatever opinion I may have of your chastity, I have yet a greater of your discretion ; for, between friends be it said, Madam, before you left the insignificant world, you were resolved to taste the sweetness of young *Tarquin's* person ; and finding what a vast difference there was between vigorous love and phlegmatic duty, you thought it not worth your while to be troubled any longer with the dull embraces of an impotent husband.' 'Oh most abominable scandal,' cries our matron ; 'but Heaven be praised, *Livy* tells another story of my chastity ; and to let thee see how scrupulous and careful I am to

preserve my reputation spotless, know, I keep company with none but moralists and philosophers.' 'Lord, Madam,' says I, 'your intrigues are no mysteries to me; I am no stranger to that laudable commerce you keep with that crooked-backed moralist and fable-monger of Phrygia, they call him my lord Æsop' (at which unwelcome words she looked paler than I have the charity to believe she did when the impetuous Tarquin leapt into bed to her); 'and as for those sage recommenders of virtue, the philosophers, take my word for it, a clap may be got as soon among them as any other sort of men whatsoever. Since my coming into these parts, Madam, I am able to give you a true account of the present state of most of these philosophers' bodies. Thales, who held that Water was the beginning of all things, is now satisfied that Fire is the conclusion of love. Pythagoras, that ran thro' so many changes in the other world, has undergone a greater transmutation here in a sweating tub. The divine Plato, and his disciple Aristotle, are, at this present writing, very lovingly salivating in my garret. Socrates had his shin-bones scraped t'other morning by my toad-eater Dr. Connor, by the same token the Hibernian thrashed him for swearing so inordinately at his dæmon that led him into this mischance. Aristotle told me last night, that nothing in philosophy troubled him so much as pissing of needles. Diogenes has a phiz so merrily caulflowered, that he protests against planting of men, since these are the effects of it; and the virtuous Seneca has lost all his Roman patience with his nose. But alas, these solemn splaymouthed gentlemen, Madam,' says I, 'only do it to improve in natural philosophy, with no wicked intentions, I can assure you, no carnal titillation to urge them on, or the like.'

'Well,' says she, 'since 'tis in vain to play the hypocrite any longer, I own myself a downright frail woman, therefore resolve me, what is best to be done for my recovery?' 'Look you, Madam,' says I, 'you must take physic, and live sober for a fortnight or so, and I'll engage to make you as primitively sound as when you first came squalling into the world. Here's a dose of pills, the devil of any mercury's in them; take four of them every morning, and to make them operate the better, drink me a quart of honest Phlegethon a little warmed over the fire, and mix some grated nutmeg with it to correct the crudity.' She promised to observe my directions, presented me with half a score broad pieces, and as she was going out of the room, 'Worthy doctor,' says she, 'I conjure you to have a care of my dear, dear reputation.' 'And, Madam,' answer I, 'pray have you likewise a care of your dear, dear

brandy-bottle, and your beloved Dr. Steven's water with the gold in it'; and so we parted.

I was thinking with myself, surely it rains nothing but female visitants this morning, when a brace of two-handed strapping jades bolted into my closet, and upon a due examination of their faces, I found one of them to be Thalestris the Amazonian, who, as I hinted to you in my last, is become a haberdasheress of small wares; and the other that termagant motley composition of half man half woman, Christina the late queen of Sweden. 'So, my two chopping bona-roba's,' says I to 'em, 'and what business has brought you hither?' 'Why, you must know,' cries Thalestris, 'that both of us are furiously in love, and want a little of your assistance.' 'The ladies may be always sure of commanding that,' answer I, 'but pray explain yourselves more particularly.' 'For my part,' says Thalestris, 'having formerly been happy in the embraces of Alexander the Great, I could never fancy any thing but a soldier ever since.' 'Why, our military men,' says I, 'have been always famous for attacking and carrying all places before them; but pray tell me the happy person's name, whom you have singled from the rest of his sex to honour with your affection?' 'With the malicious world,' continues she, 'he passes for a bully, but I call him my lovely, charming Captain Dawson: 'tis true, I am not altogether disagreeable to this cruel insensible; he likes the majesty of my person, my honour and wit well enough; but t'other morning he told me, over a porringer of burnt brandy, when people are apt to unbosom themselves, that he had an unconquerable aversion to red hair, and so I am come to see whether you have any relief for this misfortune, as you promise in your bills.' 'This is no business of mine,' says I to her, 'but my wife's, who'll soon redress your grievances, and furnish you with a leaden comb and my Anti-Erythræan unguent, which after two or three applications will make you as fair or as brown as you desire.'

And having said so, I addressed myself to her companion, and inquired of her what she came for? 'I am up to the ears in love,' says Christina, 'with a jolly smock-faced duchess's chaplain lately arrived in these parts. I have already signified my passion to him, both after the ancient and modern way, persecuted him with Latin and French billets-doux, for which I was always famous: but this stubborn theologue tells me my face is too masculine for him, and particularly quarrels with the irregularity of my forehead and eyebrows.' 'Those will easily be rectified by my wife,' says I. 'And now, Madam, will you give me

leave to ask you a civil question or two.' 'A hundred, my dear seignior,' answers she very obligingly. 'To be short then,' says I, 'a certain French author, who has wrote the memoirs of your life, has been pleased positively to assert that your majesty went thro' at least one half of the college of cardinals, and that two or three popes were suspected of being familiar with you.' 'I wanted,' answers she, 'no sort of consolation from those noble personages, whilst I lived at Rome; and to convince you how well I am satisfied in their abilities, by my good will, I would have to do with none but ecclesiastics; for besides that they eat and drink plentifully, and by consequence want no vigour, they possess another no less commendable quality, and that is taciturnity.' 'I applaud your judgment,' replies I, 'for your churchmen are true feeders, and thundering performers.' 'No body knows that better than myself,' says Christina; 'and take my word for it, one robust well-chined priest is worth a hundred of your lean half-starved captains.' 'I'll never hear the soldiery blasphemed,' says Thalestris, in a mighty passion; 'I tell thee, thou insignificant north-country trollop, thou foolish-affected grammarian-ridden she-pedant, that one soldier is better than a thousand of your stiff-rumped parsons;' and immediately saluted her with a discourteous reprimand across the mazzard. The blood of Gustavus Adolphus began to be roused in Christina, and my glasses, globes, and crocodile and all, were infallibly going to rack between these two furious heroines, when my wife luckily stepped in to put an end to the fray. In short, the matter was amicably made up, and so they followed my spouse into her closet, where I'll leave them.

Thus, gentlemen, you may perceive what sort of customers resort to me: I could tell you a hundred more stories to the same purpose, but why should I pretend to entertain persons of your worth with so mean and unworthy a subject as myself? Therefore to diversify the scene, I will endeavour to divert you with some occurrences of a more public importance, which have happened in our Acherontic dominions since I writ to you last.

But before I proceed any farther I am to inform you, that we have a spacious noble room in the middle of Brandinopolis, where the virtuosos of former ages, as well as of the present, resort and entertain one another with learned or facetious conversation, according as it happens. Of late we have had the same controversy debated among us, which so long employed Monsieur Perault and the famous wits of France, I mean, whether the ancients are preferable to the moderns in

the learned arts and sciences? The question had been discussed one afternoon with a great deal of heat on both sides, when an honest merry gentleman and a new-comer among us, whose name I have unluckily forgot, interposed in the dispute, and expressed himself to this effect.

‘Gentlemen,’ says he, ‘I think you may e’en drop this controversy, for I can make it appear that little England alone affords a set of men, at present, that much out-do any of the ancients in whatever they pretend to. There’s honest Mr. Edmund Whitaker,¹ late of the Admiralty Office, that in the mystery of making up accounts out-does Archimedes; and my lord Puzzlechalk, who told his master’s money over a gridiron, understands numbers better than Archytas or Euclid. Mr. Burgess of Covent-Garden, and indeed most of the dissenting parsons, go infinitely beyond Tully and Demosthenes in point of eloquence; for those old-fashioned orators could only raise joy and sadness successively, whereas the latter so manage matters that they can make their congregations laugh and weep both at once. The ancients were forced to drudge and take pains to make themselves masters of any tongue before they pretended to write in it; but your old friend, Dr. Case² by Ludgate, wrote a system of anatomy in Latin, and does not understand a syllable of the language. As for music, you may talk till your heart aches of your Amphions and your Orpheuses, that drew trees and stones after them by the irresistible force of their harmony; this is so far from being a miracle among us, that the vilest thrummers in England and Wales do it every wake and fair they go to. Then, as for the various perturbations of mind caused by the ancient music, upon our own theatre since the late revolution, we saw something more wonderful happen than antiquity can boast of; for when Harry Purcell’s famous winter-song at the opera of *King Arthur* was sung at the play-house, half the gentlemen and ladies in the side-boxes and pit got an ague by it, tho’ it was sung in the midst of the dog-days. Lastly, to conclude, for I am afraid I have trespassed too much upon your patience, we infinitely exceed the ancients in quickening of parts: Virgil, one of the topping wits of antiquity, was forced to retire out of the noise and hurry of Rome to his country villa, and bestowed some ten or twelve years in composing his *Æneis*: whereas Sir Richard

¹ Whitaker was Solicitor to the Admiralty until 1701, when he was arrested for embezzlement of £12,000.

² See note, page 414.

Blackmore,¹ who passes but for a sixth-rate versifier among us, was able to write both his *Arthurs* in two or three years time, and that in the tumult and smoke of coffee-houses, or in his coach, as he was jolting it from one patient to another, amidst the vast multiplicity of his business too, which, as the city bard frankly confesses, was never greater than then.'

The gentleman delivered his ironies with so good a grace that he set all the company a-laughing, and for that time put an end to the dispute. And now since I am upon the chapter of Sir Richard, you must know that the young wits dwelling upon the banks of Phlegethon, have lately pelted his *Arthurs* with distichs ; but I can only call to mind at present three of them. The two first reflect upon the poem's genealogy, which was partly begot in a coffee-house, and partly in a coach.

*Editus in plaustris strepitu, fumoque tabernæ,
Non aliter nasci debuit iste liber.*

*Qui potuit matrem Arthuri dixisse tabernam,
Ille potest currum dicere, Rufe, patrem.*

*Sæpius in libro memoratur Garthius uno,
Quam levis Arthuro Maurus utroque tumens.*

'I do not wonder now at Prince Arthur's wonderful loquacity,' says another, ' (for, as I remember, when he and King Hoel met upon the road, he welcomes him with a simile of forty lines perpendicular) since he was born at a coffee-house ; nor at the rumbling of the verse, since one half of the book was written in a leathern vehicle ; for we find,' continues he, ' that what is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh : and thus 'tis no wonder that according to the observation of a modern virtuoso, the Severn is so mischievous and choleric a river, and so often ruins the country with sudden inundations, since it rises in Wales, and consequently participates sometimes of the nature of that hasty, iracund people, among whom 'tis born.' 'However,' cries surly Ben, 'I must needs commend Sir Richard's sagacity and politics, in taking care that his muse should be so openly delivered ; for epic poems, like the children of sovereign princes, ought to be born in public.'

The other day, as I was taking a solitary turn by myself, 'twas my fortune to meet with a leash of old-fashioned thread-bare mortals, with

¹ See note, page 17.

very dejected looks, and in the best equipage of those worthy gentlemen whom you may see every day between the hours of twelve and one walking in the Middle-Temple and Gray's-Inn walks, to get 'em a stomach to their no-dinners. At first I took them for a parcel of fiddlers, when the oldest of them undeceived me, by addressing himself to me as follows. 'Sir,' says he, 'my name is J. Hopkins,¹ my two companions are the famed Sternhold and Wisdom, and understanding that you are lately arrived from England, I have presumed to ask you a question. We have been informed some time ago, that two Hibernian bards,² finding fault with our version and language, have endeavoured to depose myself and my two brethren here out of all parish-churches, where we have reigned most melodiously so long, and to substitute their own translation in the room of it! I must confess, it vexes me to the heart to think that I must be ejected after an hundred years and better quiet possession, which, by the Common as well as Civil law, gives a man a just title, and resign my ecclesiastical dominions to two new-fangled usurpers, whom I never injured in my days. Now, Sir, pray tell me how my affairs go in your world, and whether I have reputation enough still left me with the people to make head against those unrighteous innovators?'

'Why truly, Mr. Hopkins,' says I to him, 'when these adversaries first appeared in the world, I was in some pain about you, the conspiracy against your crown and dignity being so speciously laid that nothing less than an universal defection seemed to threaten you. 'Tis true indeed, some few churches in and about London, where the people, you know, are governed by a spirit of novelty, have thrown you out; but by what advices I can receive, excepting some few revolvers, the generality of the people seem to be heartily engaged in your interests, and as it always happens to other monarchs when they are able to surmount an insurrection formed against them, I look upon your throne, since you have so happily broke the neck of this rebellion, to be settled upon a surer basis than ever. The parish-clerks, sextons, and old women, all over the kingdom, are in a particular manner devoted to your service, preserving a most entire and unshaken allegiance to you, and on my conscience would sooner part with all Magna Charta than

¹ John Hopkins (*d.* 1570) and Thomas Sternhold (*d.* 1549) were the joint authors of a metrical version of the Psalms that was long in use. Robert Wisdom (*d.* 1568) was another versifier of the Psalter.

² Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, who brought out the *New Version of the Psalms in Metre* (1696) which is still in use.

one syllable of yours.' 'You wonderfully revive my spirits,' replies old Hopkins, 'to tell me such comfortable news; but pray, Sir, one word more with you. This new translation, that has made such a noise in the world, is it so much superior to mine as my enemies here would make me believe?' 'Mr. Hopkins,' says I, 'I flatter no man, 'tis not my way, therefore you must not take amiss what I am going to say to you. For my part, I am of opinion that King David is not obliged to any of you, but ought to cudgel you all round; for I can find no other difference between the Jewish monarch in his ancient collar of *ekes* and *ayes*, which you and your brethren there have bestowed upon him, and in his new-fashioned Irish dress, than there is between an old man of threescore with a long beard hanging down to his waist, and the same individual old man newly come out of a barber's shop nicely shaved and powdered. 'Tis true, he looks somewhat gayer and youthfuller, but has not a jot more vigour and ability.'

I know you gentlemen of Will's coffee-house will be glad to hear some news of Mr. Dryden. I must tell you, then, that we have had the devil and all of combustions and quarrels here in hell since that famous bard's arrival among us. The Grecians, the Romans, the Italians, the Spaniards, the French, but especially the Dutch authors, have been upon his back; Homer was the first that attacked him for justifying Almanzor's idle rants and monstrous actions, by the precedent of Achilles. The two poets, after a little squabbling, were without much difficulty persuaded to let their two heroes fight out the quarrel for them, but the nimble-heeled Grecian soon got the whip-hand of the furious Almanzor, and made him beg pardon. Horace too, grumbled a little in his gizzard at him for affirming Juvenal to be a better satirist than himself, but upon second thoughts thought it not worth his while to contest the point with him. Once it happened, that Mr. Bays¹ came into our room when Petronius Arbiter was diverting us with a very fine nouvelle. Mons. Fontaine, Sir Philip Sidney, Mr. Waller, my late lord Rochester, with Sir Charles Sedley, composed part of this illustrious audience; when Mr. Dryden unluckily spoiled all by asking the latter, what the facetious gentleman's name was, that talked so agreeably? 'How,' says Sir Charles Sedley, 'hadst thou the impudence, in the preface before thy English Juvenal, to say that so soon as the pretended Belgrade supplement of Petronius's fragments came into England, thou

¹ Bayes was a character in *The Rehearsal* (Drury Lane, 1671) and was an elaborate skit upon Dryden.

couldst tell, upon reading but two lines of that edition, whether it was genuine or no ; and here hast thou heard the noble author himself talk above an hour by the clock, and couldst not find him out ? ' Upon this the old bard retired in some disorder.

But what happened to him a day or two after, was more mortifying. Chaucer meets him in one of our coffee-houses, and after the usual ceremonies were over between two strangers of their wit and learning, thus accosts him. ' Sir,' cries Chaucer, ' you have done me a wonderful honour to furbish up some of my old musty tales, and bestow modern garniture upon them, and I look upon myself much obliged to you for so undeserved a favour ; however, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell you, that you over-strained matters a little, when you likened me to Ovid, as to our wit and manner of versification.' ' Why, Sir,' says Mr. Dryden, ' I maintain it, and who then dares be so saucy as to oppose me ? ' ' But under favour, Sir,' cries the other, ' I think I should know Ovid pretty well, having now conversed with him almost three hundred years, and the devil's in it if I don't know my own talent ; and therefore, tho' you pass a mighty compliment upon me in drawing this parallel between us, yet I tell you there is no more resemblance between us, as to our manner of writing, than there is between a jolly well-complexioned Englishman and a black-haired, thin-gutted Italian.' ' Lord, Sir,' says Dryden to him, ' I tell you that you're mistaken, and your two styles are as like one another as two Exchequer-tallies.' ' But I, who should know it better,' says Chaucer, ' tell you the contrary.' ' And I,' says Mr. Bays, ' who know these things better than you, and all the men in the world, will stand by what I have affirmed,' and upon that gave him the lie.

Rhadamanthus, who is one of Pluto's oldest judges, and a severe regulator of good manners and conversation, immediately sent for our friend John to appear in Court ; and after he had severely reprimanded him for using such insufferable language upon no provocation, ' for your punishment,' says he, ' I command you to get Sir Richard Blackmore's translation of Job by heart, and to repeat ten pages of it to our friend the author of the *Rehearsal* every morning.' Poor Bays desired his lordship to mitigate so rash a sentence, and by way of commutation frankly offered to drink so many quarts of liquid sulphur every morning. ' No,' says my lord judge, ' tho' they commute penances in Doctors-Commons, yet we are not such rogues to commute them in hell, and so I expect to be obeyed.'

Thus, gentlemen, you see we observe a severe justice among us ; and indeed, to deliver my thoughts impartially, I must needs say that equity is administered after a fairer and more compendious manner in these dominions than either in your Westminster-Hall or your Palais at Paris, where Astræa pretends to carry all before her, yet has as little to do in either of those two places, as a farrier at Venice.

A signal instance of this we have had in a late famous trial. A foot-soldier of the First Regiment of Guards and a Drury Lane whore were summoned to appear before judge Minos, who, after he had, with a great deal of patience, heard the crimes that were alleged against them, asked them what they had to offer in favour of themselves, why sentence of damnation should not pass ? The young harlot, either relying upon the merits of her face, which she foolishly imagined would bring her off here, as it had often done in your world, or else being naturally furnished with a greater stock of impudence than the soldier, broke thro' the crowd, and thus addressed herself to the Court :

' I hope your lordship,' says she, ' will take no advantage of a poor woman's ignorance, who ought to have learned counsel to plead for her ; however, I depend so much upon the justice of my cause, that I will undertake it myself. The chief argument I insist upon, my lord, is this : I think it highly unreasonable that I should suffer anew for my crimes in this world, having done sufficient penance for them in the other. By my aunt's consent and privity I was sold to an old libidinous lord, and debauched by him before I was fourteen ; the noble peer kept me some four months, then took occasion to pick a quarrel with me, and set me a-drift in the wide world, to steer my course as fortune should direct me. In this exigence I was forced to apply myself to a venerable old matron, who finding me young and handsome, took me into her service, shammed me upon her customers for a baronet's daughter of the North, and I was made much of, and courted like a little queen ; but, my lord, our profession is directly opposite to all others, for too much custom breaks us. In short, an officer in the army, whom Pluto reward for his pains, taught me what *Fortune de la guerre* meant, so that I was very fairly salivated before fifteen. Having got a little knowledge of the world under this old matron's directions, who went more than halves with me in every bargain, I thought it high time to trade for myself, and told her one morning that I was resolved to expose myself no longer in her house. ' What you please as for that,' replies this ancient gentlewoman ; ' but first, my dear child, let us come

to a fair account, to see how the land lies between us.' Then stepping into the next room she shewed me a deal-board all be-screwed with round o's and cart-wheels in ungodly chalk ; then clapping on her spectacles, ' let me see,' cries she, ' for lodging, diet, washing, clothes, linen, physic, etc. you owe me ten pounds (which came up within a few transitory shillings of what I had earned in her house), and this you must pay, sweetheart, before you talk of parting.' 'Twas in vain to complain of her extortion, for besides that she pleaded prescription for it, her arithmetic was infallible.

' Thus I was turned out of doors, but having in the interim, while I stayed here, contracted a small acquaintance with a sister of the quill that lodged in Covent Garden, I repaired to her quarters, and continued with her. Between us, my lord, we acted the story of Castor and Pollux, that is, we were never visible together, but when she appeared above the horizon, 'twas bed-time with me ; and when she kept her bed, 'twas my time to shine at the play-house. When either of us went abroad, we made a fine shew enough, but then we gratified our backs at the expence of our bellies ; cow-heel, tripe, a few eggs, or sprats, were our constant regale at home, and upon holidays a chop of mutton roasted upon a packthread in the chimney ; and many a time, when my sister and I wore silver-laced shoes, our stockings wanted feet. I should trespass too much upon your lordship's patience, to tell you how I have been forced to shift my name as well as my quarters, to submit to the nauseous embraces of every drunken tobacco-taking sot that had half a crown in his pocket to purchase me ; and when I have been arrested for a milk-score not exceeding the terrible sum of four shillings, to let an evil-looking dog of a Moabite enjoy me upon a foundered chair in a spunging-house, to procure my liberty. To this I should add, what unmerciful contributions I was forced out of my small revenue to pay to the conniving justices' clerks, the constable, the beadle, the tallyman, but especially to those rascals the Reformers, whose business is not to convert, but only to lay a heavier tax upon poor sinners, and make iniquity shift its habitation oftener than otherwise it would, I should never have done.

' In short, our condition, my lord, is like a frontier people, that live between two mighty monarchies, oppressed, squeezed, and plundered on all sides. By the time I was one-and-twenty, I could number more diseases than years, smoke and swear like a grenadier ; and last Bartholomew Fair, having made a debauch in stummed claret and Dr. Stevens's water, with an attorney's clerk, a fever seized me next

morning, and tripped up my heels in three days. How I was buried, that is to say, whether by the contributions of the sisterhood, or at the charge of the parish, I cannot tell ; but this, my lord, is a short and faithful account of my life, and now I submit myself to the justice of this honourable court. I will not pretend to vindicate my profession, but this I may venture to affirm, that the world cannot live without us, and that a whore in the business of love is like farthings in the business of trade, which (tho' they are not the legal coin of the nation) ought to be allowed and tolerated, if it were only for the conveniency of ready change.'

'Well,' says my lord, 'since 'tis so, and your calling exposed you to so much suffering, I hope you made your gallants pay for it.' 'That you may be sure I did,' answers our damsel ; 'I sold my maidenhead to fifteen several customers, by the same token seven of them were Jews, and it pleases me to think how I cheated those loggerheads in their own Mosaical indications. I never parted with any of my favours, nay, not so much as a clap, gratis, except to a lieutenant and ensign whom once I admitted upon trust, by the same token they left me in the lurch. I always took care to secure my money first ; tho' those ungracious vipers of the army would rifle me now and then, in spite of all my precaution : for, my lord, we whores are like the sea, what we gain in one place we lose in another.' 'Take her away,' says my lord Minos, 'take her away, see her fairly dipt every morning for this twelvemonth over head and ears in good wholesome brimstone : to be both merchant and merchandize, to sell herself for money, and yet expect pleasure for it, is worse exaction than was ever practised in Lombard-street or Cornhill.'

Our Drury-lane nymph was no sooner carried off but the soldier advanced forward, and thus told his tale : 'My lord, you are not to expect a fine speech from me, I am a soldier, and we soldiers are men of action and not of words. I was a barber's prentice in the Strand, lived with him five years, got his maid with child, beat his wife for pretending to reprove me, had run on score at all the painted lattices in the neighbourhood, and my circumstances being such, was easily persuaded to turn gentleman-soldier. My captain promised to make me a serjeant the very moment after I was listed, but he served me just as he did his creditors, whom, to my certain knowledge, he left in the lurch. Well, my lord, I followed him to Flanders, where I stood buff to death and damnation four campaigns, sometimes for a groat, sometimes for nothing a-day. Had I more sins to answer for than either the colonel or agent

of our regiment, I have bustled thro' misery enough to wipe out all my scores, curtailed of my pay to keep a double-chinned chaplain, who never preached among us, and maintain an hospital, where I could never expect to be admitted without bribery ; forced for want of subsistence to steal offal which a hungry dog would piss upon, and if discovered, sure to be rewarded with the wooden-horse, and lest the unwieldy beast should throw me, secured by a brace of musquets dangling on my heels ; to lie up to the chin in water for preventing of rheumatisms, and smoke wholesome dock-leaves to prevent being dunned by my stomach ; drubbed and caned without any provocation by a smooth-faced prig, who t'other day was a pimp, or something worse to a nobleman ; never sure of one hour's rest in the night, never certain of a meal's meat in the day ; harassed with perpetual marches and counter-marches ; roasted all the summer, and frozen all the winter ; cheated by my officer, cuckolded by my comrades. These, my lord, were the blessings of my life, and if ever I could muster up pence enough to purchase a single pint of Geneva, I thought myself in my kingdom.

' Last summer I was one of the noble adventurers that went in the expedition to Cadiz, and having secured a little linen to myself at Fort St. Mary's, in order to make me a few shirts when I came home, and rubbed off with two insignificant silver puppets (I think they call them saints) out of a church, the superior commander seized upon them for his own private use, in her majesty's name, and legally plundered me of what I had as legally stolen from the enemy. This and a thousand other disappointments, together with change of climates and other inconveniences, threw such a damp upon my spirits, that within three days after I landed at Portsmouth I fell ill, and was glad to part with a wretched life, which had given me so much vexation and so little satisfaction. Thus, my lord, I have honestly laid all before you, so let the Court sentence me as they please.' ' Why really,' says the judge, ' thy case is hard enough, and I must needs say thou dost not want any new weight to be laid upon thee ; ' and so immediately acquitted him.

Finding justice impartially administered in hell, you may perhaps have the curiosity, gentlemen, to inquire what sort of reception my lord Double¹ of Turn-about-hall found among us, upon his arrival into these dominions. I must tell you then, that to the universal admiration of our infernal world, my lord is become Pluto's great favourite, so that

¹ This was Sunderland, who turned Catholic to keep in favour with James II, and later succeeded in worming himself into the counsels of William III. He died in 1702.

nothing almost is transacted here without his advice and direction. Every body indeed expected that his lordship, who changed his religion on purpose to delude the unhappy prince, whose prime confident he was, and at the same time kept a private correspondence with his enemy in Holland, would have found an entertainment suitable to his deserts, been loaded with chains, and regaled with liquid sulphur ; but hitherto he has either had the good luck or management to avoid it. A sudden gust of wind had blown away the fan from the top of Pluto's kitchen, the very afternoon he came here. Our monarch was first in the mind to clap his lordship's breech upon the iron-spike, and make a weather-cock of him (the only thing he was fit for), that with every whiff of brimstone he might tell where damnation sat. Soon after he was of opinion to make a light-match of him, to use upon occasion, whenever he had any empire or kingdom to blow up. But at last carefully considering his face, and the majesty of his gait, he made him his tailor ; and to say the truth, nobody knows the dimensions of his Luciferian majesty better than his lordship : and as it often happens in your world for noblemen to be governed by their tailors or peruke-makers, so my lord in his present capacity of tailor orders every thing at court, puts in and displaces whom he pleases, and possesses Pluto's ear to that degree, that happening to be in company last week with Aaron Smith,¹ Colonel Wildman, Slingsby Bethel, C—rn—sh, and others of the same kidney, who heartily wish the prosperity of old Hell, they gravely shook their heads, and said they were afraid their master Pluto's government would not long continue, since he had got a viper in his bosom and a traitor in his cabinet, who would not fail to conjure up some neighbouring prince against him, to dispossess him of his ancient throne.

Indeed, 'tis prodigious to consider how this dissembler has wriggled himself into the good opinion not only of our sovereign, but even of Queen Proserpine. About a month ago he had interest enough to get my late Lord Shaftesbury released out of the dungeon, where he has been confined ever since his coming here, and made him administrator

¹ Aaron Smith (*d.* 1697) was an agitating lawyer, mixed up in the Popish and the Rye House Plots, and the detector of an imaginary conspiracy in the North. He was solicitor to the Treasury but dismissed, in 1696, for peculation. Wildman was a political adventurer who conspired in turn against Cromwell, Charles II, James II and the Duke of Monmouth. He stood by William III, was Postmaster-General, 1698–91, became an alderman of London, and was knighted in 1692. He died in 1693. Slingsby Bethel was a Republican by profession. When chosen sheriff in 1680 he made a great commotion about signing the oaths required by the Corporation Act. He died in 1697. Henry Cornish was a Whig alderman of London, an agitator and intriguer. He was implicated in the Rye House Plot, for which he was condemned and executed in 1685.

of the clyster-pipe to Pluto, for this merry reason, because he had always a good hand at *striking at fundamentals*. That old libidinous civilian of the Commons, Dr. Littleton,¹ he has made judge-admiral of the Stygian lake ; and the famous Mr. Alsop, who wished in his address to King James, that the dissenters had casements to their breasts, he has got to be the devil's glazier ; nay, what will more surprize you, he has procured the reversion of master of Pluto's rough game, when it falls, for Dr. Oates ; and obtained a promise of candle-snuffer-general to all the gaming-houses in these quarters, for honest George Porter² the evidence.

The Remainder of my Catalogue of Cures

Timothy Addleplate, of Cheapside, milliner, was so wonderfully afflicted with the *Zelotypia Italica*, that he constantly locked up his simpering red-haired spouse, when business called him abroad, and would hardly trust her with her aunt and grandmother. By rectifying his constitution with my true *Covent-Garden Elixir*, he is so entirely cured of the *Icterus Martialis*, or his old yellow distemper, that now of his own accord he carries her to the play-house, sends her to all the balls, masquerades, and merry meetings in town ; nay, trusts her alone at Epsom-Wells and Richmond, and will let her sit a whole afternoon with a gay, smooth-faced officer of the Guards at the tavern, and is never disturbed at it.

Jethro Lumm, at the sign of the Blue-ball and Spotted-horse, between a cheesemonger's and perfumer's shop in Ratcliff-Highway, by taking a few doses of my *Pulvis Vermifugus*, or my *Antiverminous Powder*, voided above 30000 worms of all sorts, as your *Ascarides*, *Teretes*, *Hirudines*, and so forth, in the space of twelve hours, one of which, by modest computation, was supposed long enough to reach from St. Leonard's Shoreditch to Tottenham High-cross. I confess my medicine is a little bitter ; but what says the learned Arabian philosopher Hamet Ben Hamet Ben Haddu Albumazar, 'A diadem will not cure the Apoplexy, nor a velvet slipper the Gout : and are not all

¹ Dr. Littleton was Prebend of Westminster. In 1693 he was chosen of the Civilian Board to try certain prisoners with commissions from James II. Vincent Alsop was a Nonconformist divine. 'Great Rabbi of the Dissenting Party' Brown calls him elsewhere, who drew up the Presbyterians' address for indulgence, 1685.

² George Porter was a conspirator who undertook to assassinate William III in the Plot of 1696. He turned evidence against his accomplices.

the Ancients as well as Neoterics agreed, that *raro corpus sine vermibus*? therefore my good friends, be advised in time.

Ezekiel Driver, of Puddle-Dock, carman, having disordered his *pia mater* with too plentiful a morning's draught of *three-threads* and *old Pharaoh*, had the misfortune to have his car run over him. The whole street concluded him as good as dead, and the over-forward clerk of the parish had already set him down in the weekly bills. Two applications of my *Unguentum Traumaticum* set him immediately to rights, and now he is coachman in ordinary to a tallyman's fat widow in Soho. Witness his hand E. D.

Elnathan Ogle, Anabaptist teacher in Moorfields, over against the Grasshopper and Greyhound, for want of being carefully rubbed down by the pious females after his sudorific exercise, had got the grease in his heels, and was so violently troubled with rheumatic pains that he was no longer able to lay himself out for the benefit of his congregation. My *Emplastrum Anodynum* so effectually relieved him by twice using it, that he has since shifted his profession, teaches the youth of Finsbury fields to play at back-sword and quarter-staff, and has turned his conventicle into a fencing-school.

Marmaduke Thummington, at the Red Cow and Three Travellers in Barbican, possessed an obstreperous, ill-conditioned devil of a wife, whose everlasting clack incessantly thundering in his ears, had made him as deaf as a drum. His case was so lamentable that a demiculverin shot over his head affected him no more than it would a man twenty miles off; he was insensible to all the betting and swearing of the loudest cock-match that ever was fought by two contending counties; nay, at one of Mr. Bays's fighting plays, would sit as unconcerned as if he had been at a Quakers' silent meeting. After all your Elmy's, and other pretenders had despaired of him, I undertook his cure, and with a few of my *Otacoustical drops* so entirely recovered him, that the Society of Reformers have made him their chief director, and his hearing is so strangely improved, that at an eaves-dropping at a window he can hear oaths that were never sworn, and bawdy that was never spoke.

Richard Bentesworth, superintendent of a small grammar-elaboratory, in the out-skirts of the town, was so monstrously over-run with the *Scorbuticum Pedanticum* that he used to dumfound his milk-woman with strange stories of gerunds and participles; would decline you *domus* in a cellar in the Strand before a parcel of chimney-sweepers, and confute Schioppius and Alvarez to the old wall-eyed matron that

sold him grey pease. Though this strange distemper, when once it has got full possession of a man, is as hard to be cured as an hereditary pox, yet I have absolutely recovered him ; so that now he troubles the public no more with any of his Dutch-Latin dissertations, but is as quiet an author as ever was neglected by all the town, or buried in Little Britain.

Timothy Gimcrack, doctor of the noble cockle-shell fraternity, whose philosophy and learning lay so much under ground that he had nothing of either to show above it, used to be troubled with strange unaccountable fits, and during the paroxism would contrive new worlds, as boys build houses of cards, find a thousand faults with old Moses, make a hasty-pudding of the universe, and drown it in a *Menstruum* of his own inventing, and leave the best patient in the city for a new gay-coated butterfly. I took out his brains, washed them in my *Aqua Intellectualis*, and if he has since relapsed, who may he thank, but his cursed East-India correspondent, who addled his understanding a-new, with sending him the furniture of a Chinese barber's-shop.

Nehemiah Drowsy, grocer and deputy of his ward, was so prodigiously afflicted with a lethargy that his whole life was little better than a dream. He would sleep even while he was giving the account of his own pedigree, how from leathern breeches and nothing in them, he came to the vast fortune he now possesses. Nay, over the pious spouse of his bosom he has been often found asleep in an exercise which keeps all other mortals awake. By following my sage directions he is so wonderfully altered for the better that after a full dinner of roast-beef and pudding he can listen to a dull sermon at Salters-Hall, without so much as one yawn ; nay, can hear his apprentice read two entire pages of Wesley's heroic poem, and never makes a nod all the while.

The end of my Catalogue of Cures

But to come to affairs of a more public concern : we are in a strange ferment here about the divided interests of the houses of Austria and Bourbon. Our master following herein the policy of his Jesuits, or rather they following him, for we ought to give the devil his due, seems to incline most to the latter. However, if the Spaniards and French set up their horses no better in your world than they do with us, 'tis easy to predict that the unnatural conjunction of the two kingdoms will be soon shattered to pieces. Whenever they meet, there's such roaring

and swearing, and calling of names between them, that we expect every minute when they will go to loggerheads. 'Tis true, some few of the dons that are lately arrived here called Lewis-le-Grand their protector, and are frenchified to a strange degree ; but the rest of their countrymen call them a parcel of degenerate rascals, and are so violently bent against them that unless Pluto locked them up a-nights in distinct apartments, we should have the devil and all to do with them.

Next to the affairs of France and Spain, we are concerned about the fate of the Occasional Bill¹ ; a few old fashioned virtuosos among us hope it will pass, but the generality of our politicians, and particularly those belonging to Pluto's cabinet, who are stiled the congregation *de inferno ampliando*, are resolved at any rate to hinder its taking effect. As hypocrisy sends greater numbers to hell than any other sin whatever, you are not to wonder if the ministry here do all they can to oppose the passing of a bill which will prove so destructive to the infernal interest, by destroying hypocrisy. For which reason Pluto has lately dispatched several trusty emissaries to your parts, who are to bribe your observators, and other mercenary pamphleteers, to raise a hideous outcry about persecution, and represent this design in such odious colours to the people that, if possible, it may miscarry. A little time will shew us the success of this refined conduct.

One short story, gentlemen, and then I have done. A Spaniard last week was commending the authors of his own country, and particularly enlarged upon the merits of the voluminous long-winded Toſtatus, who, he said, had writ above a cart-load of books in his time. 'But why should I talk of a cart-load,' continues he, 'when he has writ more than 'tis possible for any one single man to read over in his life ? Judge then of the worth of this indefatigable Toſtatus ; judge how many tedious nights and days he must have spent in study.' 'Under favour,' cries an English gentleman lately arrived here, 'we have a writer that much exceeds your famous Toſtatus, even in that respect. His name is Bentivoglio² ; and tho' at present he falls somewhat short of your author, as to the number of books of his own composing, yet he has writ one octavo, which I'll defy any man in the universe to read over, tho' he has

¹ The Bill against Occasion Conformity was introduced in 1702 with the intention of preventing dissenters from complying with the Test Act only so far as to qualify them for holding office. It passed the Commons, but was defeated in the Lords ; it met a like fate in 1703 and 1705 but was passed in 1711 and continued in force for another eight years.

² Dr. Bentley, see page 222.

the patience of Job, the constitution of Samson, and the long age of Methuselah.'

But hold—I forget who I am writing to all this while ; gentlemen that have either more business or pleasure upon their hands than to go through the tedious persecution of so unmerciful a letter. However, I hope you'll pardon me this fault, if you consider the great difficulty of transmitting the *nouvelles* of our subterranean world to your parts ; for which reason I was resolved rather to trespass upon your patience, than lose this opportunity of giving you a full account of all our memorable transactions. If in requital of this small trouble I have given myself, you will be so kind as to order any one of your society to inform me how affairs go at present in Covent-Garden, at St. James's, etc., what news the dramatic world affords in Drury-lane, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and Smithfield, as 'twill be the most sensible obligation you can lay upon me, so it shall be remembered with the utmost gratitude by,

Gentlemen, Your most obedient Servant,

GIUSIPPE HANESIO

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